

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

European Front

THE isolation of the reckless Finns is complete. Russian General Govorov's First Baltic Army, battering its way into Estonia, has cut the supply line of the ten German divisions assigned to keep Finland in the war. Russia's Baltic fleet, long immobilized because of the investment of Leningrad and German occupation of the shores of the Gulf of Finland, now is intensifying the seaways war against Germany's vitally important shipping in the Baltic.

Sweden finds herself in a difficult position. War in the Baltic may cut off the reduced flow of Swedish iron ore to the Reich. Nearly half the iron needed by the Nazis for their war industries is thus endangered.

Where will Russia's offensive stop?

Estonia, Latvia, and Poland all provide a countryside admirably suited to the vast sweeping operations at which the Russians are expert. The Germans expect to stop the Russian hordes in the north at the defense line they have thrown up between Riga on the Latvian coast and Lwow in Southeastern Poland. Troops of the Soviet Union now command the two historic gates of invasion in this part of Europe — the coastal road and the approaches to the Carpathians.

But the main objectives of the Russian winter campaign are not in the north or on the plains of Poland. They are in Bessarabia, beyond the Dniester, gateway to the Balkans. Towards these goals the powerful armies of the Dnieper plunge irresistibly westward through the Ukraine. The loss of the ten German divisions encircled southeast of Kiev deals Hitler a blow painfully reminiscent of the disaster at Stalin-grad last year. In 1944, however, the Wehrmacht is far less able to withstand such a calamity. The divisions being wiped out below Kiev leave a gaping hole in Germany's military machine. The Nazis cannot fill the gap with reserves; these they no longer have.

The dilemmas of the German High Command are not limited to the Central Ukraine, where the full weight of the Russian juggernaut is now being exerted against them. While nearly 700,000 troops of the Wehrmacht are being hammered to pieces over these war-scarred plains and swamps, yet another large segment of German troops — locked in the Crimea since General Polbuhkin's army slashed their communications last autumn — is undergoing systematic annihilation.

Bessarabia commands the doors to the Balkan Peninsula. This is the shortest route to the vitals of Hitler's position in Eastern Europe — a fact of which the Nazis are well aware. Witness the drastic order of the German High Command, suspending all industrial rail traffic for thirty days over all lines running from the Rumanian oil fields to the Reich, to speed the accumulation of oil reserves within Germany proper.

Here is the admission that the Nazis expect to lose the southeastern fringe of their continental position — as they are now losing the northeastern fringe in Finland. This German analysis is amply justified. The deterioration of the Balkan position continues. Though crack divisions of the Wehrmacht are fighting one of the bloodiest and most vicious campaigns of this war against the Greek and Yugoslav Partisan armies, they are as far from success as ever. Balkan guerrilla bands are multiplying at an astonishing rate.

The importance of Rome

Every nation in the Mediterranean basin has its eye on Rome. Although (as General Eisenhower pointed out before he quit Italy to assume his new command in Britain) the primary military objectives sought by the Allies in Italy have been attained, Rome is a prize equally valued — not for its military worth so much as for its political significance. The capture of

the Foggia airfields, the demolition of Mussolini's regime, the surrender of the Royal Government, the transfer of the Italian fleet, the capture of Sardinia and Corsica, and the clearing of the Mediterranean Sea completed the agenda of the Italian campaign in a military sense. Allied difficulties on the beachheads below Rome do not alter these facts.

The capture of Rome, as Hitler admits, would prove significant rather because of the "political repercussions" that would follow. For Rome is the greatest spiritual symbol in the Western World. Its fall, even prospectively, has been sending tremors of political earthquake throughout Fortress Europe, especially in Austria, Bavaria, and Spain.

Tricky Franco

The threat to Rome in part explains the rapidly developing crisis in which Francisco Franco finds himself. Spanish monarchists, industrialists, and moderates of all colors on the home scene are gathering into a common front with the masses who detest the Spanish dictator. This trend quickens as realization grows of the meaning of sharpened British and American policy. Franco's noisome conspiracies, ranging all the way to Bolivia, are too much for the Allies to stomach.

The part Franco's regime has been playing in furtherance of Hitler's eleventh-hour scheme for exploding revolution and civil war in Latin America, the capture and execution of his spies at Gibraltar, the discovery of radio information services set up on the Spanish coast to aid German U-boats, the sabotage of shipping bound for England, the refusal to release Italian merchantmen held in Spanish harbors, the assaults on American and British consulates, and the move to provide Germany with huge credits to finance her industrial war needs and her espionage system — these compel action.

Franco's belated effort to threaten the Allies with a German invasion of Spain need cause no alarm. That stratagem worked while the Germans were still in a position to execute the threat. The preoccupations of the Nazis today make it extremely unlikely that they can spare several hundred thousand troops, and the provisions these would need, to occupy Spain. Franco may not survive the spring.

Adjustments in post-war Europe

Policy and politics run parallel with the operations of war in the European theater. This is natural. As the armed struggle proceeds toward a climax and as Germany's defeat becomes certain, every people within the United Nations family dares at last to explore the adjustments which will be needed to adapt structure and policy to the demands of altered circumstance.

Adjustment raises different issues for different nations; yet, eventually, all these issues revolve around the question of organizing tomorrow's world. Shall this be attempted through a return to the thesis of "balance of power" — that old arrangement whereby one bloc of states is set off against a second, by a third which exploits the differences of both for its own benefit between the resulting wars? Or shall full and close coöperation be attempted among all states, small and large?

In Great Britain there is anxious concern about the relationships within the Empire, and equally deep anxiety about her future strength compared to her Russian and American allies. The suggestion Marshal Smuts advanced in November still reverberates: that the small nations of Western Europe be invited to adhere to the Empire as a Continental make-weight against the Soviet Union. Return to balance of power is scented — and questioned.

Lord Halifax, flying a trial balloon at Toronto to test sentiment about larger Dominion responsibility in defense and foreign policy in a more powerfully coordinated Empire, is sharply rebuked by Premier Mackenzie King. Nostalgia for balance of power is expressed specifically, and denounced. Canada prefers the Empire as it is. She would have it try full coöperation with its war partners, great and small, during the peace, as a more hopeful course. So London disavows Lord Halifax.

What does all this mean? Simply that Great Britain and her Dominions are embarked upon their historic process of confronting the imperatives of change. They are feeling their way toward decisions suitable to their joint and several interests in tomorrow's world. Confirmed imperialists hold tight to their *idée fixe*. Anti-imperialists prefer a concert of collaborating peoples. No decision will emerge before the convening of the Imperial Conference at London this spring.

Where do we come in?

The policy of the United States reflects similar pressures for change. In this case, also, long-term objectives await specific definition. Immediate issues are concerned with the progress of the war itself. The appointment of Mr. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle as liaison officer between the invasion staff of General Dwight D. Eisenhower and the various underground formations on the Continent concedes the validity of demands long urged by liberal opinion. Assurances to the French at Algiers that no deals will be made with Vichy collaborationists re-emphasize this change.

The log jam is breaking in Franco-American relations. A distinct cooling of interest in the futile and incompetent Badoglio-Victor Emmanuel setup in

Italy, a wise refusal to be dragged into the bootless squabble between the Polish government in exile and Soviet Russia, insistence that each nation, when liberated, must enjoy the right to devise its own government — these are straws in the wind.

Russia anticipates

Russia, like Great Britain, scans the future, immediate and distant, and spells out the riddles to her own satisfaction. The bold decision of the Supreme Soviet to reorganize the bases of Russian national defense and foreign policy by decentralizing the Soviet Union and enlarging the sovereignty of the sixteen constituent republics has left the world gasping. Well may Foreign Commissar Molotov say that few great nations would undertake such a task at such a moment. Sober scrutiny of Molotov's program reveals, however, that the change is expected to take time, and that it has been long in the making.

Yet Russia's decision has immediate pertinence to political facts. The granting of full control of its army and its foreign policy to each of the sixteen constituent republics is a thumping reward for wartime sacrifices. Also, it looks to the future voting strength of the Soviet Union's national family — not, as many imagine, at the peace conference, where decisions among the victors will have to be made by agreement, but in the post-war world organization which will be instituted to carry out the pacts of Teheran.

Is this a counter to the expectations of Britain and her Dominions, whose six votes Marshal Smuts would augment by adding those of the smaller nations of Western Europe? Or is it merely a copy of Britain's plan? Close study of the British system preceded the action of the Supreme Soviet.

The pacts of Teheran were made among three individual powers. Russia views them as agreements among equals. Foreign Commissar Molotov makes it plain that the changes adopted do not jeopardize those agreements in the least.

Thus, while anxious British imperialists seek closer integration of policy controls in a larger bloc, Russia plumps for greater loosening of bonds. The unity of her one-party system provides the cement that holds her proposed arrangement together. For the British this function is performed by the Crown. In keeping with its own political characteristics, each power seeks greater internal strength and external security.

A key to these differences in approach is found among the small states on the Continent. Wide-awake now to the approach of liberation, and preoccupied by an enigmatical tomorrow, each lifts its voice, whether through the underground press or through its spokesmen in exile, demanding freedom and retention of its

sovereignty. Each is warning the great Allies that post-war collaboration in a partnership which recognizes the cultural, historical, political, and economic rights of all members will be more fruitful than duress in any form.

Russia's constituent republics are of assorted sizes. To them she is redispensing sovereignty. Is the decentralization she has undertaken made with an eye to the smaller powers? As an invitation? The blasts in the Moscow press against the Polish government in exile, against Franco Spain, against the Vatican's past relationships with Fascism, against "Fascist remnants" in Britain and America, lend point to these questions.

Germany takes punishment

From more than 500 airfields, covering 390 square miles of Britain, the Western Allies are hurling almost 3000 sorties of battle planes and bombers daily against Germany on the Continent. No fantasy of aerial war conceived by Mr. H. G. Wells at his most imaginative can match the reality of this tornado.

The German High Command assumed that the advent of the invasion hour would find the Allies concentrating air power against the invasion coast. The Nazis were so sure of this that they preferred to withhold fighter defense planes to protect war industries in the Reich until the zero hour arrived. That is why many Allied "softening up" raids on the invasion coasts are almost unchallenged.

But it becomes clear that the RAF and its partner, the United States Eighth Air Force, possess sufficient strength to continue the city-by-city devastation of the industrial Reich while blasting ever more formidably at the defenses of the invasion coasts and the supply lines upon which the Atlantic Wall depends.

Protection of industrial bases in the Reich is imperative for the Nazis. Especially is this true of their great plane assembly plants. Yet concentration of large forces for this purpose at many scattered points in Central Europe means that adequate air power cannot be sent against invasion forces simultaneously. The dual task is beyond the abilities of the Luftwaffe. In no phase of the war has the Allied victory in the battle of production been illustrated more dramatically.

Though air power alone will not bring Germany down, the vast and widening margins of superiority enjoyed by the United Nations are reducing the task enormously, both in time and in human costs. A measure of this situation is provided by the fact that the Allies are now dropping 1000 tons of bombs into the vitals of Hitler's Fortress for every ton the Luftwaffe unloads over Britain.

LEADERS DO THINGS FIRST

Leadership rests upon the ability to foresee, to develop, and to achieve—first. ★ On that critical basis, weigh the position of the Allison engine. ★ Allison built the first aircraft engine in the world to receive official military rating of more than 1,000 horsepower. ★ Allison manufactured the first airplane engine in all the world to weigh less than one pound per horsepower. ★ These are only two of the thirteen major technical advances in aircraft-powering credited to Allison. ★ Leadership is earned by achievements at the forefront of development.

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF



POWERED BY ALLISON:

P-38—Lightning • P-39—Airacobra • P-40—Warhawk • A-36 and P-51—Mustang

KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY WAR BONDS

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

The Pacific War

AT THE time of Pearl Harbor the Japanese had every reason to hope that Russia would soon be a military cipher and that German arms in the Middle East would choke the British Empire to death. The strength of the United States would be consumed in the defense of her own shores and in coping with invasion from South America. American production would never get started, because of internal disunity and lack of vital raw material.

That this plan did not succeed was the first important blow to Japan's hopes. The aid we gave to the Soviet Union and Great Britain, in the nick of time, at Stalingrad and El Alamein, was a blow at the island empire also.

Empires built overnight

The bitter land, sea, and air struggles in New Guinea, the Solomons, and the Aleutians recovered the initiative. Long before the Japanese planned for our return, we were at their throats. They had not had time to digest what they had so recently bitten off. A rough impression of how much time Japan would have required to consolidate her gains can be obtained from a study of her previous experience. It took many years to pacify Formosa and to lay the foundations of imperial rule in Korea; Manchuria took at least five years to organize. This was all without the strain of war in other places.

At the time of Pearl Harbor, North China, after four years of occupation, was still a battlefield. To this load were added the peoples and territories of the Southwest Pacific and Southeast Asia — a stupendous problem certainly not solvable in the brief time Japan had at her disposal.

Empire-building is a slow, difficult, and expensive process. In what position does this unexpected

development put the Japanese? Now that the tide of battle has turned, we can see more clearly what action the enemy is likely to take.

Japan's hope

Are the Japanese now trying to lull us with the propaganda that they have lost the war? Our chief sources of information about Japan are what the Japanese choose to tell us themselves and what we overhear them telling their own people. No source of information could be more suspect. The only way in which we can hope to get at the facts from such information is to analyze it in the light of Japan's strategy and present purposes. What is their position?

Japanese diplomacy must aim at securing the friendliest relations with the Soviet Union, at arranging a Soviet-German peace, and at steeling the German will to continue the fight in the West. Japanese leaders are attacking this seemingly hopeless task with all the singleness of purpose with which they are justly credited.

There is good reason to believe that the Japanese tried to persuade the Germans to make peace with the Soviet Union a year ago. At this time the Japanese argued that Germany could withdraw with dignity. Japan must now persuade the Soviet Union to make peace with Germany at the time when Stalin can bring home peace with victory.

Japan must re-establish her land connections, and that means getting the Soviet Union out of the war. But she does not want to get Germany out of the war with Great Britain and the United States. It is to Japan's interest that Germany should cut her losses on the eastern front in order to consume even more of American and British production and manpower than she is now doing.

Hence the strenuous efforts Japan is making on the propaganda and diplomatic fronts to secure friendly relations with the Soviet Union. The Japanese people are being slowly acquainted with the real strength of Russian arms, while the attention of Germany is drawn towards the so-called iniquities and barbarities of the British and American air forces.

One sure indication that the Soviet Union understands the weakness of Japan's position is the steadily growing reaction in the Soviet press. Feeling perhaps that Japan has missed her chance to attack the Soviet Union, the Russians have become very outspoken in predicting Japan's defeat. According to *War and the Working Class*, a Soviet trade-union journal, "Disappointment over the military might of Germany is growing in Japan. . . . The facts show that the temporary advantage of Japan is a thing of the past. . . . Now she has to remember an old Eastern proverb: 'He who mounts the tiger cannot easily dismount.'" The Soviet press would hardly be taking this line if the Kremlin feared a Japanese attack.

Hitler's propaganda line is in no way inconsistent with Japan's. The attempt to persuade us that he has lost the war and that we should therefore assist him in stemming the onrush of Russian Communism might well be a smoke screen to cover up the attempts of some sections of the German command to end the campaign in the East.

Knowing what we do of the Soviet Union, the aims of Japanese diplomacy sound fantastic. But what else can the Japanese hope to do? There seems good reason to believe the report that the Teheran Conference caused panic in Tokyo.

Japan's picture of us

Where do we fit into the picture? The Japanese cannot hope to get us out of war. But, feeling that the United States is convinced of victory, they are repeating the lines they used before Pearl Harbor. The Foreign Minister, Shigemitsu, gave this statement of what he hoped we would believe in his address before the Eighty-fourth Imperial Diet: "The American people appear to be having difficulty in understanding for what purposes they are fighting in the remote parts of East Asia which have no relation whatsoever to the security of their country. . . . There was nothing to menace the security of the entire continent of the United States. . . . The President drove them into a dangerous venture for which they are now forced to make unnecessary and costly sacrifices."

There is an echo of Hitler strategy in the Shigemitsu statement that "the current war is a war of defense. . . . If there should be such a thing as collapse by our people, then the existence of Imperial Japan will not

only be permanently denied but East Asia also will be forced to its former status, and the opportunity for complete sovereignty and independence will be lost forever." In this way the decision of the Cairo Conference to strip Japan of its empire is turned against us, and full advantage is taken of our intentions to restore colonial Asia to its former status.

When Japan talks to Asia

When Japan speaks to the occupied countries of Asia, she represents us as imperialists. The British are described as being indifferent to the famine sufferers of India, and American imperialism is causing revolts in South America. In contrast to this, Japan — she says — is bringing racial equality, national independence, and justice to Asiatic peoples. She gives the impression that the whole Co-prosperity Sphere is bursting with prosperity and progress and all peoples are collaborating with Japan.

The people at home, however, hear much more about the possibility of future air raids and the increasingly serious war situation. They are getting a much more realistic picture of the war (apart from the claims of great naval victories which never occurred) than the occupied countries. Far from neglecting the raids over Germany, Japan's leaders use them to stress the morale of the German people under the strain of "terror raids" and thus by indirection prepare their own subjects for the wrath to come.

The official mood is frank. Our advances are admitted and explained in terms of superior numbers and weight of equipment. A Japanese naval commentator speaking of the United States said: "We know that we are fighting against a powerful enemy. . . . We have studied the strong points of America and are not overoptimistic about the grim situation in which we find ourselves." There is constant emphasis upon our air power and even our fighting spirit, once held in contempt.

What does all this mean? On the facts we can check, the Japanese are often right. There is no question but that we are throwing at them, where we choose to fight, a weight of ships, guns, and planes that is usually overwhelming. We can expend ammunition in prodigal manner — to the expressed amazement of Japanese naval commentators. This has been matched by the growth of an air strategy which is marked not only by the scope and range of our operations but also by flexibility in the kind and weight of our attacks.

Japanese air power

The Japanese use of air power in the first six months of the war is crude compared with the refinements of strategy which are now employed by the Allies. It is significant that we have built more airfields than we

have captured, thus making Japan's fixed defenses a most unprofitable business. As one returning pilot put it, "We hit them where they ain't and surround them where they are."

We destroy large numbers of planes on the ground, make airfields useless at the time of attack, cut off large garrisons from their supplies, and play havoc with shipping, whether it is large or small. Short of a great Japanese naval victory, there is no answer to this strategy except more planes, more supplies, and an equal capacity to construct landing fields with that great ally of air power, the bulldozer.

Nor is this picture limited to the Pacific. The pattern of bombing from the bases in India and China extends all over Burma, Thailand, and even Formosa. Air power supplies the Chinese troops protecting the Ledo Road, which is being pushed into Burma to bring up supplies for more advanced air bases and to supply Kunming directly overland.

The offensive against Burma will depend more on communications than on monsoons, and here the Japanese have the advantage of already bringing to completion the Bangkok to Moulmein railroad and of driving through the military road linking Chiangmai in Thailand with Kengtung in Burma. But the constant bombing of rail and river lines of communication in Burma makes life difficult and expensive for the Japanese. There is no question that the enemy has much to fear in the war for air supremacy.

Japan's shipping

Japan has another worry which can be deduced by examining the spate of speeches which we have had from the Premier and his Ministers since the turn of the year. The shipping shortage is so serious that they have difficulty deciding whether to assign critical raw materials to ships or to planes. It hinders disastrously the full exploitation of the resources of East Asia. Japan robs Indo-China of rice, where it is short, rather than Burma, where it is plentiful.

Japan's economic situation and plans do not suit her military needs. Determined to be the center of Asiatic commercial, industrial, and military power, Japan finds herself the only arsenal in the Co-prosperity Sphere. Resources must be brought from outlying regions to Japan to be processed, then returned to those areas for the purposes of war. There is no return flow of consumers goods to the non-manufacturing parts of the empire.

Such industry as China has is close to the firing lines. We have spent two years helping to build up war industries in India in order to save shipping, and have done much to develop the industrial capacity of Australia.

The decisive battles against Japan will probably be fought in those areas farthest removed from the one source of military supplies — with one exception, Manchuria. Here there is a base of no small magnitude both in the production of war materials and in food.

Tojo mulls it over

Premier Tojo and his chief Ministers, especially those for Foreign Affairs, Finance, and Agriculture, are telling Japan and the world not the whole truth but a goodly proportion of the truth. They have obvious reasons for doing this at home, for they need all the production of food, ships, and planes they can possibly get. But why tell us? The conclusion must be that they are hoping to persuade us that they are much weaker than they really are, and so encourage in us the mood of overconfidence which is now their best weapon.

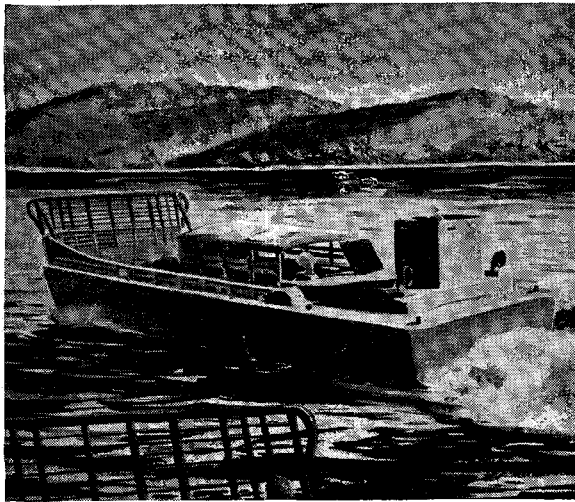
This will hardly influence the men who have to do the fighting at the front; but it might, so argue the Japanese, work well in America. The case is simple: "What are you fighting for so far from home? Why bother to spend all this blood and treasure for islands and natives? Why not call the boys back home and enjoy the blessings of peace? We are willing to accept the fact that you are defeating us. Why not make an honorable peace?"

It was the appreciation of these things, rather than the war loan and other motives, which must have been in our minds when we decided to release the flood of Japanese atrocity stories late in January.

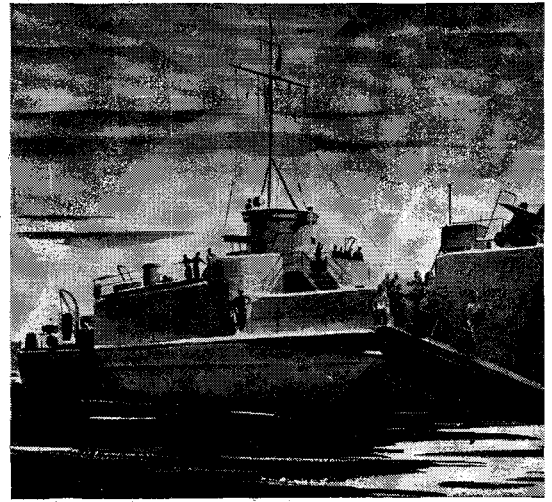
Whatever the occasion for the release of the story of the march of death, the case for such action seems obvious. The State Department had made every effort by conventional diplomatic means, as their own documents show, to persuade the Japanese to give better treatment to prisoners of war. Patience was tried to the utmost.

REMEMBER THIS

Surely the only possible way of dealing with the Japanese was to insist on our rights, to advertise the treatment we were getting and so bring the case before the bar of world opinion. We had nothing to lose and everything to gain. And if we are correct in our estimate of Japan's position, perhaps she is a little more sensitive to world opinion today and more anxious to be considered a member of civilized society than she was in the spring of 1942. Finally, the American people can never learn too well the lesson that the Chinese tried to teach us — that no compromise is possible with the militarists of Japan. That is the real theme of the atrocity stories.



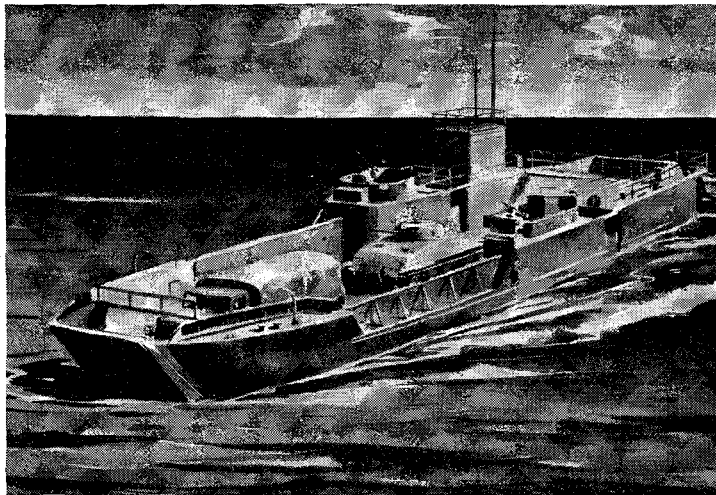
LCM (Landing Craft Mechanized) 50 ft.



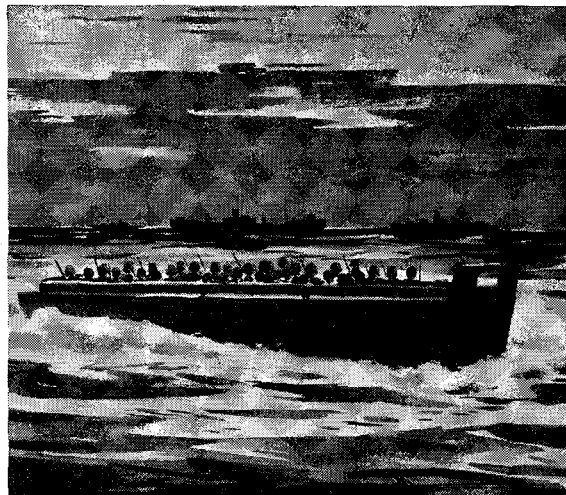
LCI (Landing Craft Infantry) 157 ft.

**LST(Landing Ship
Tanks) 328 ft.**





LCT (Landing Craft Tanks) 105 ft.



LCV(P) (Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel) 36 ft.

AMERICA'S FIGHTERS MOVE IN _WITH GM DIESELS

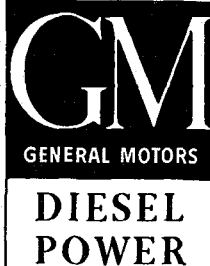
IN the face of enemy fire these remarkable invasion boats nose in on enemy shores and pour out America's tough fighters and fighting equipment.

They move on split-second orders—must get in and out again by themselves—on the dot, come hell or high water.

It's the kind of service that calls for utmost reliability and quick response.

In these capable craft—from the 36-foot LCV(P) to the big 328-foot LST—you find the engines America and our Allies know so well, General Motors Diesels.

To these engines are assigned the jobs that call for the greatest dependability the engine world knows.



ENGINES . . . 15 to 250 H.P. . . . DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.
Engines of this series power the LCI and all the smaller landing craft

LOCOMOTIVES ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.
Engines from this Division propel the giant LST vessels

ENGINES . . . 150 to 2000 H.P. . . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio
More than 40 types of Navy vessels are powered by engines of this Division

Veteran in Search of a Peacetime Future

THIS veteran knows of no job to come back to after the war.

It was born of war necessity — built to perform a strategic purpose new in the history of aircraft.

The requirements were an engineering challenge. It had to be strong to do its heavy work. Yet it had to be light and fit in the small space available.

That is why even optimists doubted such a device could be built.

But here it is: The Lear Actuator.

Its job is operating flaps, landing gears, shutters and other equipment on the power of an airplane storage battery.

Now, of course, our plants are working round the clock to make enough of these for the fighting ships of Uncle Sam.

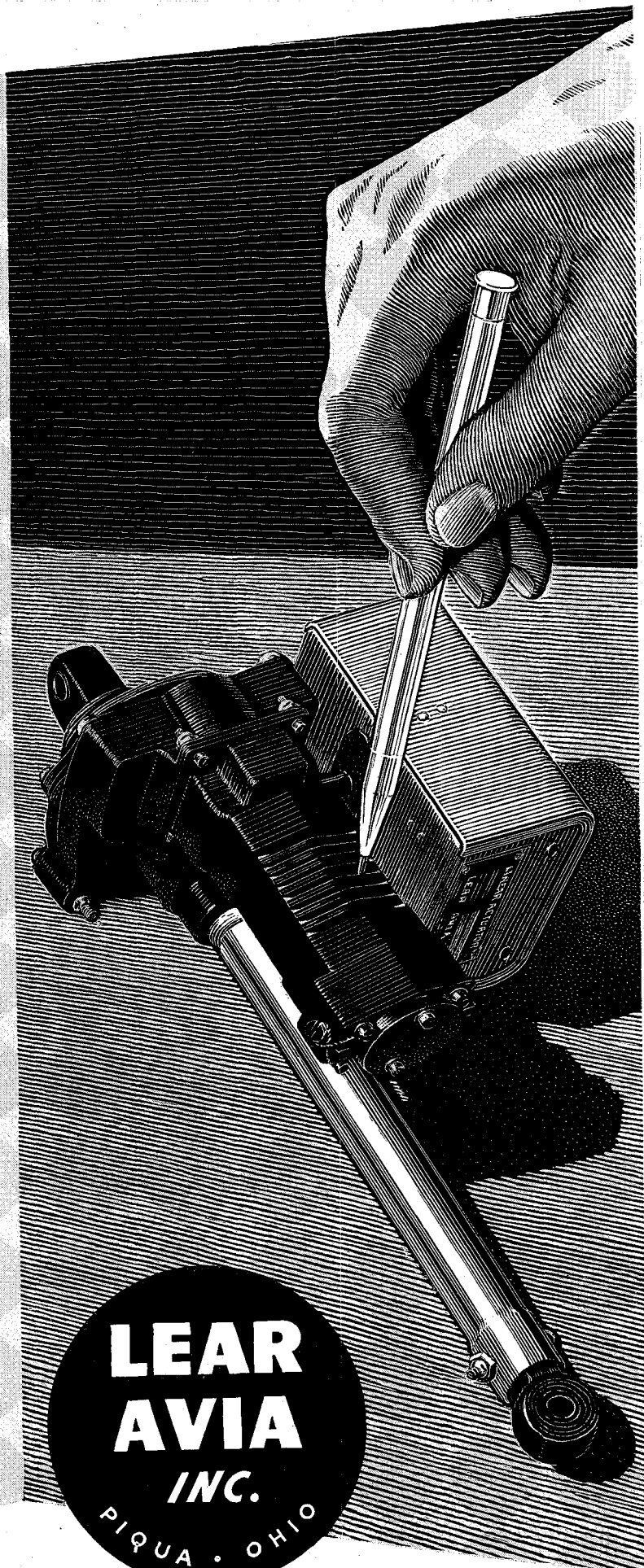
But we know that such unique devices, the midget motors that drive them and all the 250 Lear products, must have an important future in some peacetime products.

They may park your car with the push of a button — or do any of thousands of jobs we haven't thought of.

That is why we are telling you about them. We want to find jobs for these able veterans.

And we want you to know that the kind of engineering thinking and production technique that made them possible is available.

PLANTS: Piqua, O., and Grand Rapids, Mich. BRANCHES AT:
New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Providence.



THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Latin America

POLITICAL inconsistency has been a fine art in Latin America for generations, but a new record was hung up in January when the Argentine Republic broke diplomatic relations with the Axis. The break was almost without preliminaries.

Politicians and the financial backers of politicians, on confidential terms with the Argentine government, had helped to put the pro-Nazi politicians of Bolivia in charge of the government there, through a "palace revolution" accomplished just before Christmas. The same, or affiliated, groups have been working for similar revolts in Chile and Uruguay, and for subversion of the administration of Dictator Higinio Morínigo in Paraguay to the Axis side.

The establishment in lower South America of a bloc of states friendly to the Axis, or which would merely renege on their coöperation with the United Nations, would have been a welcome diversion to the Axis. At the same time, Axis spy rings and Axis propagandists were flourishing in Argentina, with no serious hindrance except a few wrist-slaps for the record.

Trouble, trouble

But there had been trouble over the reputed Argentine liaison with the Bolivian revolution. At the suggestion of the Inter-American Committee for the Political Defense of the Western Hemisphere, in Montevideo, the rest of the American republics agreed to sift the evidence of enemy influences in the Bolivian picture before recognizing the new Bolivian government.

During the third week in January, notices began to come in. In Washington, Secretary of State Hull, on behalf of the United States, with obviously calculated modesty, simply supported the stand of the republics which had already spoken.

Buenos Aires finally realized that these almost tender indirections packed more wallop than it had anticipated. Ramírez's shrewder advisers realized that Argentina was being put in the doghouse.

Through the diplomatic grapevines, simultaneously, the Buenos Aires Foreign Office learned that a serious "bill of indictment" had been prepared in the State Department in Washington, citing chapter and verse on the connections of prominent Ramírez-supporting Argentines with the Nazis and with Spanish diplomats and Spanish Falange agents in South America, in promoting the Bolivian revolution; and that the "indictment" could be brought out and put to use at any future time when it might seem advantageous to embarrass the Ramírez administration.

Ominously, in London, Foreign Secretary Eden announced in Parliament that Great Britain — Argentina's best customer — supported the United States in its refusal to recognize Bolivia. And something else the Buenos Aires Foreign Office was permitted to know was that the United States and Great Britain had seriously, if informally, discussed the prospects of breaking relations and imposing economic sanctions on Argentina.

There were, naturally, grave practical difficulties in such a project, since it involved the meat rations of the peoples of both the United States and Great Britain. Nevertheless, the Argentine leaders were hardly in a position to laugh it off. The Ramírez advisers were led to believe that economic sanctions — which could effectively have destroyed Argentina's war boom prosperity — were in prospect.

Ship ahoy

At the height of the tensions, a small United States naval squadron, under command of Vice Admiral



to . . .
commemorate the
WAR SERVICE
of a Loved One
 . . . A DEAGAN CARILLON

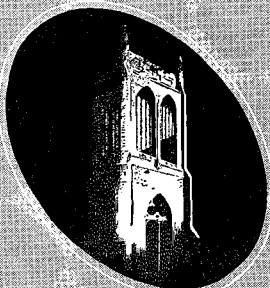
because:

It is a LIVING Tribute—
 alive with the richest, warm-
 est, most inspiring music
 that man has yet created.

It is a PERMANENT Re-
 minder of the person or expe-
 rience that it commemorates.

It is a CONSTRUCTIVE
 Influence that touches the
 heart and elevates the mind
 of succeeding generations of
 men, women and children.

By an interesting plan
 recently perfected, it is
 possible to arrange now for a
 genuine Harmonically Tuned
 Deagan Carillon to be in-
 stalled after the war. May
 we send you details . . . with-
 out obligation? J. C. Deagan,
 Inc., Chicago 13, Illinois.



Installed in the belfry of your
 church or on the campus of your
 Alma Mater, a Deagan Carillon
 perpetuates in a stately manner
 those sentiments that are so de-
 serving of permanent expression.

LATIN AMERICA (continued)

Jonas Ingram of the South Atlantic Force, anchored off Montevideo — Uruguay's capital. The purposes of this voyage are still, technically, a mystery. On the surface, it was merely a courtesy visit.

But the Ramírez crew — already suffering internally from guilty conscience — had other premonitions. They realized that, although the United States was pledged to non-intervention in Latin America, that fact would not necessarily require Washington to look the other way if interventions in Uruguay's internal affairs were being plotted.

Early in the fourth week of January in Buenos Aires, these pressures began to take effect. There was a night-long session of the cabinet, and of the junta of colonels and barracks commanders who more or less run the cabinet. The final decision — taken over the dead political bodies of various pro-Nazi dissenters — was to break with the Axis.

Spy hunt

In the decision, however, one other typically Latin American development played a part. A few days before the warships and the rumor of economic sanctions arrived in the La Plata Estuary, an Argentine consular agent, with the Teutonic name of Hellmuth, bound for a post in Barcelona, had been arrested by the British authorities in Trinidad on charges of pro-Axis espionage.

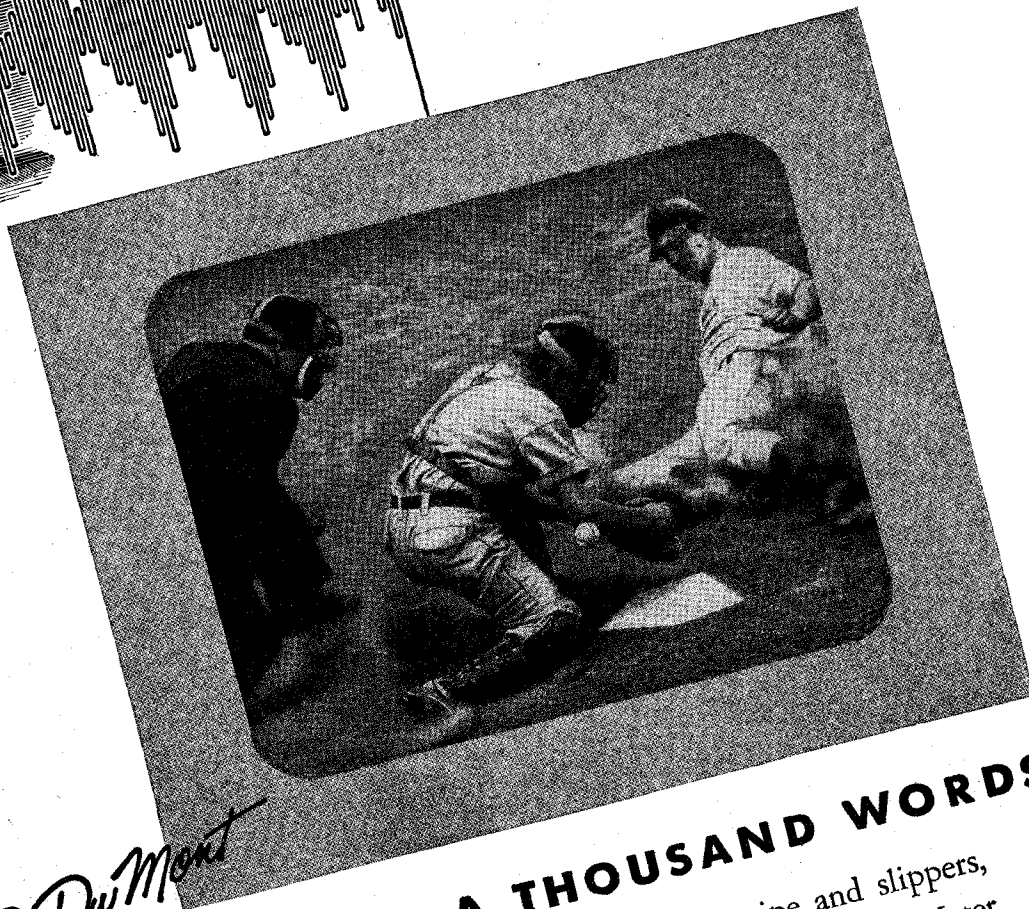
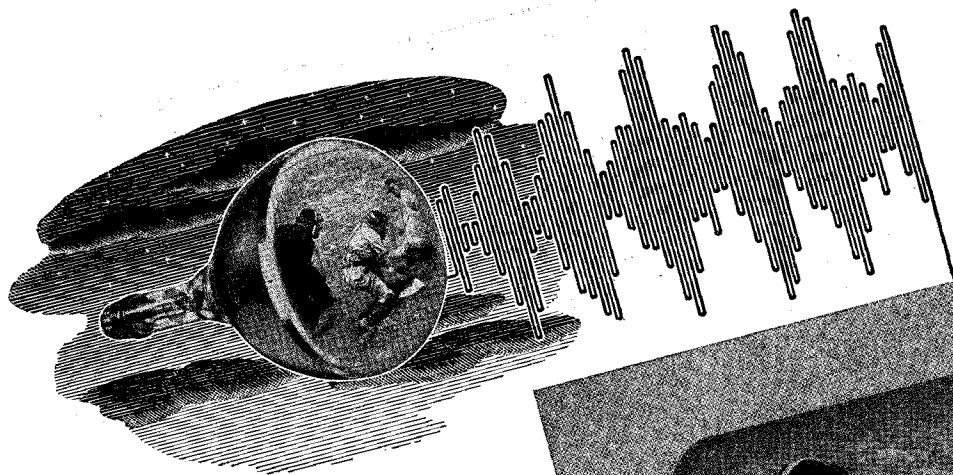
There had been similar instances in Argentine history during the past four years, which the Buenos Aires government — either the Ramírez crew or the "prudently" neutral administration of President Ramón Castillo — had taken in its stride. But Señor Hellmuth was in no sense given the benefit of any doubt. President Ramírez accepted the evidences of his guilt without question and announced that, since the Axis was attempting to debauch the Argentine foreign service, relations with the Axis must be broken.

The Nazi chargé d'affaires and the Japanese ambassador got their official notification of the effects of the Hellmuth incident in the form of passports visaed for the homelands.

The Argentine abettors of Fascism, in other words, were utilizing their last moments of grace to climb on the non-sinking ship of Allied victory. In due time, but in somewhat considered cadences, Secretary Hull and President Roosevelt piped the new collaborators aboard.

The morning after

The next few days brought more gestures but hardly a definite improvement in the Ramírez regime's status. There was a noisily advertised roundup of alleged pro-Axis spies in the Argentine Republic in the wake of the Hellmuth scandal. But cynics in Washington and London and in the better-advised Latin American capitals speculated as to whether this might not be simply the regime's dodge for dealing with its rich, conservative enemies.



By DuMont

ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

... And each picture flashing brightly, clearly, crisply across the screen of your DuMont Television * Radio Receiver will fill your home with a kind of excited delight you probably have dreamed of many, many times.

Someday soon, you will be in two places at the same instant. You will be in your living room and at the Presidential Inauguration ... you'll be in your easy chair and at the opera ...

you'll be with your pipe and slippers, and with the team of your Alma Mater as it charges down the field.

This wonder awaits only peace for production ... and you may be certain that when peace comes and you purchase your DuMont Television * Radio Receiver, it will be made with all the skill, imagination and *precision* that has made the name DuMont the hall-mark of ultimate quality in the whole electronic field.

COPYRIGHT 1944, ALLEN B. DUMONT LABORATORIES, INC.

DUMONT

Precision Electronics and Television

ALLEN B. DUMONT LABORATORIES, INC., GENERAL OFFICES AND MAIN PLANT, 2 MAIN AVENUE, PASSAIC, N. J.
TELEVISION BROADCASTING STUDIOS AND STATION W2XWV, 515 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

A Novel of Tropical Adventure

BONIN

By Robert Standish

Author of The Three Bamboos

Through this rich and timely novel, Robert Standish has skilfully recreated a little known episode in the early history of our Pacific relations. It is a story of the first settling of the Bonin Islands, strategically situated seven hundred miles southeast of Japan: a story of hardy seafaring men, of shipwrecks, marauding pirates, Japanese cunning, high adventure, and romance—a book that will recall to many the lusty tales of Jack London. \$2.50

"Has all the answers." — Sterling North

Lend-Lease

WEAPON FOR VICTORY

By Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.

The complete and authentic story of one of the most vital contributions towards victory. Hailed as one of the great books of our time, it "MUST BE READ BY ALL who wish to discuss the problems of Lend-Lease." — *Walter Lippmann*.

The author has presented all royalty earnings on this book to an internationally known charitable organization. Price \$3.00

An authentic picture

My Life with the Enemy

By Phyllis Argall

An exciting book by a woman who has lived in Japan most of her life, who was imprisoned at the outbreak of war and later returned on the *Gripsholm*. "One of the most illuminating and engrossing books about our most implacable enemy." — *Boston Post* \$3.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue New York 11, N. Y.

LATIN AMERICA (continued)

At the same time, while Buenos Aires's notorious Nazi propaganda newspaper, *El Pampero*, was suspended, other less marked publications putting forth the Axis "line" seemed to have comparatively few difficulties with the Argentine censorship. Ostensibly, communications facilities of Axis nationals with their homelands were cut off, but nothing specific was done at once about freezing Nazi and Japanese commercial and financial channels.

Ostensibly, too, the Ramírez regime ran into a certain amount of internal trouble in the wake of its fateful decision. Three or four members of the Ramírez cabinet resigned, including the violently anti-Semitic novelist, Hugo Wast, who was serving as Minister of Education. So did several of the "interventors" appointed by the Ramírez regime to control the provincial governments in place of the regular state governors who were dismissed last June.

One resignation, however, carried a more convincing note. General Arturo Rawson, leader of the June 4 revolt of "the generals" and President for a day until he was overthrown by Ramírez, and more recently Argentine ambassador to Brazil, telegraphed congratulations to the chief executive in Buenos Aires. He said that, in breaking with the Axis, the revolution had at last attained its primary objective. A curt message from Ramírez's secretary reminded him that the sole objective of the revolution was to achieve Argentina's ideals of nationalism. Rawson quit — the first ostensible victim to the Ramírez theory that the break with the Axis was purely the result of the Hellmuth spy conspiracy.

The real effect of the break

The Argentine somersault proved, for one thing, that even a relatively strong American state could not stand out indefinitely against the joint diplomatic policy of nineteen of the other American republics. On the other hand, not even a chronic optimist in his senses could consider the results pure gain. The matter of Bolivian recognition, for instance, was by no means solved by General Ramírez's face-saving operation.

Neither is the question of the Lend-Lease armament supplies for which Argentina has long been clamoring likely to be solved until the Ramírez regime, or its successors, has done considerably more than post the Axis in the Buenos Aires Foreign Office for lacking certain diplomatic amenities.

So far as Argentina is concerned — unless Ambassador Rawson's resignation is suggestive of basic political overturns on the way — the diplomatic about-face involves no diminution of the Ramírez regime's commitments to Fascism. None of the Fascist restraints on press, schools, unions, political parties, and civil liberties was removed. Until some of these things happen, democratic observers can accept only one conclusion: the first established Fascist regime has invited itself to the victory table. On whose blood it proposes to sup remains to be seen.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Washington

LABOR and management combined have filled our arsenal to overflowing. But stoppages and the lack of machinery for ensuring flexibility in production have bothered the War Department. Here is the origin of the agitation for national service. It was the Army that persuaded Mr. Roosevelt at last to plump for compulsion, for the President has a high respect for the Chief of Staff.

The President consulted few other persons before he advocated national service. It is rumored that neither Justice Byrnes nor Mr. Baruch was told, nor was Mr. Nelson. None of the three feels that the need has been demonstrated, and Mr. McNutt (who was forewarned) thinks that a statute would reflect upon his work as manpower chief. The reaction of these four men came out during a meeting at which Mr. Stimson and the War Department sought to drum up the aid of civil administrators. No matter how formally any of these administrators supports national service in the future, the underlying tepidness toward the idea will remain.

Most of the arguments in favor of national service are logical. But the War Department's examples of the maldistribution of labor as a consequence of the lack of national service require clarification. Some of the maldistribution can be attributed to the War Department's own mistakes.

For example, the orders for ball bearings went to districts where a labor shortage existed — and the ball bearing plants paid less than prevailing wages. And some of the War Department's order schedules appear to have been faulty as well.

Work on aircraft has been retarded by the fact that wages are still below shipyard wages, and by failure to utilize labor properly. The program for landing

craft — the importance of which is testified by General Eisenhower's reputed crack that he hopes to be buried in one — would have been expedited if the Army had had a consistent program. There would have been no need to furlough soldiers to work in the copper mines of Montana if the copper miners had not been drafted. Labor would be available for camp construction in Louisiana if the War Department had facilitated shifts from New York State.

Army administration: More or less?

But bottlenecks are ironed out by men, not by statutes. It is administration that really counts, not national service *per se*. The Army, of course, would like the job. But there's just as little guaranty of efficiency in Army administration as in McNutt's. One should keep this fact firmly in mind.

A habit is growing up of thinking that Army administration is first-class and civilian administration deplorable. That attitude encourages the Army to spread over areas from which it should be forbidden. The reason that national service is tolerable in Britain is that it is managed by civilians. Moreover, it is managed on the basis of experience derived from the last war. What lessons we have learned have been the lessons of current trials and errors.

It is regarded as unfortunate that Mr. Roosevelt pegged advocacy of national service to the need "to avoid strikes." National service will not avoid strikes. British experience shows that. Perhaps the President was trying to head off anti-strike legislation, the demand for which was rising in Congress. In this effort he is on ground which moderate opinion regards as sound. National service is as far as we should go with respect to strikes. Equality of service might, indeed, have a good psychological effect in retarding stoppages.

Steel's demand for higher wages

Organized labor at present is waging a campaign to break down the existing stabilization policy for wages. The test will come over the demand for a new boost in steel wages. Steelworkers got an increase under the "Little Steel" formula, which is the foundation of our wage policy. This provided for a 15 per cent increase in hourly earnings above the level prevailing on January 1, 1941. Most of organized labor has had this increase. Wage increases are allowed, furthermore, to correct sub-standards of living and to iron out inequalities.

The steelworkers, by asking for 17 per cent, are bent upon breaking the "Little Steel" formula. The nervousness in the capital shows that they may succeed. If they don't get a formal acknowledgment of a change in policy, the same result might be achieved by some formula that will be held to be within the framework of existing wage policy.

The argument of organized labor is that it is entitled to a new wage policy on the ground that prices have not been kept stable. Prices were stabilized as of September 15, 1942. The index compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics shows they have remained stable. But labor contends, and with justice, that the index is faulty, that many items are out of line, that much purchasing has to be done on the black market, that quality deterioration is a price factor. It may be, therefore, that the new formula for meeting the steelworkers' demand will involve a reassessment of the cost of living.

Where's inflation?

That may or may not open the floodgates to inflation forces. The fear is that it might. However, the experts imagined that inflation could not be avoided in 1943. It was. That was one of the miracles of 1943. The credit goes in part to the Administration, but in greater part to the self-restraint of the American people. Americans, to be sure, have been spending a good deal of their war-created incomes buying goods. But they have likewise saved record sums in war bonds and savings accounts.

No chances can be taken that inflation is just a bugaboo. Prudence dictates that Congress, in addition to giving us a real labor law, should legislate a wage policy for the duration. The Administration must be backed by Congress in saying "No."

Do soldiers vote?

The President demanded the Federal ballot as the servicemen's Commander-in-Chief. According to some, this was a campaign speech intended to influence the servicemen's vote. His approach, it is said, should have been as Chief Executive. However that may be, the issue was oversimplified in the press be-

yond hope of understanding, and the President did not help to clarify it. He said the 1942 Ramsay Act facilitating the servicemen's vote provided for a Federal ballot prepared by the states; in another place, he called the Act "the Federal absentee balloting statute." But his words compounded the confusion.

The Ramsay Act provided for a state ballot, but waived the qualifications to vote laid down by the states. The dictum was advanced that every serviceman over twenty-one was entitled to the vote. Under the so-called Federal Ballot bill in behalf of which the President intervened, there would be a Federal ballot, but the votes would be sent to the states to count or not as they think fit.

Will the votes of the servicemen all be counted as a result of this law? Of course not. Nothing is clearer in the Constitution than that the states determine the qualifications of voting. The privilege to vote in a state is within the jurisdiction of the state itself, to be exercised as the state may direct, and upon such terms as may seem proper — provided, of course, no discrimination is made between individuals in violation of the Federal Constitution.

The advertisements that the soldiers are fighting for the right to vote were thus specious and misleading and dangerous. What the soldiers are fighting for is the preservation of constitutional government. And the debates in Congress showed a high degree of responsibility in this matter, though the pressures upon Congressmen to close their eyes to our organic law were terrific.

The State Department cleans house

The State Department has now streamlined its organization. Reformers contend that only the furniture has been shifted. Certainly there are no new faces in the setup. Nor is there any indication that anything drastic has been achieved.

The State Department overplayed the extent of the reorganization by listing innovations which were eighteen months old. These were the committees on post-war policy. Sumner Welles set them up, and they were one of the causes of the Welles-Hull clash. One of the committees, incidentally, laid the groundwork for the proposal that Mr. Hull took to Moscow. The only difference between plan and result was that an Advisory Committee was set up in London instead of the United Nations Executive Agency so dear to Welles's heart.

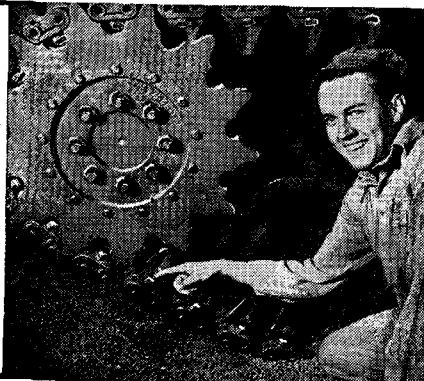
The State Department's radio program is a species of soap opera that has been roundly criticized for its lack of both dignity and significance. The trouble is that the department is still confused and tentative in its policy-making.

WHY THE ELASTIC COLLAR?



ONE REASON YOU CAN'T BUY THEM NOW

This is the drive cog of a tank. It yanks the tread with as much as 1,000 horsepower. That, together with rough going, gives tank treads an awful beating. So, for security, they are fastened with Elastic Stop Nuts. The cog and each lug you see in the picture are held on with Elastic Stop Nuts.



You see here an Elastic Stop Nut.

The thing that makes it different from other nuts is the special collar in the top.

This collar is made of an elastic material.

It presses itself between the bolt threads. It grips and holds tight. The nut cannot turn by itself.

This means the nut locks anywhere on the bolt and won't work loose.

Even violent vibration won't budge it.

You can put an Elastic Stop Nut on and take it off, time and time again. It always locks.

That's because the collar is elastic. It does its job and comes back for more.

Many billions of Elastic Stop Nuts are in use.

And to our knowledge, not one in a million has ever failed.

When peace comes, Elastic Stop Nuts will be available for all the good things to come. They will make them safer, stronger, more dependable and free from frequent servicing. So expect to see many of these nuts you can identify by ESNA'S red collar.

ESNA

TRADE MARK OF

ELASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ELASTIC STOP NUTS

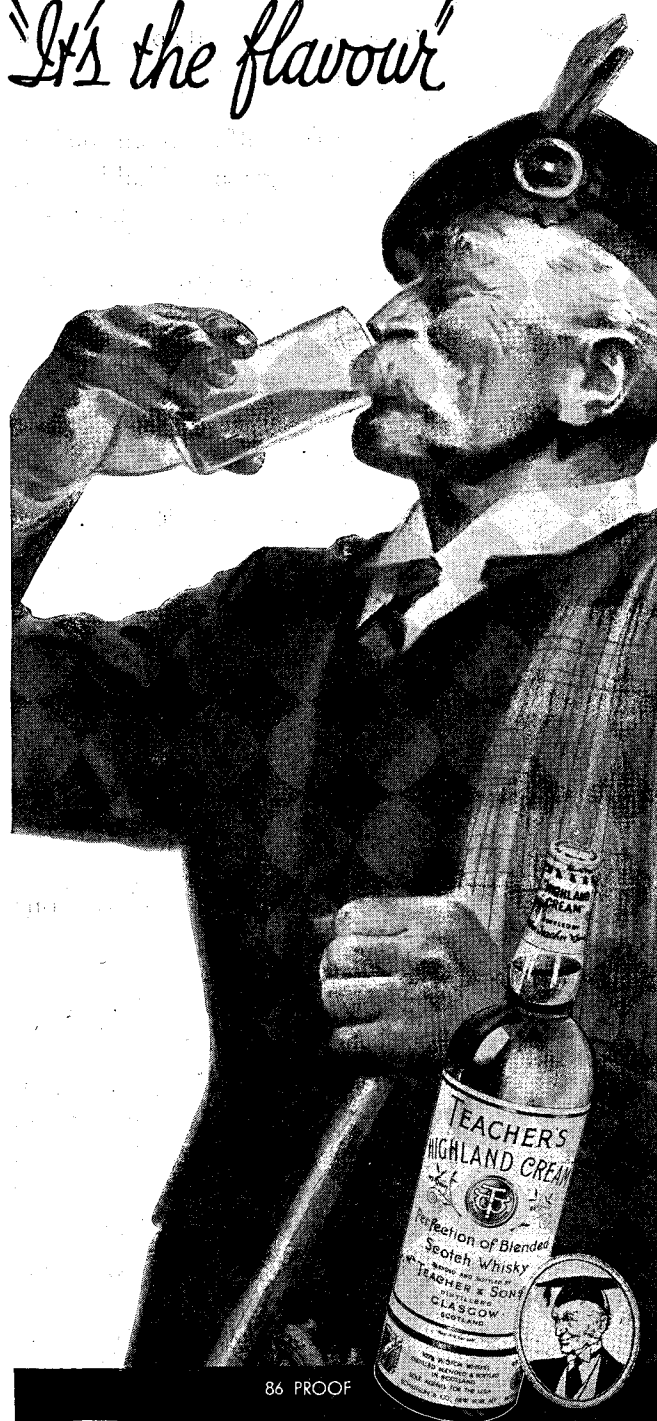
Lock fast to make things last

Union, New Jersey and Lincoln, Nebraska

'Tis a guid whusky!

Consistently, the excellence of Teacher's Scotch has pleased knowing men since 1830. The reason is plain at first sip . . .

'It's the flavour'



TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

SOLE U.S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

WASHINGTON (continued)

Principles there are in plenty, but they always seem to be qualified when concrete situations are met, as in the case of Victor Emmanuel, the father of supranational Fascism in Europe, who was rethroned in Southern Italy. The time has come for laying down policy in conformity with our principles. We are stiffening toward Franco, and when Rome falls, Victor Emmanuel will be allowed to fade out. There may be an approach to realism toward France now that the Committee of National Liberation is recognized.

The emphasis on economics in State Department reorganization warrants hopes of a practical program dealing with conditions, not theories. Secretary Hull is out of his depth in economic matters unrelated to trade agreements — which are the specific for all the economic ills that Mr. Hull sees. However, the world after the war will require particular answers on particular problems — for instance, cartels, the future of shipping, air transportation, and oil.

Mr. Crowley has the slows

Policy in these matters must be evolved by the State Department. But they are carried out by the Foreign Economic Administration under Leo Crowley. This is the composite body evolved out of the half-dozen agencies having to do with economic relations abroad. It is still in process of organization, with skeptics wondering whether it will ever function.

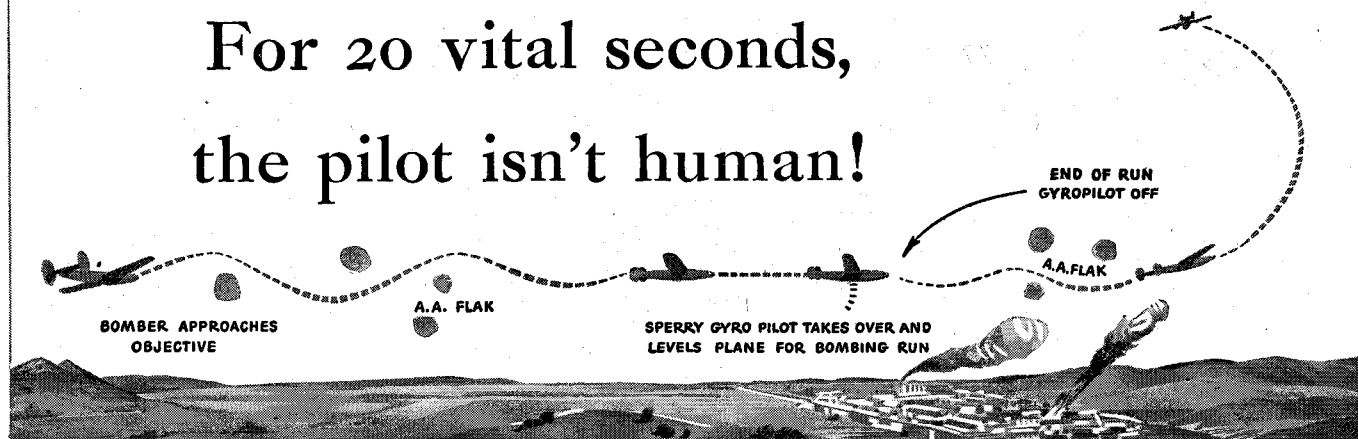
The FEA illustrates that leadership, rather than blueprints, is required to make an organization work. Granted that Mr. Crowley took on a Herculean job in making one agency out of half a dozen, there is restiveness in Washington over the slowness with which he is proceeding.

Elmer Davis also has his troubles. Like Mr. Crowley, he took over several agencies and tried to make them into one. He could not do it. He had to contend with the vested interest of the heads of the constituent agencies, some of whom — notably Robert E. Sherwood, head of the OWI overseas branch, had a special pipeline to the White House. Mr. Davis, who has spent much of his life solitarily pecking away at his typewriter, is not a natural administrator.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

Washington is full of uncertainty about the impact of the invasion upon the American people. Heavy casualties are expected. Will they harden the home front or start a movement for a negotiated peace? There would have been no such wonder if this war had been reported without reservation and explained in terms of principles. The sooner these principles are restated in policies, the better. There would then be more likelihood of a strong demand from the country at large for a parity of service with the fighting fronts. All of us would know what we are fighting for, why, and the reason we must extend ourselves to the limit to win the peace as well as the war.

For 20 vital seconds, the pilot isn't human!



THREE HOURS after leaving its base, an American bomber approaches its target. And now come the breathless 20 seconds that determine the success or failure of the bomber's mission.



During the vital 20 seconds of the final bombing run, the pilot's hands are not on the controls.

20 SECONDS! This is the time it takes for the bomber to make its run and drop its bombs.

20 SECONDS! To make these seconds count, the bomber crew was trained two years. For these, they have fought through swarms of enemy fighters and dodged through clouds of flak.

And now . . . unless the plane is held exactly on the course that the bombardier directs . . . the bombs will miss, and all the hours of the flight will be wasted.

During these 20 seconds, the pilot of this bomber isn't human. It's a machine—the Sperry Electronic Gyropilot. American fliers have nicknamed it Elmer. The British call it George.

The Sperry Gyropilot holds the bomber

on its bombing run with nerveless precision. Its errorless control is one of the big reasons for the accuracy of American high-level precision bombing.

Surprisingly enough, this amazing device is not new. Sperry invented and built a workable Gyropilot before the first World War. In 1933, Wiley Post flew around the world alone with the aid of a Sperry Gyropilot.

Soon after that, Sperry Gyropilots became standard equipment on American transport planes. When the present war came, the device was quickly adapted to give it the precision needed for bombing work.

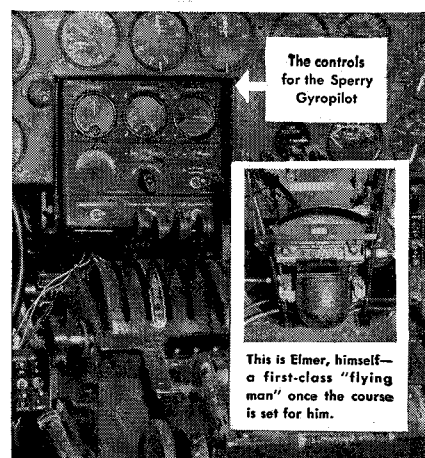
Today, the job of sending the Gyropilot off to war is too big for any one company. So, in addition to Sperry, A.C. Sparkplug Division of General Motors is turning out large quantities, and other types of Sperry Gyropilots are being made by Electric Auto-Lite Co. and Eversharp, Inc.



Birth of the Gyropilot. The late Lawrence Sperry and his mechanic leave the controls, while the great-great-grandfather of all Gyropilots holds the plane level on its course. (France, 1914.)

The Gyropilot is but one of several

hundred precision devices, for war and peace, developed and manufactured by the three Sperry companies. Solving difficult technical problems through research, invention, and precision engineering is Sperry's business, and we work at it constantly.



Section of the instrument panel on a Consolidated Liberator B-24, showing the controls for the Sperry Gyropilot. Once set on a course, nothing less than sheer destruction can affect its efficiency.

When the war is over, the Gyropilot, along with many other products of Sperry, will return to peacetime work.

★ **Let's All Keep Backing the Attack** ★

SPERRY
CORPORATION

30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

FORD INSTRUMENT CO., INC.
SPERRY GYROSCOPE CO., INC.
VICKERS, INC.

Waterbury Tool Division, VICKERS, INC.



LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Future of Hong Kong

Sir:

I find the Atlantic Reports generally very informative and helpful, and I read them first in each new number. I was very sorry to see in the January issue that the *Atlantic* apparently joins the chorus favoring the transfer of Hong Kong from Great Britain to China. Why?

Hong Kong is British territory, and has been such longer than our Southwest, from Texas to California, has been United States territory. Hong Kong was ceded to Great Britain after China had been defeated in a war that was indefensible by present-day standards. California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and parts of Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, and Wyoming were acquired by the United States after a war that by present-day standards was one of barefaced aggression. Has anyone here proposed that we return our loot of the 1840's as an example for Great Britain? Must Great Britain restore Hong Kong because China is now her ally? Mexico is our ally. Was it any more sinful to take one seaport on the other side of the world than to take approximately half the territory of our next-door neighbor? I thought better of the *Atlantic* in logic, anyway. See Luke vi, 41.

LT. COL. JOHN ALDEN DEGAN
United States Army, Retired
Brookline, Mass.

● To which our correspondent on "The Pacific War" replies:—

I quite agree on the historical summary. But one gets into obvious difficulties if the argument is pursued on a *tu quoque* basis or in terms of sinful historical expansion. The Hong Kong question is not one of moral relativity.

Whether we like it or not, Hong Kong is a symbol to the Chinese of Western imperialism. New Mexico is not a symbol of Yankee imperialism to the Mexicans, nor is Bermuda a symbol of British imperialism to us. The argument for returning Hong Kong rests on the same basis as that for the abolition of the

Exclusion Act—it is a gesture which would bring tremendous dividends in terms of good will.

The rights of extraterritoriality began with the Treaty of Wang Hiya, 1844. We secured them because the British had defeated the Chinese. We took the lead in giving them up because we were aware of the value of the gesture. The Philippines were won by force of arms, but we agreed to set them free. Canada was conquered by British forces but has its independence and is therefore loyal to the Commonwealth. Weihaiwei and Kiukiang were given up by the British as a gesture—with excellent results. We had every sinful right to collect the Boxer Indemnity, but we turned it back for educational purposes and have reaped the rewards ever since. The British followed suit much later.

This is not, therefore, a question of logic but of political expediency. On that ground perhaps the British are right in not making the gesture; it is for them to judge. But there is good reason to believe that the results would be well worth the sacrifice.

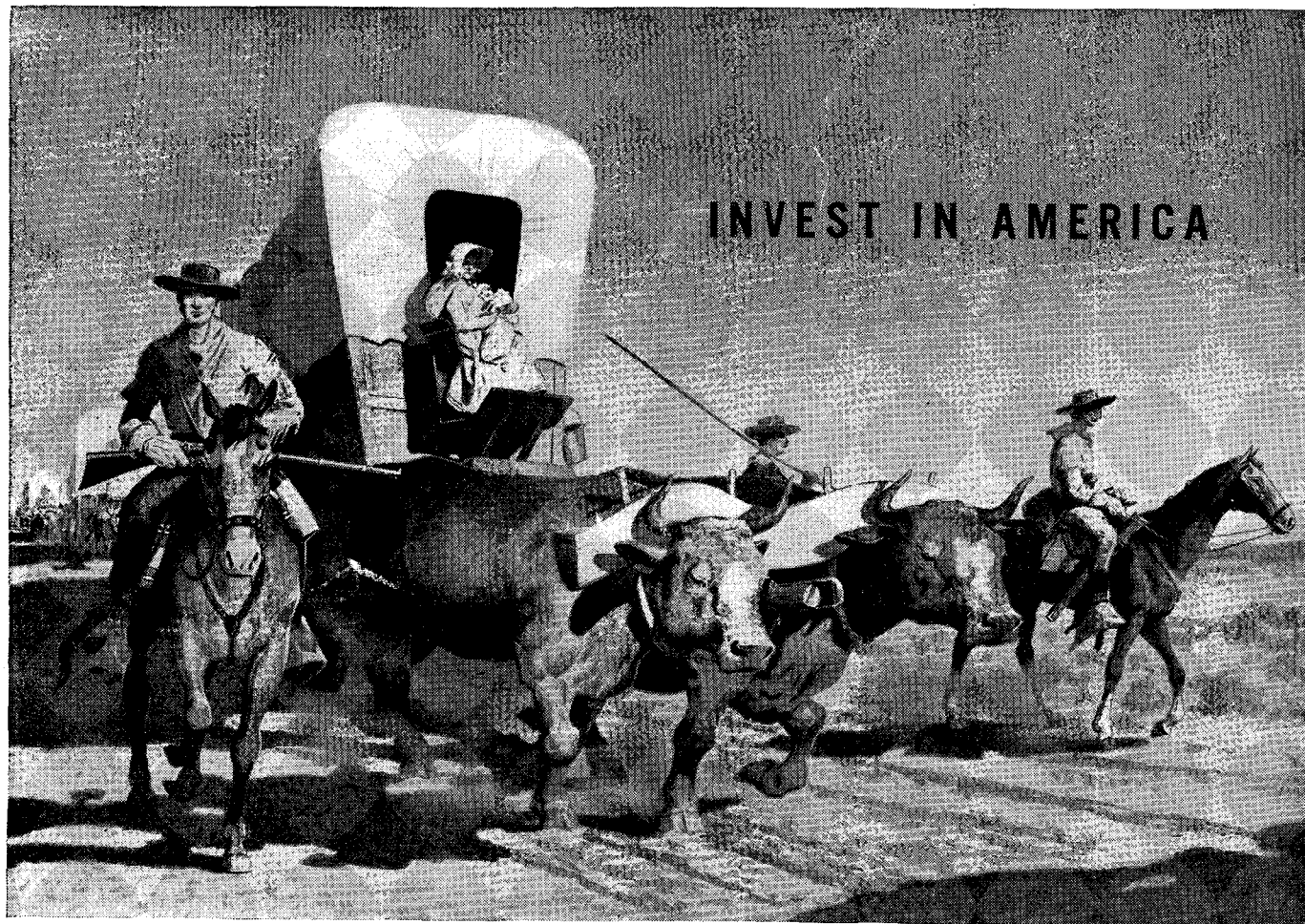
The Negro and the New South

Sir:

I like the honesty (and the courage) of David L. Cohn's statement of the Negro-white problem in the South in the January *Atlantic*. He puts the case with the finality of an apologist for the Southern whites, and may be willing to take on some tough questions:—

1. Need Southern Americans "become chocolate-colored," by or before the twenty-fifth century, as a result of relaxing the color line at least as much as the North has long since done? Is anyone prepared to state that intermarriage, regular or irregular, has been more frequent in the North than in the South?

2. Would the South feel the same about a dark-skinned race, say the Persians or the Hindus, which had never been in slavery here and which had long been economically independent? For example,



INVEST IN AMERICA

Stake YOUR Claim NOW with War Bonds

It took a lot of grit for a man and wife to stow their children into a prairie schooner with a few bare necessities and fight it out with all the hardships the frontier had to offer. Yet, these self-reliant pioneers proved their ability to win the finest reward a family can have—security in a land of growing opportunities.

Today, solid citizens are staking their claim in America's future by buying and keeping War Bonds. They know Bonds help to win battle after battle. They know, too, that Bonds will provide security and opportunity for personal initiative when war-supported activity ceases.

Do you know of anything that offers you as much for your money as a War Bond?



A journey's end is the beginning of relaxation. In such a moment, Budweiser will prove a welcome companion. Count on Budweiser to make your simple wartime meals taste better. Every sip will tell you why.



Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

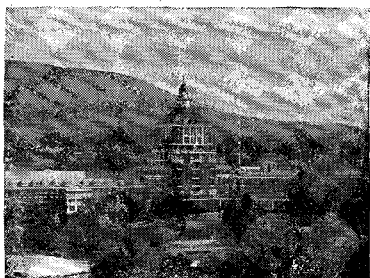
In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.

© 1944

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REST AND HEALTH at THE HOMESTEAD VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



MINERAL BATHS, ETC.
AT THE HOMESTEAD SPA

OVERNIGHT FROM EASTERN POINTS



Ask for new booklet, "Winter Time at The Homestead." Address THE HOMESTEAD, Hot Springs, Va. or our New York » » office in the Waldorf-Astoria. « «



"Now, if we
were only
staying at THE ROOSEVELT"

When you stop at The Roosevelt you don't risk getting marooned like this. For you'll be within walking range of Manhattan's Midtown activities. Direct passageway from Grand Central Terminal to hotel lobby. A reservation at The Roosevelt liquidates a lot of bother.

Rooms with bath from \$4.50

THE ROOSEVELT

Robert P. Williford, General Manager

MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

—A Hilton Hotel—

OTHER HILTON HOTELS FROM COAST TO COAST:

TEXAS, Abilene, El Paso, Longview, Lubbock, Plainview, NEW MEXICO, Albuquerque; CALIFORNIA, Long Beach, Los Angeles, The Town House; MEXICO, Chihuahua, The Palacio Hilton. Hilton Hotels, C. N. Hilton, President.

is either race rioting or intermarriage between Jews and Southerners a serious threat?

3. If Sherman is still (economically) marching through Georgia (a point to be better established), is it also true that we have fought the Civil War and Reconstruction in vain?

4. If Negroes are to expect no lightening of discrimination as an end result of the war, what are we fighting for, and what are *they* fighting for?

My whole work for twelve years has been among high school children in a typical Northeastern city. The school population averages 35 per cent colored. No Southerner in that time has taken more punishment than I have from "sassy" or recalcitrant or lackadaisical Negroes, and while I may rate as a "Northern white liberal," I'm not ready to admit I'm "valiantly aiding the hatreds and confusions of the South." We've had no race riots and very little friction between pupils in that time. The belligerents are a small minority and their propaganda doesn't spread. I believe that most, including some of the troublemakers, are on the way to effective citizenship if only they can be given an economic break.

When Mr. Cohn states for an axiom that the problem nationally is insoluble, it must be for other reasons than he has shown.

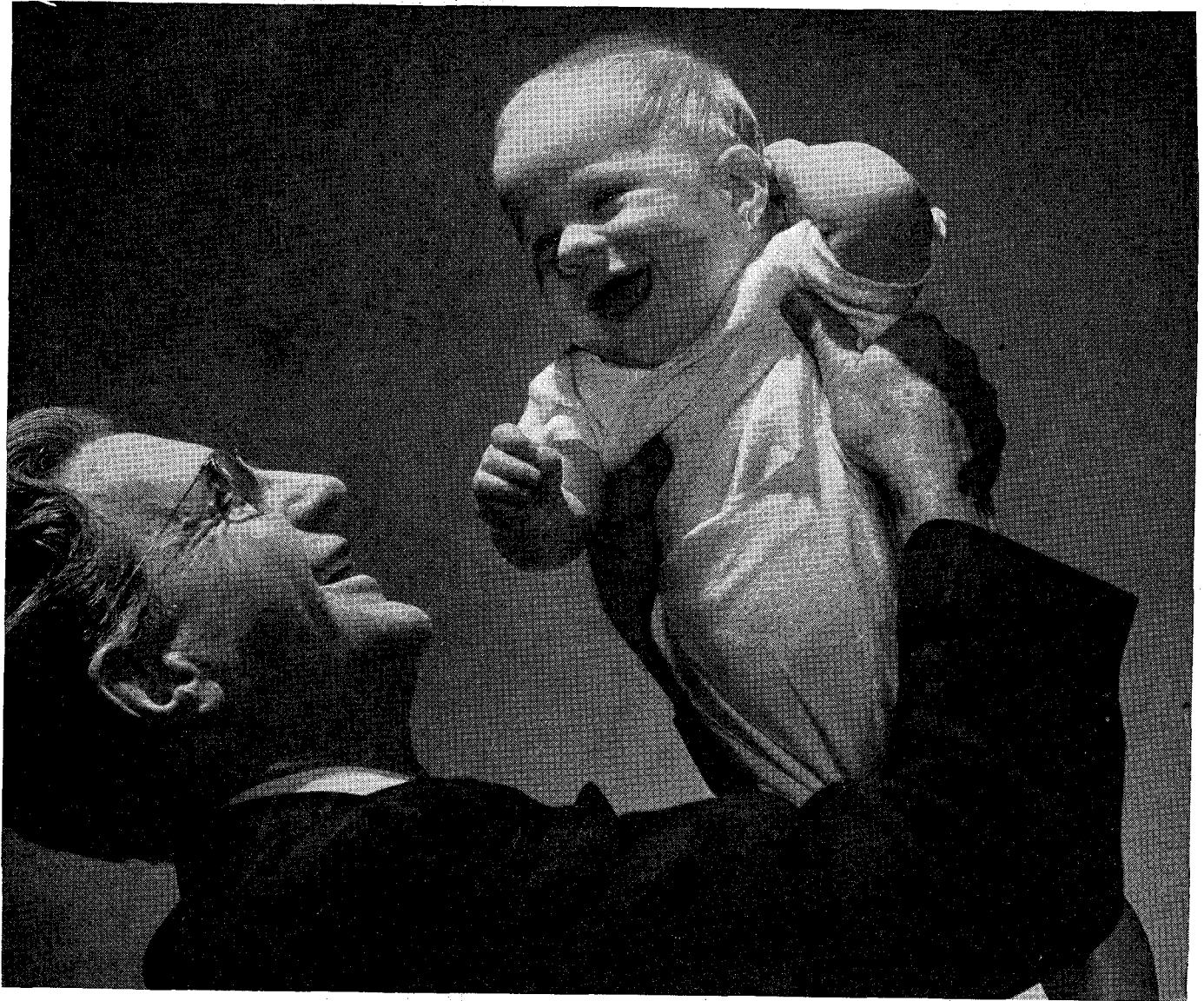
D. H. RICH
Newark, N. J.

Sir:

I have read David Cohn's "How the South Feels," in the January *Atlantic*, with much interest. It is a fine bit of sympathetic analysis which must help in understanding a difficult problem, but there is one angle to his thesis which stirs me to resentment: "We must acknowledge that the question is insoluble." We must never acknowledge that any problem so vital to the future existence of the white race is insoluble. It is like surrendering to cancer or tuberculosis, for prejudice is as much a disease of our emotions as are cancer and tuberculosis diseases of our bodies.

I am a Northerner with no criticisms to throw at the Southerner. I grew up in a community where one in every ten was a Negro. I never attended a public school where there was not at least one Negro in my class. Negroes played on our athletic teams, debated with us, and played with us. As a college student who had to work his way through school, I worked summers in an iron foundry side by side with Negroes, and one summer even under a Negro boss. He was one of the finest men under whom I have ever worked. I rubbed elbows with Negroes in the university, and finally, as teacher, I have had them in my classes both in high school and in college. Consequently, I feel that I have known a sampling of Negroes. If they have been a superior sort, it is because the communities in which they lived gave them an opportunity to develop normally.

In this experience I have known despicable Negroes; so have I known despicable white men, both Northern and Southern. I have also known Negroes who were as fine types of civilized men as I have ever known, and I cherish some of them among my best friends.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

How long will they live?

They're both enjoying life — one in his very first year — the other in his first year as *Granddad*. And their chances of enjoying life a *long* time are better than ever before!

Only 28 years ago, one baby out of every ten died before its first birthday. Today, the rate is less than one in twenty. And over the same period, the average span of human life has lengthened from about 55 to 64 years.

This precious gift of life has come largely through your family doctor, as a result of research by the profession of which he is a part. By their skill and devotion, medical men have saved the lives of millions of Americans who, in turn, are saving America today.

Remember this debt to your doctor — and the tremendous pressure under

which he works now. He's carrying the practice of colleagues called to war. He's crowded for time, hungry for rest. And his first duty is to those who need him *most*.

Be as considerate as you can. A telephone call may save a personal visit. If you call early in the day, he can better plan his schedule. Try to let him sleep at night. *And follow the instructions he gives you!*

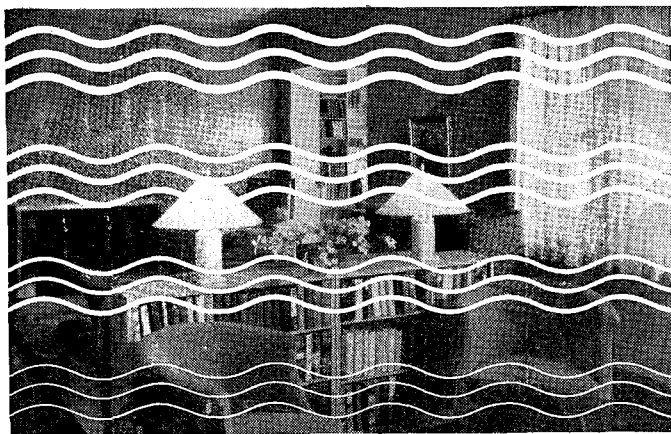
In a modest way, we are partners with the medical profession. Some measure of America's advance in health is due to better food. National Dairy Laboratories have helped improve products made of milk — nature's most nearly perfect food. Right now they are developing new products that

hold promise of still better nutrition and longer life.

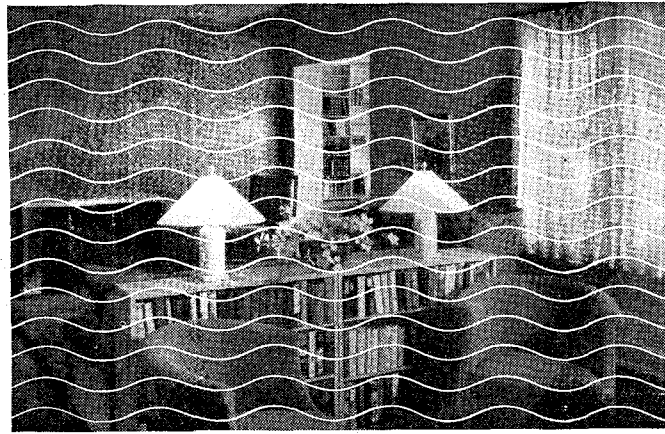
Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES



WITHOUT MODUFLOW — heat is intermittently supplied, with periods of heat and no heat. Result — drafts, floors too cold, ceilings too hot, with fuel waste.



WITH MODUFLOW — heat is evenly distributed and continuously supplied at the desired temperature. Result — solid, smooth comfort with fuel economy.

POSTWAR CONTROLS WILL REVOLUTIONIZE HOME HEATING

**New MODUFLOW Control System
Provides Continuous Heat Flow
at Exact Temperature Needed ...
Eliminates Drafts and Saves Fuel**

MODUFLOW is the name of a unique, continuous-flow heat control system just announced by Minneapolis-Honeywell. It means heat *modulated* to just the desired degree with a uniform, continuous *flow*. It is the exact opposite of the ordinary "on and off" or intermittent heat supply that prevails today, and which authorities predict will be obsolete in the better homes of tomorrow.

With MODUFLOW you can maintain a uniform no-gap temperature in your home with your present automatic heating system. Or, with MODUFLOW Sectional Control in our new postwar home, you can keep your living room at 72 degrees, or example, your bedrooms at 65 degrees, your built-in garage at 50 degrees, and so on.

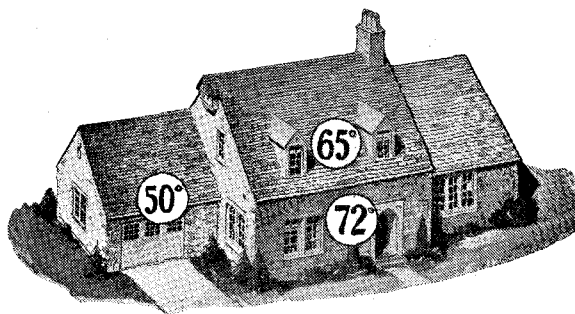
The MODUFLOW system is not an experiment. For more than a decade it has been successfully used in large public buildings. Now M-H engineers have perfected it for application to the home.

FOR EXISTING HOMES

MODUFLOW can be installed in many present heating systems by the simple addition of a few ingenious controls. The cost of installation is low—no more than you would pay for a modern washing machine. It will pay for itself in fuel saving.

FOR NEW HOMES

With present heating equipment, all rooms in a home are heated alike. However, areas seldom occupied do not need the same volume of heat as areas in constant use. Bedrooms, store rooms, recreation or rumpus rooms,



MODUFLOW SECTIONAL CONTROL

For new postwar homes, MODUFLOW Sectional Control will provide the luxury and economy of selected temperatures for individual rooms or areas.

your built-in garage, all these require less heat than living rooms, dining rooms, nurseries, etc.

MODUFLOW Sectional Heating Control for new homes will provide a heat supply for each space or area in your home according to the temperature required for that space or area. Saving heat in little used rooms and applying it where it is necessary

for comfort is the great improvement which MODUFLOW Sectional Heating Control will offer all planners of new homes, after the war.

DO NOT BE CONFUSED

MODUFLOW is a system of controls to be applied to your heating plant. It must not be confused with heating equipment, and does not take its place.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

Get the whole story of MODUFLOW Control. Send the coupon for new, graphically illustrated booklet, "Heating and Air Conditioning the Postwar Home," free to all home owners and home planners.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO.
2815 Fourth Avenue South, Minneapolis 8, Minnesota

Please send my free copy of "Heating and Air Conditioning The Postwar Home."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



FREE

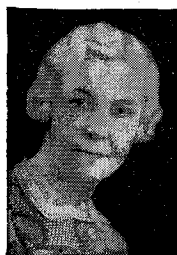
MINNEAPOLIS
Honeywell
TEMPERATURE CONTROLS



To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



50 Years Old — Sells First Story 4 Months Before Completing Course

"For thirty years I floundered in and out of various pursuits, vainly seeking one which would be satisfactory. With my enrollment in N.I.A., the quest of years ended. The sale of my first feature article to *Indianapolis Star*, four months before I completed the course, thrilled and inspired me. So, thanks to N.I.A., I sit on top of the world — at fifty." — Helen C. Tyrell, Bourbon, Ind.

WRITING APTITUDE TEST FREE!

THE Newspaper Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N.I.A. course based on the practical training given by big metropolitan dailies.

This is the New York Copy Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You develop your *individual* style instead of trying to copy that of others.

You "cover" actual assignments such as metropolitan reporters get. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced writers.

It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new progress. In a matter of months you can acquire the coveted "professional" touch. Then you're ready for market with greatly improved chances of making sales.

Mail the Coupon Now

But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test. It requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Make the first move towards the most enjoyable and profitable occupation — writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

NOTICE TO CANADIANS

Newspaper Institute's operations in Canada have been approved by the Foreign Exchange Control Board, and to facilitate all financial transactions, a special permit has been assigned to their account with The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Montreal

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in the *Atlantic*, March.

Miss }
Mrs. }
Mr. }
Address

All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.

28-C-664

Copyright 1943 Newspaper Institute of America

Sir:

As I read David L. Cohn's "How the South Feels" in your January number, which came yesterday, I laughed, wept, and grew cold with apprehension. It is the truest, clearest, and most sensible expression that I have encountered on this subject — a subject which is of greater concern to us Southerners than World War II.

I enclose a check for my subscription. I am thoroughly pleased with the *Atlantic*.

MRS. J. A. PEACOCK
Laurinburg, N. C.

Sir:

"How the South Feels," by David L. Cohn, in your January issue, is, we think, a true picture. However, there is one statement I question: "Southern people are the poorest fed, . . . the most diseased, in the United States." If statistics which I have read are correct, there were fewer men rejected in the South from the draft because of physical unfitness than in any other section of the country. Of course I do not know which is correct, statistics or Mr. Cohn. Nowhere that the Negro goes in great number is he welcomed or accepted on equal terms.

MRS. L. B. CONWAY
Danville, Va.

The Soldier's Return

Sir:

I was very much pleased with Edgar L. Jones's article in the January *Atlantic*. For a long time I've had a bee in my bonnet which obviously buzzed in his, too, long after the flies of Africa's Western Desert.

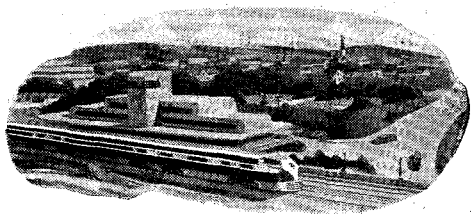
I have read enough articles by soldiers returned from the battlefields to be fairly well prepared for what they have to say about the glamour of living in muddy holes in the ground and eating corned beef with death for a dinner partner. I am also familiar with the rather lame editorializing which usually accompanies these articles. But what I have waited for is for someone to sit down and make Americans a little ashamed of themselves, and if Mr. Jones's article doesn't make us flinch, nothing ever will.

We hear every day about the wonderful brotherhood of men of the Allied nations fighting side by side all over the world. Then, the next thing, someone is worrying about what we're going to "get out of the war." It seems to me that a lot of Americans are behaving like greedy, materialistic children, glad enough to have friends to help us fight the battle, and at the same time getting ready for a gigantic post-war free-for-all in which we'll grab everything our friends helped us protect. There have been signs of materialistic selfishness in America before this, but at such a time, and from people whose relatives and friends may be at the front today, it must seem pretty small to those who are being pretty big about giving their lives.

JANE B. BROWNING
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Sir:

I have just read "The Soldier Returns," by Edgar L. Jones, in your January issue. From various serv-



TRAIN OF THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE

Some day this war will be won by America and her Allies.

Our first duty meanwhile is to meet the demands of the war. This we are doing.

The going hasn't always been easy or comfortable. We believe you understand the reasons, and we appreciate your patience, your good-humored acceptance of inconvenience.

And we'd like you to know our ideas of comfort and style go far beyond what we're able to offer today. That's why we print the picture below.

It will give you some idea of how we'd like to serve you—how we're looking and planning ahead right now to make future railroad travel a thrillingly pleasant experience.

It can't be done all at once. It will take money and time.

But you can be sure of one thing. Our goal is to give future America the finest transportation the world has ever seen.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



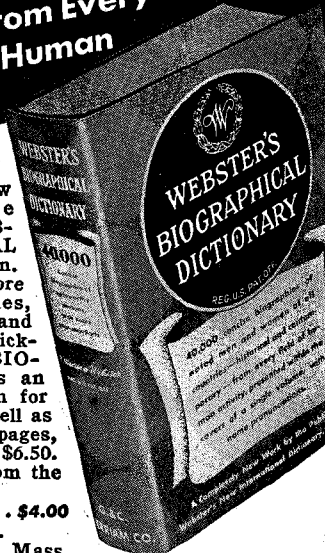
Now Ready! the NEW MERRIAM-WEBSTER BOOK OF BIOGRAPHIES

40,000

Noted Men and Women—Historical and
Contemporary—From Every Country
and Every Field of Human
Achievement!

An entirely new work by the famed Editorial Staff of WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition. This single volume contains more than 40,000 concise biographies, with pronunciation of names and all essential facts required for quick-reference use. WEBSTER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY is an invaluable source of information for writers, speakers, teachers, as well as for the general reader. 1,736 pages, with thumb notch index. Price \$6.50. At your bookdealer, or direct from the publishers. Also ask for:

Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms . . \$4.00
G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
459 Federal Street, Springfield 2, Mass.



OF ALL THE READERS who have discovered, or rediscovered, the *Atlantic* during the past year, none have been more enthusiastic than the young men and women in service, at home and abroad.

They have found, sometimes to their confessed surprise, that the *Atlantic* speaks to them, and for them, as no other magazine is speaking today. One young Corporal says: "I have so little opportunity to read that without the *Atlantic* I would feel almost stagnant."

Gift subscriptions can be entered for Navy Personnel anywhere in the world: for those in other branches of the service, in the United States only.

SPECIAL OFFERS

7 MONTHS for \$2.00

SERVICE RATE, \$2.50 for 1 YEAR

(Regular Price, \$5.00 a Year)

THE ATLANTIC

8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

icemen overseas — or who have returned — I had heard attempts to state the essence of these ideas, but nowhere have I heard or read a statement comparable to Mr. Jones's in power, clarity, sincerity, coherence, and significance. It is the greatest "war writing" that I have read.

Certainly, all of us civilians who are deeply interested in winning the war and peace honorably — and who have relatives and friends in combat zones — have become increasingly fearful that the people and the government might — from ignorance of the truth — tend to glamorize the fighting front and, as a result, perhaps do grave injustice to our returning fighting men. This would be a basic violation of morality and reality.

ROLAND B. PARKER
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Sir:

I should like to acknowledge the pleasure that I owe to the *Atlantic* for its varied and well-balanced bill of fare.

Those persons who do not thrive on an exclusively political diet must be grateful for the literary flavor of courses prepared by a *cordon bleu* — a Santayana, an Edmund Wilson, a Ferris (or is it Izaak) Greenslet; a lively biography by Catherine Bowen or the glimpse of a Derbyshire paradise through a door unlocked by Sir Osbert Sitwell.

This spiritual comfort from a realm unrationed, unregimented, and undamned is especially worthy of our gratitude, for it is not, I believe, duplicated elsewhere.

FRANK W. GARRISON
Arlington Heights, Mass.

Sir:

I think your greatest achievement is publishing the Sitwell memoirs.

MRS. NETTIE KAUFMANN
New Canaan, Conn.

● We wish to remind our readers of the *Atlantic* \$1000 Prize which was announced in the February issue.

For the best article on Freedom of the Press in the United States, the *Atlantic* will pay \$1000. For other articles deserving publication which are entered in the contest, payment will be offered at our usual rates.

The main purpose of the contest is to examine the functioning of newspapers in a democracy.

The competition is open to newspaper readers, who are the ultimate critics of the press, and to journalists of all ages and experience — editorial writers, sports writers, rewrite men, and reporters.

It is suggested that articles be of not fewer than 4500 words or more than 7000.

Entries must be received not later than May 1, 1944. Manuscripts will not be returned. The decisions of the judges will be final. — THE EDITOR

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 173



NUMBER 3

MARCH, 1944

87th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

MUST AN OIL WAR FOLLOW THIS WAR?

by JOSEPH E. POGUE

FROM its very humble beginnings only eighty-five years ago, the oil industry has grown to command world-wide attention. An "ex-railroad conductor wearing a top hat" drilled the first commercial oil well in Pennsylvania in 1859. The scene had all the elements of drama — a rugged individual, a pioneering spirit, a new adaptation of an old technique, the goal of great riches, even a setting for politics! And the industry still holds these features of popular interest.

The scene has shifted to the tragic and heroic struggle of World War II. The United Nations are now flying to victory on the wings of petroleum.

Mechanization is the keynote of modern warfare, and mechanization means oil. Airplanes and jeeps and tanks move on oil. Every modern navy is oil-propelled. The matériel which we are supplying to theaters of war is more than 50 per cent petroleum. More than half of our overseas cargo capacity is filled with oil. Seven million barrels of oil are now being consumed each day — nearly two million more than the world's daily consumption before the war. New and specialized oil products are demanded, in quantities undreamed-of a few years ago. One year's production of 100-octane gasoline alone

now approximates the annual output of all oil products forty years ago.

Petroleum is also the key to the strategy of this war. To assure their supply of oil, the Germans occupied Rumania, and brought on our attack on Ploesti and the present Soviet advance toward Bessarabia. The invasion of Russia became a mad gamble for the oil reserves of Maikop and Baku, and the blunder may have marked a turning point in the war in Europe. The African campaign was conducted on both sides with an eye on the oil fields in the Middle East. In seizing the Dutch East Indies, the Japanese had oil as well as rubber for a prize.

The burden of the war's requirements is being borne by our American oil fields. When the submarine campaign in the Atlantic cut off other sources of supply for the war in Europe, the accessibility of our ports saved the day for the United Nations. The result has been not only a drain on our productive capacity: the whole pattern of the industry has had to be altered, and the American petroleum industry has been mobilized under a Petroleum Administration for War.

Our domestic consumption has been reduced to bare essential use. Oil drilling has been cut, and the withdrawals from existing wells have been increased. Construction of new refineries has been necessary to meet the need for such special products as aviation gasoline, toluene, and butadiene. Transport has been reorganized to shorten the haul and to meet the menace of submarines, and an overland

A graduate of Chapel Hill who took his Ph.D. at Yale in 1909, JOSEPH E. POGUE is a petroleum engineer-economist who served as the Assistant Director of the Bureau of Oil Conservation in 1918. He has been Vice President of the Chase National Bank, in charge of its Oil Department, since 1936, and during the war has taken an active part in the work of the Petroleum Industry War Council.

Copyright 1944, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

detour has been constructed for the 40 per cent of our domestic supply which was previously handled by coastwise tankers. The efforts of producers have been handicapped by shortages of material and manpower and by frozen prices, and legitimate desires of consumers cannot be met.

The changes and dislocations which have resulted have inevitably produced many apprehensions. Chief of them is the fear of exhaustion of our natural resources, with a recrudescence of the theme that we have already passed the peak of our production. Discoveries seem to lag, and the newly discovered fields appear to be less extensive. An oil-conscious public falls easy prey to the idea that our supply is running short. On the basis of such fears, government regulation is easily extended and the industry sees its foreign position imperiled. Confidence in the future is lacking, and temporary conditions threaten to undermine the foundations of long-term policy. The shortage scare has brought on a climate in which pessimism and defeatism flourish, and it has become a force to be reckoned with.

Oil in the Last War

Turning back a quarter of a century, we find a striking parallel in the First World War. Oil played a dominant role then, too. Consumption was on a smaller scale, for mechanization was just emerging — airplanes were only beginning to show their importance in operations, the tank was a new invention, and the mule still had his day as the forerunner of the jeep. Yet a great volume of oil was needed, the submarines took their toll of tankers, civilians lived through the gasless Sundays, and strategy turned on oil control.

When the First World War was ended in 1918, apprehensions had been engendered which parallel those of today. A graphic picture of the situation which then existed was drawn by two Englishmen, Davenport and Cooke, in a book published in 1924, *The Oil Trusts and Anglo-American Relations*: —

The awakening of the American public mind to the national importance of the future supply of oil was not allowed, in that country of exacting pressmen, to remain like the beautiful and natural awakening of the Sleeping Princess. The necessary "boost" to the movement was supplied by two journalistic "stunts," the "stunt" of the approaching end of the domestic oilfields and the "stunt" of the British capture of the foreign oil reserves. . . . We do not say that these "stunts" had no element of truth. Indeed, it was the small element of truth in them that probably accounted for their wide success. . . . Some advance notice of the American Government's adoption of the "domestic shortage" scare . . . was given in various official and semi-official publications. The idea that America had exhausted her oil resources in supplying

the world before the war, and the Allies during the war, . . . made an instant appeal. . . . The prophecy that the United States within a few years would be paying Britishers an annual oil bill of a billion dollars [for imported oil] was solemnly read before the Senate House. . . . The Geological Survey . . . published, on May 2nd 1920, a statistical memorandum giving a picture in striking perspective something like this: —

American oil consumption 400 million barrels a year.

Foreign countries' oil consumption 200 million barrels a year.

Reserve Supply for America = 18 years.

Reserve Supply for Foreigners = 250 years.

Horizon — very black.

The same outline would serve for a delineation of our present temper, but the colors might now be even more lurid.

International Complications After the Last War

Even before World War I, rivalries had become intense between the oil interests of various countries. American, British, German, Russian, and French companies were involved. The contest centered for a time on the Turkish Petroleum Company with its concessions in Mesopotamia in which German interests had a share of the control. In 1913, Mr. Winston Churchill announced the British government's policy to acquire and own oil reserves and to draw its oil supply from sources under British control or British influence; in consequence the British government acquired control of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. During the war itself, a struggle was waged for control of the oil reserves in the Middle East, and it led to some of the secret treaties which later vexed the negotiation of the peace.

The Peace Conference was long engrossed with oil problems, and even territorial settlements had to wait upon their solution. The chief contestants were the British and French, with the Americans looking on with jealous eyes. Mandates for Iraq and Palestine and Syria could not be assigned until an oil agreement was reached at San Remo in 1920. The negotiations had to be renewed at Lausanne, in 1922 and 1923, and they were partly responsible for the delay in concluding a treaty of peace with Turkey. Eventually, the German interest in the Turkish Petroleum Company was squeezed out. Contemplated divisions between British and French interests brought vigorous protests from the United States, but in the final dispositions Americans were admitted to share.

Both Britain and the United States emerged from the last war with an augmented sense of the importance of oil. This attitude created in each case

a fairly definite foreign oil policy, but with the contrast that Britain pressed for a "preferred status" for its nationals, whereas the United States advocated the traditional open-door policy of "equal access" for all. Despite its prior participation in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Britain did not further extend its policy of mixed government-industry operations, but limited itself to a promotion of the interests of its nationals through diplomatic channels, and apparently took measures to assure an increase in the interest of British nationals in the stock of the Royal Dutch-Shell.

The United States government accorded diplomatic support to its nationals, was successful in gaining for American companies a position in Iraq and the Dutch East Indies, and encouraged them to explore and to acquire reserves in all parts of the world. In consequence, American oil companies have attained a position in foreign oil reserves equal to that of British interests. This position was gained with almost continuous expansion, despite a change in the foreign oil policy of our government some ten years ago, when the official attitude became one of indifference and neglect, if not discountenance. This reversal was shortsighted, for it encouraged the ejection of our nationals from a number of countries of important oil potentialities, such as Mexico and Bolivia, without advantage to them or to us.

It is noteworthy that the British position in foreign oil reserves was mainly established prior to World War I, while the American position has been largely attained since that event. The British government's control of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company has apparently retarded the expansion of the British oil industry; otherwise, with that head start, the British should have gained precedence over United States nationals operating abroad without governmental subsidy or sustained diplomatic support.

It is a striking fact that the policy of governmental participation formulated by Mr. Churchill at a time when the British Navy was shifting from coal to oil was not expanded later. This was probably due to a realization that command of the seas assured control of oil resources, regardless of governmental participation. In the last war, British needs required recourse to both American and Mexican oil; again in this war Iranian oil for a considerable period was cut off from Britain by the submarine campaign and for the second time American oil was called upon to fill the gap. Nor did the presence of the British government on the directorate of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company prevent the long dispute occasioned by the cancellation of its concession by the Shah of Persia in 1932.

Will an Oil Crisis Follow This War?

The war-engendered attitudes on oil, prevailing in official as well as unofficial circles, create a danger that this country may adopt a foreign oil policy which will not only impair the functioning of the oil industry here and abroad, but will also lead to international complications which might even produce a third world war. The setting in which our national thinking must now proceed, the shortage psychosis, and the tendency to imitate the policy of Britain without subjecting it to critical analysis conspire to encourage hasty action in wrong directions.

Ideas of far-reaching import are current, which could lead to drastic changes in our economy. Starting with the premises that we have barely enough oil to fight this war, that we are going to run out of oil, and that for our security we need reserves for the next war, various suggestions are being advanced or are lurking in the offing.

First, that our government must acquire ownership of foreign oil reserves, widely distributed geographically, and particularly in the Middle East. *Second*, that our government must acquire ownership of domestic oil fields to be held for emergency use. *Third*, that our government must pile up huge stocks within our own borders, from three to seven years' supply. *Fourth*, that our government must restrict our national production and leave our needs to be met from imports. *Fifth*, that our government must curtail domestic consumption and continue rationing in order to do so.

What would be the effect of the implementation of one or all of these proposals? The consequences, far from being constructive, would be the reverse of those contemplated and would be damaging to our country. Government participation in foreign oil reserves would retard further progress of our nationals abroad, would endanger our Good Neighbor policy, and would lead to endless political complications. Aside from being incredibly costly, a vast storage campaign is wholly impracticable: to be large enough to be significant, say a three years' supply, the full use of the Big Inch and the Little Big Inch pipe lines would be required for a period of twenty-five years merely to move such volumes of oil to storage points throughout the country!

As to the concept of national reserves, our existing naval reserves have been so restrictively administered that the Navy lands today, in the midst of our gravest emergency, are producing under 10,000 barrels daily, against a total United States production of 4,400,000 barrels. National reserves cannot be the answer. Then what about a

drastic restriction in United States production and consumption, a permanent cut in our standards of living? That might work — or would it? This is a question for the public to decide.

Proper Policy Can Avert an Oil War

What are the alternatives? Everyone would agree that our oil policy should envisage three objectives: national prosperity, national security, and world peace. Many would concur that the last-named, if not all three, can be attained only through expanding world production and trade.

To gain these ends, we must substitute a positive, expansionist approach for the negative, restrictionist one. We need a policy that will shift the focus away from the inevitability of a third world war to those measures most likely to prevent such a catastrophe. And if such measures would at the same time maximize our national security and economic health, the answer is clear.

The policy suggested here is confined to three simple and readily understandable objectives: *First*, our government should encourage private enterprise in the development of the world's oil resources, by according to our own nationals such diplomatic support as to assure them an even break with the nationals of other countries. *Second*, our government should refrain from participating in foreign (or domestic) oil operations, either directly or through some subterfuge. *Third*, our government should take the leadership in promoting measures of international consultation and collaboration concerning world oil developments, at the outset with Great Britain and the Soviet Union and later on with all peaceful nations, ultimately implementing some international agency to maintain the undertaking.

Such is the policy which the American petroleum industry wishes our government to adopt. Such is the program which the American petroleum industry invites the American public to examine and to support.

Obstacles lie in our path, to be sure. Lack of knowledge of a complex technical industry, misunderstanding of the position attained abroad, the trend to autarchy in many countries and the rivalry between government and private enterprise in our own country, the undercurrent of politics which agitates any question connected with oil — all these factors make an intelligent approach to the problem difficult.

The oil potentialities of the United States are much greater than is generally supposed; those of the world, almost immeasurable. The "oil reserve" figures customarily cited include only the oil which has been proved by commercial wells; the estimates

usually omit the oil yet to be discovered, the resources which with chemical treatment are convertible into usable oil products, and the materials for the production of synthetic oil. One of our leading geologists suggests that our "American oil reserve," instead of 20 billion barrels, may be 102 billion barrels, taking into account 17 billions in the form of natural gas, 20 billions controlled by American nationals abroad, and 45 billions of potential discoveries in this country. If to these figures we add the "technological oil" available through chemistry at somewhat higher prices, and the vast supplies of ordinary petroleum that can be uncovered by our nationals in all parts of the world by really vigorous search, we reach a grand total that should dispel all fears of impending scarcity. Not all this is "easy" oil. Enterprise and skill will be required. Yet the picture is not one of defeatism but of challenge.

In 1938, the United States produced 61 per cent of the world's oil, and nationals of the United States operating in other countries produced an additional 9 per cent; British-Dutch interests produced 15 per cent, the Soviet Union 11 per cent, and all other interests only 4 per cent. Expressed in other terms, 24 per cent of the world's oil outside the United States was produced by American interests, 39 per cent by British-Dutch interests, and 27 per cent by the Soviet Union. These figures show that three countries, or even two, are in a position which enables them to assure the success of an international policy. This fact should facilitate the conclusion of an international agreement.

The position of the Soviet Union is a special one. It possesses enormous potential reserves; yet its production is scarcely sufficient for the domestic consumption. For many years to come, it is not likely to be a great exporter, unless compelled by the need for foreign exchange. Nor is it likely to feel a need for controlling foreign reserves. So long as enterprise is kept within the hands of the government itself, Soviet nationals will probably be restrained from operations in foreign fields.

The world's oil reserves are widely scattered, but unusual concentrations occur in certain strategic locations such as the United States, the Caribbean area, and the Middle East. Five countries in the Persian Gulf area — Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and Qatar — may have reserves equaling, if not exceeding, those of the United States. All five are within the sphere of British influence and in proximity to territory of the Soviet Union. Iran and Iraq are the most highly developed of the five, but Saudi Arabia and Kuwait may have comparable potentialities.

While the ultimate productivity of the areas cannot be closely measured, it is fairly evident that British and American nationals together control at least a 90 per cent position in these countries, in the approximate ratio of 3 to 2. The American holdings are in a much earlier state of development than the British. The position of American nationals in Iraq was obtained shortly after the last war as a result of negotiations growing out of the peace settlement; our position in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait was obtained more recently as a result of private initiative. It is here that the United States government, through its recently formed Petroleum Reserves Corporation, is proposing to construct a major pipe line to the Mediterranean, an action fraught with far-reaching international implications,

The meaning of "reserves" can be easily misunderstood. *Proved reserves* only are definitive, whereas the real issue is always the *reserves to be discovered*. This dynamic aspect of the situation is usually overlooked, and the consequent misconception constitutes a danger to any proper settlement of the oil problem, domestic as well as foreign.

The world needs American enterprise and skill in the discovery as well as in the development of its oil reserves. A distinguished geologist gifted with insight, Wallace Pratt, states in his readable little book, *Oil in the Earth*: —

... there is abundant evidence that Americans search for oil more assiduously and find oil more effectively than any other people on earth. In fact, it is Americans who find the oil in the earth. In addition to the oil in their own country Americans have found much of the oil in other countries. Even where foreign capital has financed oil-finding enterprises, the actual work of exploration has commonly devolved upon American technologists, geologists and engineers. More than once the American staffs of foreign oil companies have succeeded in finding oil on a prospect after earlier attempts by foreign experts have failed. Mexico, Colombia, and Venezuela are outstanding achievements of Americans in oil-finding. In Iran, Iraq, Burma, and Peru, American technical skill as well as American machinery bore the brunt of the exploratory effort. Americans were identified too with the early development of the oil fields of Russia and Roumania. . . .

If we could only drive this simple fact home and affirm its dynamic and constructive implications, there might be some chance of escaping from the dampening clutches of such clichés as "dollar diplomacy," "international cartels," "Yankee imperialism," and the like, which politicians are prone to employ to obscure the issue and to promote narrow objectives. The fact is that our nation and all nations would be immeasurably benefited if American oil-finding genius were encouraged to go into the

far places and vigorously develop the commodity that confers such benefits upon mankind. No government, not even the greatest, can match this potent force; but *our* government can make it possible that this benefit be conferred more amply upon all peoples. It can also prevent it.

The United States Can Offer a Practical Solution

The United States is in a preferred position to seek a practical solution of the intricate problems involved in the international development of the world's oil resources. Our nationals are successful operators in every region in the world where they have not been handicapped or ousted by nationalistic policies. They have the requisite experience, capital, and initiative for further undertakings. The American oilmen have unique methods for the discovery of new oil fields and these have been demonstrated in all parts of the world. The world economy needs this "know how." Moreover, by reason of its position of leadership among the United Nations, the government of the United States has an opportunity to promote those measures in the international field which may lead to world reconstruction and permanent peace. Rarely in history has such a combination of favorable circumstances opened up the way for constructive endeavor.

To take advantage of our position, we must prepare for a pioneering job. The search for new oil fields must go on, and it will require the initiative of pioneers, free from the restraints of collectivist economies. Risks must be faced, and the willingness to face them will spring from individual enterprise. In the past, discoveries have been largely due to American daring, to American methods, to American technique; and future expansion will require a setting for the exercise of the special American competence. Undiscovered oil will not serve as a medium for world reconstruction.

Another aspect of the oil economy in the United States is available for wider application. For over a decade our oil fields have been operated according to strict conservation practices administered through the various state conservation bodies and coördinated by means of an Interstate Oil Compact Commission, with the assistance and sanction of our Federal government. Confronted many years ago with the need for greater efficiency in oil-field operations, and handicapped by the existing subdivision of our oil pools into small leases, the petroleum industry worked out a decentralized structure of laws and administrative procedures that functions with increasing effectiveness and avoids the stifling effects of regimentation.

And when oil went to war, the government took the industry into collaboration. A dual system of planning and directives was developed in Washington, with the Petroleum Administration for War and the Petroleum Industry War Council working together as a team toward a common end. These new and effective administrative forms take rank, along with the other achievements of the American petroleum industry, as an outstanding contribution for future building. They may be commended to our lawmakers and administrators as an advance in the art of democratic government that deserves the widest attention. They offer the means of bringing the genius of oil enterprise in full measure and in acceptable form to the peoples of all nations.

Proposal for an International Oil Compact

It was this experience, and the belief that world-wide oil developments by our nationals would not only add to the security of the United States but would foster the social and economic advancement of all peoples, that prompted a group of oil leaders in November of last year to prepare and submit to our government a report on "A Foreign Oil Policy for the United States."

This report outlined the factors that create an international oil problem, pointed out the special interests of the United States in oil, and listed the principles that should govern in framing a proper policy. It emphasized the effectiveness of private initiative, and the damaging results that would come from mixed operations with the participation of government. It stressed the necessity of dealing with both the interim and the long-term aspects of the problem, and differentiated between those measures which our government could take alone and those measures which, concerning the policies of other nations, required consultation and collaboration with others.

Recognizing that a foreign oil policy requires not merely the formulation of principles but also the establishment of means for making these principles effective, the report offered two additional suggestions. One concerned special coöperation with Great Britain as the first step in achieving an agreement on general principles; the other proceeded on the idea that the forms of administration developed in the United States, in coördinating the oil interests of the Federal government, the oil-producing states, and the oil industry, could be adapted for effective application in the international field. To this end, the report concluded with a design for an International Oil Compact, in effect an Oil Conservation Treaty.

The suggestion is offered that an International Oil Compact should be negotiated with the follow-

ing general objectives: (a) efficient and orderly development of the world's oil resources; (b) prudent conservation of the world's oil reserves; (c) equitable distribution of oil to the peoples of all nations; and (d) avoidance of national restrictions imposed as artificial aids to the production of synthetic or substitute products. The Compact would be open to adherence by all countries, producing and consuming countries alike. It would become operative upon the adherence of five countries, provided the United States be one of the five; it is implicit, also, that Great Britain should be one of the five.

The machinery of the proposed Compact would accord representation to all interests and yet provide an executive agency small enough to prove practical in functioning. The provisions also include the principle of industrial representation, so as to effectuate the experience gained in the United States and to avoid an undemocratic overweighting of the political forces. The instrument envisages four related agencies — a General Conference, a Permanent Commission, a Technical Institute, and Regional Councils.

The General Conference would be composed of representatives of all the adhering countries. The Permanent Commission would be smaller, as necessary for executive action, and would be made up of representatives of the countries of chief importance as consumers of petroleum, and of representatives of the oil organizations in the leading oil-producing countries. Under the Permanent Commission would be placed a Technical Institute, which would conduct the necessary economic, statistical, and engineering studies for the promotion of the objectives of the Compact. Regional Councils are envisaged, with mixed governmental and industrial representation, to promote the special coördination which might be needed in particular regions, such as the Middle East and the Caribbean area. Finally, the Compact carries suggestions for the orderly settlement of disputes which may arise, utilizing, among other agencies, the World Court.

The proposed Compact seeks no preferential treatment for the nationals of any particular country, but provides a *modus operandi* by which the competitive forces can express themselves without distortion by artificial or uneconomic pressures. It is based upon orderly development, equitable distribution, and the avoidance of waste — the identical objectives sought and achieved by the existing American procedures.

The plan is not to be confused with intergovernmental commodity schemes of the kind so often tried in the past. International agreements have been made and coördination attempted, occasionally

with limited success, in the case of tin, rubber, coffee, sugar, wheat, and other commodities. Nearly all those schemes, however, have been developed on behalf of producers or producer countries. Most of them were instituted to correct conditions of overproduction, and their purposes have usually been the restriction of production and the raising, or at least the stabilization, of prices. They have come into disfavor because of their tendency to create artificially high prices and to support marginal production. In some cases, they have stimulated and aggravated conditions of overproduction and restraints on distribution. The public revulsion against so-called international cartels and similar agreements has not been without some foundation, and yet it can easily be carried to a dangerous extreme.

The present proposal is entirely different in derivation, in purpose, and in structure. It focuses upon orderly expansion instead of restriction. It imposes conservation practices. It seeks to eliminate handicaps to exploration and production. It gives representation to all parties in interest, particularly to consumer countries, thus creating a mechanism of checks and balances under which monopolistic tendencies, whether by government or industry, may be curbed. It opens the field to smaller units of capital by reducing the political risks. It is balanced by the integrated structure of the oil business, whereby operators as a rule are simultaneously engaged in both production and distribution. The Compact is purely consultative, its members are voluntary adherents, and it entails no power of enforcement. Its workability depends upon enlightened knowledge and the compulsions of mutual self-interest.

Much the same system has been in operation in the United States for more than ten years, with the full sanction of our government. It is generally regarded as a conservation measure of great success

which has contributed economic stability to a formerly highly cyclical industry. The low price level prevailing during this period attests that the system has been in the public interest. The results have met with general approval in this country, and without the existing structure it seems doubtful whether our oil supply could have been effectively marshaled for the prosecution of this war.

The proposed international Compact is constructed therefore on an American model. It would offer a means for coördinating the oil policies of various countries, precisely as we have succeeded in coördinating the policies of the American states. Without any invasion of national sovereignties, it would make possible progress toward an effective development of the world's oil reserves in an atmosphere of mutual understanding. It would bring together in common effort consuming and producing countries, local governments in special areas, and the competent men who must do the work if the world's oil needs are to be met.

Oil is a great social and economic force. It can be made to serve as a catalytic agent for the progress of human society. It holds the key to a development of automotive transportation which may destroy the barriers to neighborliness among the peoples of the world. It promises to facilitate an industrial development which will make the well-being of the common man more than an empty phrase.

An oil war does not need to follow this war. To prevent such a catastrophe, however, effort will be required, organization will be needed, and policy must be consciously evolved. It is a happy augury for the future that the American petroleum industry is alive to the opportunities which lie ahead, and that it is seeking to employ its talents in a way which will at once promote American security and contribute to world-wide reconstruction and permanent peace.



TARGET AREA

by DOROTHY SAYERS

Our bombers

*were out over Germany last night, in very great strength;
their main target was Frankfurt.*

The grim young men in the blue uniforms,
professionally laconic, charting, over the intercom,
the soundings of the channel of death, have carried
another basket of eggs to Fräulein Fehmer —
I do not know, of course, whether she got them.

Fräulein Fehmer,
thirty-five years ago, when I was at school,
taught the piano
in a little music room, one of a row of little music rooms
that lived in the dark passage under the stair
leading to the Lower Fourth;
every music room
distinguished by the name of a great musician;
every music room
pouring out a jingle of private harmony
in a jangling discord with the private harmonies of its neighbors.
Fräulein Fehmer was stiffly built,
with a strong square face, lionish, slightly blunted,
as though the hand of the potter had given a gentle
push to the damp clay; she wore eyeglasses,
and a shawl round her shoulders in cold weather; her hair
was straight and dark, combed back over a pad;
she had strong square hands, grasping the keys easily
from middle C to the major third over the octave,
blunt finger-tips and wide flat knuckles; she used
a rather unorthodox
and very powerful action of the whole forearm,
so that the wires sang under her touch like bells.
When she started you on a new piece, she always inscribed
the date neatly above it; when you made mistakes,
stumbling feverishly among the accidentals,
she would say, "Na, na!" in a strong, tart, rebuking
voice. She must be getting an old woman now,
if the grim young men in the blue uniforms
have not canceled time for her.

Fräulein Fehmer's music room
was named "Chopin," after her favorite composer;

once or twice in the school year
 we were invited to hear her give a recital
 of Chopin, after supper. We did not grudge seating the Hall
 for Fräulein Fehmer; we recognized that her playing
 was unlike that of the other music mistresses;
 no doubt they played well, but Fräulein Fehmer's playing
 was music. There is a particular Nocturne
 that I cannot hear to this day without thinking of her;
 when it is rendered
 by celebrated musicians over the ether
 I see the red-brick walls, the games trophies,
 the rush-bottomed chairs, the row of aspidistras
 that garnished the edge of the platform, and Fräulein Fehmer,
 gowned in an unbecoming dark-blue silk,
 lifting the song from the strings with a squaring of her strong shoulders;
 the notes on the wireless are only the imperfect echo
 of that performance. Memory and association
 count for much, but there is no nostalgic glamour
 about my memories; I was timid of Fräulein Fehmer,
 and I was not happy at school; I am sure I am right in thinking
 that as a pianist she was exceptional.

Some years before the war —
 this war, I mean — I suddenly had a letter
 from Fräulein Fehmer, dated from Frankfurt-am-Main.
 In the same pointed script that used to adorn my music books
 she said she remembered England with much affection;
 she had heard that I was a writer; she should like to read
 something that I had written — would I send her a copy
 for old sake's sake? it cost more than she could afford
 to order a book from England; times were hard;
 it was very hard indeed for musicians to live
 in Germany nowadays; "of course," she added,
 "I am an ardent Nazi."

She used to wear
 a shawl, as I have said, when the weather was pinching. Memory
 tells me it was gray. Hitler rose to power
 on the despair of the middle classes. I sent her books, and she thanked me;
 for a time we exchanged polite greetings at Christmas.

*Last night our bombers
 were out in very great strength over Germany;
 Fräulein Fehmer was in the target area.*

There are so many things that one does not know —
 what, for example, becomes of aging women
 whose skill is rooted in the wrong memories
 when death puts on his harness (he bears arms —
a cross cramponnee, sable); it may be
 that ardent Nazis are not encouraged to play
 Polish music.

Tell me, Fräulein Fehmer,
 were you playing Chopin when the bombs went down over Warsaw,
 or did the Nocturne ring out for the last time
 on the last night of August?

How much of your pittance, tapped by the tinkling hammers,
arduously, out of long stretches of common time,
went up in reek and smoke behind Paul's Churchyard?
Did your gray shawl perish in Russia, frozen
to the aching bone it wrapped, that fearful winter
when the dead stiffened as they fell, in the ghastly road from Moscow?
When the great Lancasters,
roaring out of England, making the sky boil like a caldron,
stooped at last upon Frankfurt from the blackness between the stars,
did the old, heartbreaking melody cry to you
Poland's agony through the crashing anger of England?
Did we strike you, perhaps, quickly,
tossing the soul out through rent ribs or merciful
splitting of the skull? Or did you
find yourself suddenly awake at midnight,
peering from the blankets, fumbling for your glasses, to see
by flare-light and fire-light
the unexpected precipice by the bedside,
the piano shattered aslant, with all its music
coiling out of it in a tangle of metallic entrails,
dust, books, ashes, splintered wood, old photographs,
the sordid indecency of bathroom furniture
laid open to the sky? Or are you, I wonder,
still waiting the personal assault, the particular outrage,
expiating the world's sin in a passion of nightly expectation
till the unbearable is reiterated
and the promise fulfilled?

The death sent out
returns; I have filled the bombs, loaded the bomb racks,
built the planes, equipped
the laconic grim young men in the blue uniforms;
for this you learned to play Chopin and I to write,
that we might exchange these messages and these replies.
Neither of us can stop what is happening now,
nor would if we could; the discord of private harmonies
must be resolved in the deafening cataract of calamity;
the first to cry "Halt!" utters a cry of defeat,
and makes a breach in the dam, through which the water
floods over the house-tops.

This I write

with the same hand that wrote the books I sent you,
knowing that we are responsible for what we do,
knowing that all men stand convicted of blood
in the High Court, the judge with the accused.
The solidarity of mankind is a solidarity in guilt,
and all our virtues stand in need of forgiveness,
being deadly.

Chopin and the old School Hall
were out last night over Germany, in very great strength,
taking messages to Fräulein Fehmer.

RUSSIAN AGAINST GERMAN

A Close-up at Stalingrad

by ERICH WEINERT

Born in Magdeburg in 1890, ERICH WEINERT served in the ranks of the German infantry in the First World War. After the defeat he returned to his native city, where in time he was known as a popular poet, a liberal thinker, and a professor of art at the Academy. Driven into exile because of his opposition to Hitler, he eventually found refuge in Moscow. When the war broke out, his knowledge of German and his Communist sympathies made him invaluable as a liaison and propaganda officer. During the siege of Stalingrad he served at the front, where he interrogated German prisoners, translated intercepted mail, and prepared the propaganda that was dropped in leaflets from Russian planes or read over a loud-speaker close to the lines. — THE EDITOR

DECEMBER 26, 1942. — In front of Stalingrad Hitler has concentrated his crack troops. It is interesting to determine from which strata of the population and from what parts of the "fatherland" this elite has been recruited. I have read more than a thousand letters which the soldiers of the doomed army have written home. Among the home addresses, the names of big cities hardly occur. Among a thousand letters the name Berlin appears fifteen times, Bremen four times, Leipzig five times, Chemnitz twice, Breslau eleven times, and Hamburg not once. That means that Hitler has gathered here his most devoted and reliable units from small cities and villages, from among peasants, white-collar workers, small tradesmen, craftsmen, and so forth.

December 30, 1942. — Toward evening a German staff sergeant who was captured yesterday was brought before us. He is in his twelfth year of active military service. He is completely in agreement with Hitler's war.

"Aren't you glad that the war is over for you?" we asked him.

"No!"

"Would you like to get back to your outfit?" the Russian colonel asked.

"Yes, sir!"

"Have you been maltreated here in any way?"

"No!"

"If by chance you could get back to your outfit, would you tell your comrades that?"

"I would tell them the truth."

"Then you shall go back. We will give you per-

mission. Tonight we will take you over at a safe spot. . . . Well, aren't you glad?"

The Hitler hero looks at us helplessly for a while. His "Yes, sir" sounds somewhat miserable.

"Are you ready to go?" asks the colonel.

Then the man completely loses his arrogant bearing and says with an almost imploring voice: "I should like to ask you, sir, if I may remain here. After all, I should like to return to my family when the war is over."

"You mean that you feel safer here?"

"Yes, sir!"

There it is, the "readiness to die for the Führer."

January 2, 1943. — Reports are coming in of men giving themselves up singly and in groups — at one place even a whole company with their lieutenant; but these are only sporadic occurrences. Why don't the others believe our broadcast assurances?

We question new prisoners: "Why aren't more men giving themselves up?"

"They still think they will be rescued, in spite of everything. The officers say the encirclement is weak. They point out that other traps have been broken. They assure us all that we shall then be relieved and get a furlough home."

"But if the Red Army strikes now, what then?"

"The officers say the Red Army is much too weak for that — or they would have attacked long ago."

The picture is one of starvation — 200 grams of bread, in some cases only 150 grams a day. In the morning a liter of thin coffee; in the evening, half a liter of watery soup with a few peas and beans in it.

Sometimes a bit of horse meat. "The horses will all be eaten before long. Whenever one drops, everybody goes for it like a bunch of ravens. In five minutes only the bones and the guts are left."

"How about your winter clothing?"

"Very few have it. Most of them have only summer coats and leather boots, thin cotton gloves, and a muffler. There is hardly a man who hasn't frozen something or other."

"How much longer are you going to hold out?"

"Many more want to come over. But they're frightened."

"Of what?"

"That they'll be shot here, or at least starved to death. Our officers constantly tell us that the Russians are half starving because we have already occupied all their grain-growing regions. Or the men think that they'll be deported to Siberia, where they'll be left to die. Or that they'll have to do forced labor here for years after the war, in order to rebuild everything again."

"We've talked to you often enough across the lines. You shouldn't believe all those lies."

"They say that's all enemy propaganda. The officers told us, 'Those fellows who speak over there are no Germans; that's all a bluff. Those are recordings.'"

"Aren't the men discussing whether or not one should take a chance and allow oneself to be captured?"

"Yes. Many do. They say, 'We've had tough luck here. In winter the Russians are always at an advantage, but in spring we are going ahead again.'"

It seems they will never realize how things stand until cannon speak, instead of arguments.

January 4, 1943. — Today we tried to stir the consciences of the responsible officers over there. Here is the text of the leaflet: —

TO THE OFFICERS OF THE GERMAN WEHRMACHT!

The hour is approaching which will decide the life and death of the men entrusted to you. The German High Command has left you in no doubt that the situation in the Stalingrad trap is hopeless. Your men are starving and half frozen.

You have ignored all proposals for an honorable capitulation made to you by the commanding officer of the Red Army. If your conscience does not demand that you lay down your arms before the Red Army liquidates the trap by force, tens of thousands of young Germans will die a senseless and inglorious death.

We speak to you as Germans. We are at the front opposite you. We do not feel the need of making "propaganda." Your political opinions do not interest us. We are guided solely by our duty towards

the German people, but above all by our duty to do everything for the tens of thousands of German mothers, wives, and children to save their sons, husbands, and fathers from useless destruction.

If an officer in such a situation considers it honorable to die rather than surrender, he is free to do so. But no one gives him the right to force upon his soldiers an attitude contrary to the people's healthier conception of honor.

Do not abuse the trust of your men by keeping from them a realization of the danger by which they are engulfed.

We expect you, as German officers, to be conscious of your responsibility to our people. Remember that you will return from your captivity after the war to a new Germany in which the people are going to ask you if you have safeguarded as much as possible the lives of the men entrusted to you.

January 8, 1943. — Our propaganda seems gradually to be getting on their nerves. We have a German regimental order for Christmas which contains the following passage: "But the Russians will destroy us neither by their propaganda nor by force of arms." And today we even got hold of an order of the commanding general, Paulus himself, with a warning against Russian propaganda.

January 9, 1943. — The ultimatum has been delivered to Paulus. And refused.

Sat all last night in the radio station and sent the text of the ultimatum into the trap. From 4.00 to 7.00 A.M. I kept sending out an invitation to Paulus to send his officers out with a white flag, on the road from Marinowka to Platonow at 9.00 A.M.; officers of the Red Army would meet them there.

Their radio operators picked up our message and sent the radiogram to the commanding general. Sharp at 9.00, officers from both sides met at the designated spot, but the Germans merely declared they had orders not to accept anything.

Now we have to acquaint the soldiers themselves with the text of the ultimatum.

January 11, 1943. — The reconnaissance battalion of the division found a favorable spot yesterday where strong forces of the enemy must be concentrated, south of the village of Marinowka, which lies in the southwestern tip of the trap in a protruding salient. The shape of the front lines there is such that a loud-speaker can cover a wide sector.

After dark, the car with our loud-speaker moved along under cover of the embankment of the Kalatsch-Karpowka railroad. The road to the dugout from which we were to send went through country swept by enemy fire. We therefore still had a few kilometers of exhausting slogging through the deep snow of the steppes. Under our heavy fur coats our

bodies were covered with perspiration in spite of the freezing night. The enemy over there shot tracers across, but they were too high.

The technicians had already dashed ahead across the railroad embankment in an area without cover and had carried their apparatus to within 500 meters of the German lines. The night was clear and there was almost no wind.

Several times I read the ultimatum and its honorable conditions of capitulation. Then the last appeal of the commanding general of the Red Army, which told the soldiers that Paulus had refused the ultimatum. "Your fate is now in your own hands. Send your representatives with a white flag! Leave your trenches and dugouts with hands raised! Anybody who tries to resist will be killed. Your life now depends on your own judgment. The decision is yours!"

Once more we shouted to them not to believe their officers. Real Germans were standing here who had no intention of misleading them with propaganda, who had no other wish than to tell them the truth once more. If they would now listen to reason, not one more German need die in the trap. . . . But tomorrow would be too late.

There was no shooting. They had heard.

January 12, 1943. — Too late. The offensive has begun. Marinowka, the village into which we directed our appeal only yesterday, has already been taken. From other sectors of the front we received news that everywhere larger or smaller wedges have been driven into the trap.

When dark fell we started out through a light snowstorm. In newly conquered territory travel is somewhat more dangerous. To be sure, the roads had been cleared of mines, but in the whirling snow it is easy to lose one's way and get into the mine field. We moved ahead very slowly. It was a vast field of wreckage. Most of the houses in Marinowka are shot to pieces. In the darkness we stumbled through rubble half covered with snow, in order to get to a suitable dugout. They have left their dugouts in fairly good condition for us. We visited a regimental staff in a near-by dugout.

The regimental commander and his deputy commander never left the telephone. Orders and reports poured in incessantly.

"What's the enemy doing? Is he digging in? When did he leave these positions? Any movement noticeable at point X? Watch them carefully!"

Everybody in the dugout was tense and alert. There was an expression of serene confidence on all faces. We are moving forward. Hitler's Sixth Army is being liquidated.

We began sending, again and again, the same urgent appeals: whoever does not surrender now will not get away alive. The first blow has been struck. The liquidation of the trap is a matter of days.

We didn't know for sure if those startled soldiers over there heard us. There were rumors that in the neighboring sector several units had surrendered. U. talked to them. There was a group of fifteen men and another of sixty, who organized and surrendered with their lieutenant. When they were asked if they knew anything about the ultimatum, they said no. They reported that if the blows of the Red Army continued unabated, not one soldier would fight to the last cartridge — they would all surrender.

A captain, they said, had told them that the thunder of the German guns was already audible before Karpowka.

There was the thunder of cannon — anybody could hear that — only they weren't German cannon.

January 14, 1943. — Karpowka. The offensive is rolling on. We have heard that a gigantic wedge has been driven in along the northern side of the valley of the little Rossoschka River to Karpowka, and has split off the western part of the trap. Dimitriewka, Atamanskij, and Karpowka have been taken by storm. Only recently the commanding officer of a reconnaissance detachment on the southern side of the trap showed us on a map the German positions near Karpowka, and the concrete fortifications which the Germans had constructed along the railway line leading to Shirnoklejewka. The Nazis never imagined that the Red Army might take Karpowka by surprise, attacking from the back.

Everywhere there are signs of panic. The Nazis simply leave everything behind, and don't even bother about their wounded and sick.

The big, wide village of Karpowka looks like a gigantic junk yard. Wherever you look, nothing but overturned guns, immovable tanks, heavy trucks left standing broadside across the street. In their flight the Germans tried to throw a lot of stolen goods onto their cars, which were still usable, and then they lost half the loot again. They even left their motorized batteries behind. Heaps of cartridges, shells, and bombs are lying around. Their dugouts, which they built with solid supports of pieces of rail and massive timber, stand as if built for eternity. Here they intended to spend the winter unmolested.

They had no time to burn things down. They were flushed too suddenly from their warm holes in the ground. Now they have to walk through the snow to Stalingrad. Their chests and little grips

must soon become too heavy for them; they are already throwing them away on the highway. Who knows where they stole all that stuff? There are bales of cloth, linen, silk goods, preserves, soap, caviar, and other things. They must have parted from these things with heavy hearts. All this had been packed ready for their Christmas furlough.

A troop of prisoners comes shuffling along on the main street. They were cut off at Marinowka and Atamanskij. Half of them just hobble along on frozen feet.

"How about it?" I asked them. "Is the Red Army too weak to finish you off?"

They look at me with troubled eyes in grimy faces. "It was dreadful, sir," a tall fellow with a wild, black beard said to me. "This barrage — I shall never forget it as long as I live. I don't know how I ever got out of it."

Some pressed around us and began a plaintive lament. "If we had only known how we were being cheated by the officers. Every day they told us that the Russians would kill us all. Otherwise we should have stopped firing long ago."

January 15, 1943. — The offensive is making great progress. The trap has already been cut into different sections. In some sectors they are still said to be defending themselves desperately; in others they leave everything and disappear as soon as the artillery opens up. We have followed our forward troops into Sineokowskij. Our army is pushing forward in a long wedge in the direction of the circular Stalingrad railway.

The chaos is becoming ever greater. On all streets, in all yards, lonely trucks are standing around partly loaded with material from the various staffs. Red soldiers are busy at the moment unloading the stuff in order to use the trucks. And now leaves of documents, notebooks, and staff correspondence are whirling through the whole village, driven by the icy wind. German newspapers and illustrated magazines flutter across the steppes. The street is strewn with unsent letters which had still been at the post office, with paymasters' records and other military records, with cheap novels, picture postcards, field service regulations, decrees, orders of the High Command of the Wehrmacht, and German paper money. The tanks rumble right over the paper.

Red Army men poke around, laughing, in this rubble of "Kultur." Many know a little German from their schooldays.

"What is *The Vision of the Intensification of the Germanic Man?*" one man asks me, leafing through a gaudily printed, cheap publication.

"Dear comrade," I say, "that's a new sort of language; I can't even translate it into German, let alone Russian. That is Nazi abracadabra."

And among all this trash lie the dead, grotesquely distorted, their mouths and their horror-filled eyes still wide open, frozen stiff, with their skulls torn away and their bowels torn out, most of them with bandages on their hands and feet still saturated with the ointment for chillblains. Human wrecks, with whom death has not yet quite finished, lie on their straw bags in the field hospital. Those were the patients suffering from frozen limbs, invalids and half-dead men for whom nobody had cared during the flight. There they lie, those wretched knights of the hooked cross, driven into all the blessed lands by their beer-bloated prophets.

When their troops retired, these abandoned cripples wanted to hobble after them and thus got into the line of fire of the rapidly advancing Red Army.

On the parapet of a trench in which the dead are piled one on top of the other, someone had stuck one of those staff pennons lying around by the hundreds — one of those pennons with a white skull and crossbones on a black field. *In hoc signo!*

January 16, 1943. — I am squatting with a captain in a very small, dark dugout of the Jablonowa ravine. The little glass pane above the door is covered by driving snow every moment. The little stove, which has been patched up from old gasoline cans and shell cases, smokes so badly one is almost suffocated. The best thing to do is to hang about outside during the day, in spite of the 48 degrees below zero.

We came here from Sineokowskij, among steppe valleys which grow increasingly wilder. All the roads are covered with tanks, cars, and guns, some unharmed and some bombed into unrecognizable junk. Pulverized motorcycles, field kitchens, ammunition boxes, and among all these, frozen corpses of men and beasts in their last agony of death.

The crows have already settled on a corpse lying farther up on the height, and are now fighting for the eyes.

"Once you are back, my dearest," I read in a letter from Frankfurt which I picked up somewhere recently, "I shall do nothing but look into your dear eyes again and again. In them I want to forget the dreadful sorrows of these years."

In another ravine we did find, after all, one surviving Hitlerite. He looked at us deliriously. Our medical orderly had just put a new bandage around his feet.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked him.

"My feet are half frozen. There were three of us

here when our fellows left. None of them cared about us. No water, no wood, not a piece of bread. One very sick fellow died yesterday. My other comrade said, 'Our men have left already; we must see if we can get a truck. If the Russians come we are done for.' So we crawled out of the dugout. Then a shell struck a few feet away from us. The other couldn't get up any more. I dove back into the dugout. Then in the evening the Russians came."

January 19, 1943. — Last night we got to the former flying field of Pitomnik, which is in the center of the area where the Nazis have been trapped. When we arrived there in the dim light of the moon, we thought we were in the midst of an inhabited place. But then we saw that what we had taken for small houses were really tanks and trucks the Germans had left standing there. Thousands and thousands of them.

Early in the morning we climbed up on an embankment. And what an unimaginable sight we had from there. As far as the eye could reach, nothing but tanks, carts, cars, guns, machine guns, dump trucks, remnants of planes, supply sheds, and ammunition dumps. Tanks knocked in as though they were tin cans, eight-ton trucks burned down to their iron frames, guns with their barrels burst, and amid all this, corpses of men and beasts, the whole litter of war, from a shell case to a shaving brush.

January 20, 1943. — The enemy is still holding out along the circular railroad 15 kilometers west of Stalingrad. From that direction the air reverberates.

The general invited us for breakfast this morning. While we were sitting at breakfast, we heard a terrific shouting outside. We ran out. All the Red soldiers were pointing up and shouting, "It's on fire." Not too high above the field a Ju-52 that had been hit came roaring down, emitting smoke. He had intended to land on the old flying field, but hadn't found anything that resembled it. After a few seconds it was completely enveloped in smoke, went into a spin, and burst into flames. Not one of the crew had a chance to jump.

An hour later we heard the same lively shouting again — another bird looking for his old nest. A Junkers appeared from the cloud cover at about 700 or 800 meters and began to circle. The flak thundered from all sides. The guards tore the tommy guns from their shoulders and fired away.

He had hardly made a semicircle when a long white glowing flame shot out of his left motor. He was burning. The pilot attempted a quick landing. But in the next instant the plane tilted over and dashed to the ground. There it exploded with a

mighty roar. Ammunition transport. Atomized!

At noon there came a third one, but he smelled a rat in time and turned tail. When he had almost disappeared in the haze, he suddenly trailed a thick plume of smoke. He won't get back to Rostov either.

January 22, 1943. — The staffs are moving up. The trap disintegrates into its last component parts. Hitler's Sixth Army was concentrated on the edge of the city of Stalingrad and on Gorodischtsche. There were unceasing lightning and thunder across the steppe. One was almost deafened by the firing of hundreds of guns.

The nearer we came to Stalingrad, the more gruesome the picture became. Wherever one looks the relics of the former elite army are lying about. Everywhere, frozen stiff, lie and squat all those who could not tag along in the retreat, and broke down here, left to their fate by their own comrades. One man lies toppled over, still embracing the post of a road sign — "To Stalingrad!"

In the ravine which leads to the outer fortifications of Gontschara, hell itself must have broken loose yesterday. The whole ravine is full of tanks and trucks all shot to pieces. Some lie overturned. Tank turrets that have been blown off and guns that have burst clog the road. Corpses were mashed to pulp by the caterpillar tracks. Artillery and guns pressed forward through the defile. It is difficult to make headway on foot through all this wreckage.

On the height there comes a procession of prisoners, Germans and Rumanians.

Behind them hobble the cripples with frozen limbs, their feet wrapped in handkerchiefs. They implore the others with beseeching eyes not to walk so fast; they are afraid of being left behind on the steppes to freeze to death.

"If you had surrendered on January 9," I said, "you would have driven to the prisoners' camps in your own tens of thousands of trucks."

Moaning they hobbled on.

Behind us in the ravine our own guns thundered away at the last fortifications of Stalingrad.

January 24, 1943. — A terrific blizzard started yesterday. The steppes become ever more treacherous. The trucks have sunk into snowdrifts. Toward evening we moved on to Gumrak. The Nazi garrison in Stalingrad is already split in two.

We arrived in Gumrak in deep snow after dark. On the way we saw some of the huge military graveyards, thousands of wooden crosses set in neat rows. "*Lebensraum!*" Behind the village lay the deserted German staff dugouts, dispersed over the deeply snow-covered steppes.

The dugout which we entered must have been left just recently in a great hurry. The little stove, which was heated with coal, was still lukewarm. The walls were covered with a sort of Linkrusta wallpaper. The occupants had obviously settled down very comfortably for the long winter. They had probably stolen the armchairs from houses in Stalingrad. There were still some cups of tea on the table. They left their brushes, mirrors, shaving kits, Eau de Cologne bottles, and other junk on the shelves along the wall.

January 25, 1943. — We have been walking around Gumrak this morning. A few houses hit by German bombs yesterday are still burning. The whole landscape is strewn with ruins and corpses. The snowfall at night half covered these horrible pictures. Here and there skulls, feet, or hands stick out from the snow.

In a ravine we found the corpses of Russian prisoners of war, almost naked, as thin as skeletons, with the skin already a blackish-brown, all thrown together in a heap. They must have been lying here for some time. Starved or tortured to death.

Everywhere troops of prisoners are moving along.

In the village we found three German medical corps officers, who did not know where to go and so waved to the first Russian tank that came their way.

"Don't you think," our instructor asked them, "that the last ten thousand would certainly lay down their arms if they knew that just as little would happen to them as happened to you?"

"I am absolutely convinced of that," said one of the medical officers. "Everything should be done to save them."

"Will you help us save your compatriots?" asked the instructor.

"Certainly! But how?"

"Tonight, after dark, we are driving up to the front lines. There we can shout across to them through our loud-speakers. You are medical men and officers. You have great authority with your soldiers. Won't you call over to them and tell them how you were received here as prisoners of war?"

Then suddenly these three heroes couldn't take it. The one pretended to have a sprained ankle; the second felt sick; the third began to cough and said he had such a catarrh that he could hardly make his voice audible at all.

January 27, 1943. — From all sides streams of prisoners are gathering together — hobbling, shuffling wretches, wrapped in rags. Napoleon's grenadiers must have looked the same way after crossing the Berezina. The most difficult problem now is to

find accommodation and food for these wretches, until they can be shipped away. The stronger ones are immediately sent off to march to the gathering point at Karpowka, with loaves of bread under their arms. It is 25 kilometers. The weaker ones and those with chillblains have to be stowed away for the time being in all the available dugouts and sheds. The greatest difficulty arises in bringing up supplies for the thousands, especially since the supply columns can only move slowly in the deep snow.

Three of these bedraggled specters shuffled past our dugout. The commanding officer fetched them in. "Here, have something hot to drink!" Meantime they just stared at the two loaves of bread which lay on the shelf. The commanding officer noticed it. "Take the bread along," he said, and handed it to them. "We have plenty of bread. You came here to steal our daily bread. But we can still give you poor devils something."

The three immediately tore hunks out of the bread and ate so greedily they nearly choked on it.

January 30, 1943. — On my trip today I passed again through Karpowka. It is now 40 kilometers behind the front lines. And life has already returned again. A fortnight ago it was dead and empty; now it is swarming with life. The peasant women are back and have already started repairs on the houses. The wintry sun shines brightly. Children are skating on the lake where a dead German still lies. They have taken the seats out of the destroyed cars and are coasting down the slope, shrieking with mirth.

In the evening twilight, while the village street was still full of life, a Heinkel came suddenly shooting out of the sky, flew over the village at treetop level, and strafed it with all guns blazing. This is the third day, they say, that he has raced along over the villages in an impotent fury, like a hornet whose nest has been destroyed.

I sat in my billet and heard the bullets strike the house. As I ran out to see what harm that mad dog had done, I saw our guard lying in front of our door. A ricocheting bullet had struck his chest. Only ten minutes ago he had been sitting with us, warming himself by the stove and telling me about his home in the Donets region.

As the woman doctor approached, he opened his eyes once more. Then his head pitched backward.

An old bearded peasant stood near-by. Suddenly he opened his mouth wide, as though he wanted to shout something, struck his chest wildly with his fist, then raised it up and shook it in a raging fury.

But he uttered only one hoarse word: "*Mestj! Revenge!*"

IN THE VIA DANTE

by VINCENT SHEEAN

1

THERE are two streets in Bari, Italy, called Via Vittorio Veneto and Via Dante Alighieri. Vittorio Veneto is a main cross-street with a tramline on it; Dante Alighieri is a lengthwise street, one of those conceived as being parallel to the sea-shore, which, at some little distance towards the rising sun, gently curves and twists and returns to its main direction from north to south.

The Via Vittorio Veneto is lined with shops which still, at the coming of the Allied armies, contained wares not often seen in cities at war. There were cameras and watches, the two objects most insatiably desired by the Anglo-Saxon soldiery; there were silver plates and cockleshell china, Venetian glass and carved wood. All day long the soldiers come and go in the street, staring through the glass (the shining, unbroken glass) at what still remains to be sold, breaking off with their own sudden unreasoning laughter, with incomprehensible con-jointed whim pursuing in pairs whatever momentary diversion the street has suggested, or, occasionally, going into the shop to buy, with signs and signals and a word or two of bad French, kickshaws to send home or to place, unused and unusable, on the crowded table in the cold barracks, littered already with the empty bottles and tattered magazines, the dried figs, the canteen cups, and the service caps of a dozen inmates.

The Via Dante Alighieri contains fewer shops along its greater length. There are, to be sure, the café and pastry shop at the top, near the Corso, and there are some baskets, corks, and sponges in a little hole-in-the-wall farther down, and there is a typewriter shop along there (with no typewriters), but most of the street is given over to the heavy stone

“palazzi” of Italian city dwellers, apartment buildings which unsuccessfully imitate the façades, at least, of signorial establishments that are no more. It is a gloomy street in cold or cloudy weather because it is narrow and gives an effect of blank and sightless expanse with no windows to suggest an interior life beyond these heavy walls; the soldiers do not walk here; there is no dawdling; those with business to do in this street go about it hastily.

At the southwest corner of the crossing of the two streets is the bookshop of Giuseppe Laterza and Sons. Behind one of its plate-glass windows there is displayed a selection of the works of Benedetto Croce; in another window you can see some mystic literature, Buddhist and Christian, some desk furniture, and a beautifully printed Italian translation of H. A. L. Fisher's *History of Europe*. But you will rattle the knob and tap on the glass in vain at the locked door between these two windows; nobody will come to open; the shop is shut.

When you know how, you can go around to the side, in the Via Dante, and by ringing a bell you will be admitted to the great hinterland of the shop, a region where thousands of volumes, old and new, fill the shelves and the tables, reminding you, with lavish and sudden emphasis, that the world is not all B-17's and P-38's, hunger and blood and ruins — that there has been peace and will be peace again. Here are the books which, along with the lovely hills and warm valleys, the painting and the music and the wine, have formed the Italian spirit in its specifically enduring, specifically Italian quality.

“Why,” you will be asking one of the Laterza brothers, “do you keep the shop locked up?”

“We tried having it open for a while,” they will tell you. “It didn't work. A lot of soldiers bought books they obviously couldn't read, just for the pictures, or for the look of them. It hurt us to see books going out when we knew they would not be read. And we haven't enough left to waste books.

No foreign correspondent did more than VINCENT SHEEAN to arouse this country to the menace of Munich. The author of *Personal History and Not Peace but a Sword*, Mr. Sheean today is a Lieutenant Colonel in the United States Army Air Forces, serving overseas.

We can't print anything more — our presses are fully occupied by Allied army needs — and our stocks would soon be exhausted. We're taking an inventory now, and we'll sell what we think we can afford to sell. But we prefer to sell only to those who really want or need the books."

Fortunes are seldom made on such principles, and the Laterza brothers are not rich. But one soldier, at any rate, approached their door with deep respect, and ever revisits the silent and remembering poets in that vast interior with gratitude; none are exiles here, none strange or forlorn; all the stilled voices of the centuries make welcome the humble heart. In the half-light and the silence they come and go, those many men and women — Madonna Laura in her distant beauty, the sensuous laughter of the party at Fiesole, the haunted face of the grim Florentine; there the Venetian abbé trails a white hand in lagoon water, here the peasant lovers bid farewell to their lakes and mountains, what Italy has said, felt, loved, and suffered drifts through the air of the quiet room, suffuses, penetrates, interpenetrates, lives again in the mind as men's dust does in the growing plants of the earth.

That sketch, so slight, so powerful, is from the long-stilled hand of Leonardo; the song that echoes, faint and far, came from the lusty young throat of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Here in the back room of the Laterza bookshop in Bari we see that time's reality lies not in its extension, which manifestly must to all men be more apparent than real, since no man can see beyond the time limit of his own life, but rather in the concentration upon one aware moment of all that most powerfully speaks to the consciousness out of innumerable moments past, giving sense, direction, and organic continuity to what must otherwise be as fugitive as the single tick of a clock.

2

THE Laterza brothers, as a firm of publishers ("Gius. Laterza e Figli, Tipografi-Editori-Librari"), have been the institution most worthy of respect in Italy since 1922. Their course has been undeviating, their courage and fortitude equal to the task. The task itself, in its scope and its limits so wisely defined, must, I think, have been set out for them by the genius of their house, the august and venerable Benedetto Croce. They are themselves the first to claim Croce's wisdom as their guide; they have been known most of all as his publishers, and have for years prefaced their catalogue with a paragraph ending as follows: —

"Our house, which owes its rapid development to

the authoritative advice and assiduous coöperation of Croce, is proud to have contributed towards diffusing the entire work of this great Italian thinker, whom foreign authorities have judged 'master of literary and philosophical criticism.'"

But even to have made this claim, to have acknowledged this allegiance, required courage and fortitude in the era which ended July 25, 1943. Croce himself was at no time safe from Fascist malevolence, which surrounded his house, family, and friends with unfriendly attentions; his mail was always read, his correspondence abroad interrupted, his finances made difficult. When the young Fascist ruffians broke into his house in Naples, the police made no effort to protect him, and it was the fearless, indignant protest of Signora Croce which shamed them into going away after only minor violence. Every word Croce wrote was scrutinized with the utmost care by the Fascist authorities, but the essence of the matter always escaped them; they allowed Laterza to publish, again and again, matter which, if they had understood it, outraged every rule and fetish of their regime.

Laterza as a publisher carried out a task which was analogous to that of Croce as a writer. That is, he set rigorous standards of purely literary excellence, remained aloof from contemporary politics, gave thought and love to the Italian past, and approached all subjects in a mood of liberal-socialist idealism which was the precise antithesis of the Fascist mood and temper. Whether this mood was indeed Laterza's or was Croce's own does not affect the result. In the result, clear and beautiful, a shield of honor on the long record of the printing of books, what happened was this: for twenty years the house of Laterza in Bari never ceased to publish work which was animated by the love of justice and liberty, which denied in every line the ignorant assumptions and anti-historic claims of Fascism, reminded Italians that they had not always worn bondage willingly, and called upon them in the voices of Dante and Leopardi to come into their heritage.

This was done, of course, by indefatigable attention to the letter of the law. Laterza father and sons were none of them politicians or conspirators; they never published clandestinely; the books they published did not (they could not) openly attack Fascism. Croce's principle appears to have been to *appear* to ignore Fascism — not to mention its ugly name or those of its leaders, but to address himself to the Italian mind on terms which tacitly involved the recognition of Fascism as a monstrous aberration from the historic continuity of Italy's development.

No other principle would have worked. Thus in Croce's books for twenty years past there has sung out — whatever the subject — a sort of hymn to liberty which echoed in hearts that did not dare acknowledge it. And so with time's revenges the kings and the marshals wait on the doorstep of the old philosopher who is too wise to serve them, as he was too noble to serve their discredited master.

Do you know what book Laterza was most carefully seeing through the press during the month of July, 1943 — the month when the Fascist despotism at last collapsed? It was the fifth revised edition of Croce's superb essay on Dante (*La Poesia di Dante*).

The house of Laterza did not, in these twenty years, escape the notice of the Fascists. Even though the police were often unable to understand the danger, there were plenty of quite literate persons in the Fascist ranks who knew that such books as those published by Laterza were attacking the foundations of the regime. Why Laterza continued to exist, why Croce was permitted to go on publishing, why the review *La Critica*, produced by Croce and Laterza, was never wholly suppressed, are questions which agitated Fascist writers again and again, and sometimes the magnitude of the exception to an otherwise tyrannical rule seemed inexplicable even to its beneficiaries.

The reasons, I think, may be explored — when cold evidence is available — in the character of the Duce del Fascismo and some of his earlier advisers. Like all self-educated men, Mussolini had a great respect at one time for the masters of thought and expression. He took pains in his autobiography to say that no book had ever influenced him, but at other times and places he owned a debt to Sorel and to Pareto — both of whom would have acknowledged Croce as a master, and did.

Croce's international fame has never reached into the masses in any country, because it is based on a system of thought deliberately maintained at the difficult level of speculative idealism, but in spite of this restriction it has, in each country, achieved validity. His work is translated into all languages of the East and West, and there are few persons now living who have given much thought to either history or philosophy who have not had to reckon with his devastating eclecticism, either to reject it (as any true believer, Christian or Buddhist or Marxist, must) or to accept it and to modify belief by its light.

The universality of this prestige is what influenced Mussolini to lenience towards Croce and his publisher — that and a feeling, which those who had the honor of the Duce's acquaintance say he often expressed, that Croce's ideas made no difference

among the people. This latter reason exempted *La Critica* from any but the most cursory censorship, and so long as the review did not openly attack Mussolini by name, it was allowed to print critical studies which destroyed the whole intellectual basis (such as it was) of Fascism. The distinction made here by the Fascist authorities was that *La Critica*, which had a small international circulation, was "read by nobody," whereas the same studies, in more popular form, would have been accessible to the masses and therefore dangerous.

The gross ignorance of history's processes revealed by this reasoning is obvious. The Synoptic Gospels, written in Greek, could have been read by very few of the poor Jews and Latins who made up a large part of the early Christian community; yet the influence of these writings upon the Christian revolution was direct. Sorel was inaccessible to the multitude, but Lenin read him; Clausewitz means nothing to the masses, but the German general staff has studied him.

And what of Hegel? His books belong to a category which neither Hitler nor Mussolini would have considered politically important enough to be banned; and yet is it not partially true that the dead hand of Hegel is today hurling immense armies against the eastern front of Germany? A philosophical writer who, like Hegel or Sorel or Croce, is read by "only a few" is more to be feared by tyrants than any deliberate polemicist, because that "few" will one day include a Lenin.

3

THE association of Laterza with Croce dates from the year 1901, when Giovanni Laterza, son of the original "Gius. Laterza e Figli" of the firm's name, went to Naples to present his plan for a new publishing house. Croce gave him advice but no books; it was five more years before the philosopher finally linked himself with the new publishing house for good. The relationship between Croce and Giovanni Laterza was intimate, and on important questions, the sons say, the two men "thought as one."

Giovanni Laterza died on August 21, 1943, having lived just long enough to see the downfall of the Fascist regime. Of his two sons, Giuseppe and Franco, Giuseppe had been in the Bari jail from June until Mussolini's fall on July 25, along with Professor De Ruggiero, the philosopher, who was another friend of the house. In Giovanni Laterza's forty-two years of publishing he had brought his firm from the status of a paper mill and bookshop with publishing ambitions into the front rank of

Italian publishers, with a special character which made it unique in the field.

Indeed, it was too clearly unique for comfort under Fascist rule. *Roma Fascista* on May 28, 1933, expressed the opinion of most Fascists when it called for "A Publishing House to the Stake!" Recalling that the Nazis had brought "anti-national" printed matter to the bonfire in trucks and wagons, *Roma Fascista* said: —

"We are luckier, because at present, with or without the stake, the production of anti-national printed work has been reduced to almost nothing and, what is better, has been concentrated. In fact it can be found, all or nearly all, in the catalogue of the publishing house of Laterza in Bari." With this exordium the Fascist paper proceeded to review the catalogue and proclaim that "tolerance should have a limit."

In the Via Dante such tributes from the enemy of humanity are treasured; one or the other of the Laterza brothers can produce the precious clippings upon demand, relics of a time when such words might easily have brought them prison or exile. They explain that the bookshop, under the rule and practice of Fascist Italy, was obliged to sell the books of all publishers, including the Fascist works; but that no power could ever compel the house of Laterza to issue such works under its own imprint.

What they did publish during the era of delusion constitutes a claim to immortality in the history of their profession. Aside from the whole work of Croce in a uniform edition, they undertook important new translations from English, French, and German, such as Professor G. F. Moore's *History of Religions*, Karl Vossler's monumental work on Dante, H. A. L. Fisher's profoundly liberal and liberalizing *History of Europe*, A. G. Baumgarten's *Aesthetics*; they collected or reissued neglected works by the best of the Italian liberals and socialists (Labriola, De Sanctis); they issued two small philosophical libraries, one of the ancients and one of the moderns, which are models of editing and bookmaking; they made a series of "esoteric and religious studies" which goes from Buddha to Rudolf Steiner; they became the Italian publisher for the Carnegie Peace Foundation; they instituted a "library of modern culture" which includes the widest variety of enlightened thought on literature, philosophy, and history.

Hardly a line in all these books could be of any use to the Fascist regime, and most of the work was profoundly at variance with the concept of dictatorship. But the greatest achievement of the Laterza house (aside from its steady diffusion of Croce's writing) was its library of Italian literature under

the name of "I Scrittori d'Italia." This collection, which will eventually include four hundred titles and now has about half as many, is one of the most admirable efforts any publisher has made in our time. It involved the preparation of pure texts by the greatest academic specialists in each case — texts which have become definitive for almost every writer, dislodging the variants; and it involved printing these texts clearly, beautifully, on good paper with impeccable proofreading.

There must be hundreds of men who obscurely and devotedly have given their lives to this work, putting into the hands of many Italians just those masterpieces (Dante, Leopardi, Foscolo, Vico) which the Fascist despotism was impotent to suppress even though they constituted the most relentless and ultimately invincible charge against it. It has been Croce's idea that a man who really reads Dante could not possibly be a Fascist; and the house of Laterza has applied this idea, in its "Scrittori d'Italia," to all that is best in the Italian past.

Croce's own work has, year by year, been the most important new material offered to the public by Laterza, and its influence has grown. Those who never lived under a dictatorship cannot easily imagine the effect of these austere and lofty criticisms, these Bach-like contradictions to the operatic melodrama of Fascism.

Croce was never read by the masses, it is true, but he was read by thoughtful Italians, no matter how difficult they found the task, because his was the only voice in Italy which steadily maintained that justice and liberty were the permanent aim of mankind, despotism a temporary phenomenon, and the judgment of history inexorable. His *History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century* and his *History of Italy from 1871 to 1915* are perhaps his nearest approach to "popular" writing; in both of these books, although he always assumes his reader to be already in possession of the historic facts and himself therefore free for interpretation and analysis, — an assumption which automatically denies him a wide public, — he has abandoned the philosophic vocabulary and the Hegelian frame of mind enough to devote some magnificent writing, a cold and haughty passion of great writing, to the idea of liberty.

It is in this, the writing itself, that Croce indisputably takes his place in the long line that started with the Florentine exile centuries ago. He is one of that company which made, sustained, and will perpetuate the soul of Italy, whatever merely extrinsic and instrumental phenomena afflict its body. The heritage of Dante is Ghibelline but spiritual (Croce calls his basic work in logic, aesthetics, economics, ethics, and historiography *The Philos-*

ophy of the Spirit) and interacts with the Italian mind by means of a certain penetrating and irresistible beauty in the resources of the language itself. To command those resources nobly is to be, as Croce is, a great writer; to have done so all alone in an era of tyranny is an act of civic heroism.

These things are well understood in the Via Dante. The Laterza family, through all the difficulties of the past twenty years, have never regretted their course. Fevers come and go, but the main stream of life survives them. D'Annunzio was such a fever; and what is so dead today as D'Annunzio? Fascism, deriving in part from the sensual and decadent rhodomontade of D'Annunzio, was unable in its twenty years of life to produce so much as one good writer; the essence of falsehood is its sterility. Croce had already influenced the mind of Europe (with his book on historic materialism, for instance) before D'Annunzio had even celebrated his first Black Mass, and Croce will do so today and tomorrow because he belongs to the main stream of life and thought on the European continent and not to any of its aberrations.

The Laterza brothers are proud to have served for these twenty years, by good workmanship and

loving care, the whole Italian spirit and its principal living representative. But what good fortune was his! Every writer, of whatever kind, knows that the rarest and most valuable collaboration is that of a publisher who fully understands and loyally carries out the purposes of the work. This rare good fortune came to Croce abundantly, for the Laterza brothers have not only given his own writing to the public in exact and harmonious form, but have suffused their whole publishing enterprise, the choice and treatment of other books, with the luminous honorability of a kindred purpose.

As we come out into the Via Dante from the bookshop, the early winter night of the Adriatic, sharp and cold, lies along the deserted street like a shroud. It is just as well that we have stored up the promise of spring from those eternal voices, for here, in the cold and dark, there is none. Yet we do know, with a certainty which no external event can alter, that those who have loved Italy and hated Fascism connect, and they alone do connect, surviving the wintry season as best they may, the haunted immemorial past and the unknowable future. They stretch out their hands through the darkness to the time that is coming, when in Italy, too, there shall be hearts at peace under the starry sky.

THE ORCHARD

by LAURENCE BINYON

ALMOND, apple, and peach,
Walnut, cherry, plum,
Ash, chestnut, and beech,
And lime and sycamore
We have planted for days to come;

No stony monument
But growing, changing things,
Leaf, fruit, and honied scent,
Bloom that the bees explore,
Sprays where the bird sings.

In other Junes than ours
When the boughs spread and rise
Tall into leafy towers
To grace and guard this small
Corner of paradise;

When petals red and white
Resign to warming air,
Without speech or sight
From our hands they will fall
On happy voices there.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE

by RANDOLPH RAY

1

A FEW weeks ago, I married a young soldier and his bride. When they came to arrange for their wedding, I pointed out the danger of war marriages.

"I agree with you," the soldier said emphatically. "I have always been opposed to war marriages."

I laughed. "All but your own."

"When I met Jane," he said, "I fell in love with her at once, but I made up my mind I would not marry while the war was on. Then I spent eighteen months on Guadalcanal. Living in that hell, I made up my mind that if I lived long enough to get back and she would marry me, I would have a few weeks of happiness."

That longing, that instinct, is true not only of mature men but of young boys — and many of the boys who are going into this war are very young.

"I am reaching manhood," they think, "and it may be taken from me before I have fully experienced it. I want to establish my own life."

It is rare for women to experience the same feeling. Their impulse, intensified in time of war, is to give themselves — to give love and comfort and sympathy. Even the young girl is conscious of that sense of pity and sacrifice.

I oppose the war marriage as a rule. It lacks so many of the requirements of an enduring marriage. It is performed in haste, often with little knowledge on either side. In peacetime there is time for adjustment. In wartime there is little or none. Instead, there is separation.

The man is sent away to new lands and new people and new and often overwhelming experiences. The woman remains behind, alone, not sharing those experiences. A gulf is dug, across which it will take

infinite patience and intelligence and good will to build a bridge.

There is also the emotional problem of separation. A girl has been awakened physically by marriage and then is left alone. This is not only a source of unhappiness but frequently a source of danger.

In the last war, a young couple married just before he was shipped to France. He returned, impatient to see his wife, eager to go home and begin at last their life together. The girl met him at the pier, but not as he expected. When he took her in his arms, she drew away from him coolly.

"What's the matter?" he asked in surprise. "Let's go home so that I can talk to you."

She shook her head. "You aren't going home with me."

"What do you mean?" he demanded, dazed and unbelieving.

"I have not been true to you," she said. "I am sorry to let you down like this, but I can't help it. It is impossible for us to go on with our marriage. I want a divorce as soon as possible."

"But you can't do this," he said. "You can't do this." His voice rose. "I'll kill the man."

He did not kill the other man. The next day he shot and killed himself.

There was another young couple I knew who were married during the war. The man was sent to England. When he returned, everything seemed to be all right, and he and his wife were apparently perfectly happy. Then one day an Englishwoman appeared at the door with her marriage certificate and her baby. And another war marriage had gone on the rocks.

War is having its usual effect in relaxing ordinary safeguards, and hundreds of unwise marriages are taking place in and around the Army camps and in foreign lands. Not only are young couples letting glamour and the exaggerated emotions of wartime carry them away, but young men who are lonely are marrying in many cases women who are little more

In the twenty years that Dr. RANDOLPH RAY has been Rector of The Little Church Around the Corner, more than fifty thousand marriages have been performed there — including over two thousand war marriages since Pearl Harbor. This article is part of his new book, *Marriage Is a Serious Business*, which Whittlesey House is publishing.

than camp followers. We are lately beginning to see older women of the demimonde marrying young enlisted men for their allotments.

No one who lived through the First World War is likely to forget the disasters which resulted from the arrival of French war brides in America when the fighting was over. The attempts of both the man and his foreign wife to make an adjustment, handicapped by language, religious barriers, different customs, and diametrically opposed ideas of marriage, rarely resulted in anything but dismal failure.

If a man's interests and tastes, his culture and sense of values, his attitude toward life, his religion, and his background are similar to his wife's, they will have a fair opportunity of coming out all right. But if they ignore these differences when they get married in haste, if they know each other so little that they do not even discover what the other is like, they are headed for trouble. The faith of people getting married that "it will come out all right" is like a savage's faith in black magic.

2

THE wedding, now as always, is the bride's affair. It is rare for the groom to intervene or to make any suggestions of his own. "It's your wedding," I have heard them say a hundred times. "You decide."

Sometimes, however, the rush and the strain of the war marriage leads to difficulties. There was a young lieutenant who had been engaged to a girl back home for three years. Then his orders came. He was to be sent abroad to an unknown destination. Now if ever, he thought, he must be married. He wired his fiancée and she left for New York at once. Travel not being what it was in peacetime, she came by plane, by train, — no berth, — and arrived the morning of her wedding, after three days of strenuous travel, completely exhausted. There was no time to rest, however. The groom rushed her to a license bureau, then to get a waiver, and then he and his best man, whom the girl had never met, brought her to the church.

The first I knew of it was when the distracted bridegroom rushed into my office.

"Are you ready to be married?" I asked.

"Ready!" he exclaimed. "She says she won't marry me!"

"Ask her to come in here," I suggested, and in a few moments two extremely flustered young officers arrived with a girl whose tear-stained face was drawn with fatigue. It was obvious that she was so exhausted that the very thought of marriage appalled her.

"I don't want to be married," the girl sobbed. "Of course," I reassured her, "I will not marry you if you are not in love."

"But I am in love," she wailed. "I just don't want to marry anyone."

It was difficult not to smile. "Well, you need not be married today. Suppose you wait until tomorrow when you will have had a good rest."

Here the bridegroom intervened. His jaw was thrust out stubbornly. "We have only two days. If she won't marry me today, I won't marry her at all. She can go straight back home."

They were both so much in love and both so angry that the situation was extremely entertaining — for the onlooker.

"You act like a brute," she exclaimed.

It was obvious that we were not getting anywhere, and I sent them both away. "When you are sure you want to be married," I told the girl, "I will marry you."

"Maybe tomorrow," she said. The bridegroom looked more obstinate than ever.

About six o'clock that same evening they returned, the girl's face radiant and smiling above the orchid on her shoulder. I married them. Then I sent for the young husband.

"Look here," I said. "I am old enough to be your father and I want to talk to you. You say you have only two days, but in two days you can ruin a lifetime of happiness. Remember that."

"Your generation seems to know everything. But no matter how sophisticated you may appear to be, your wife has had very little experience. You must be careful in your relationship with her. Any impetuosity on your part now may spoil your marriage entirely."

They went away and a few days later I received a letter from them. He was going abroad and she was returning home to wait for him. It was all right with them, they said, and they were very happy.

3

BETWEEN 1940 and 1942, births rose 15 per cent in the United States. The reasons were many: —

1. Men going overseas wanted to see their babies before they left, perhaps never to return.

2. Men who wished to avoid going to war decided to have children at once, so that they might be deferred.

3. War brides, ignorant of birth control, had babies whether they wanted them or not.

4. War brides, eager to keep something of their husbands, wanted children at once.

5. The increased prosperity of wartime encouraged people who had been too poor to have a child to have one while wages were high.

The birth rate usually fluctuates with the prosperity of the country. The first four years of the Depression saw a marked decrease in the birth rate; with returning prosperity, it began to mount. In 1942 it soared to three million babies a year. What this will do to post-war economy and to the employment problem of the future is incalculable. But the people who are having babies in the flush of prosperity overlook or forget the fact that, although post-war conditions may bring a sharp decline in income, the baby will continue to be entitled to the best they can give it.

Post-war America will not be a land of limitless opportunity. Jobs will be scarce. No one who remembers the Depression can forget what happens when masses of people, through no fault of their own, are thrown out of work. The great lands of the West are occupied; there are more people than ever to care for; and even at our peak of prosperity, millions lived on the very brink of starvation.

There are, among my opponents on this question, many who have strong arguments to offer. Occasionally, I hear parents say that they hope their newly married daughter will have children at once, war or no war, because children are the best stabilizing force that marriage can have.

At a dinner party, a mother told me: "I am strong for having children. I have two married daughters. One of them is expecting a baby and I hope the other soon will. I want them both to have children, and I am willing to take care of them."

That, however, is unusual. Most parents say flatly, "I cannot bring up another family."

Recently, a father told me that he had been discussing war marriage with his young daughter. "I told her," he said, "that my prayer has been to see her grow up before anything happens to me. I said that if she married, my advice was not to have children while her husband was away and she would be dependent on me for support."

He looked up soberly. "Another family to support! Another generation to be responsible for! I don't think, at my age, I could face it."

At the beginning of the war, a young girl married a soldier who was killed in one of the early engagements. Little more than a child herself, cared for first by her parents and then by her husband, she discovered she was left to take care not only of herself but of her baby as well.

Her parents were elderly; they had brought up their own children and, with their responsibilities discharged, had begun to know the restfulness of a

quiet life. But they could not let a helpless girl handle her problems alone, and the young widow and her baby came to live with them. Because of her youth, the time came when inevitably her sorrow decreased and her healthy young body longed for fun and gayety. It was the grandparents, of course, who took on the responsibility of the child — a task difficult for them because, in their old age, a child was confusing; difficult for the child as well, who needed young parents, with their tolerance of noise and mischief.

Although she may be very young, barely out of school, the war bride may have to shoulder an immense responsibility — be housekeeper, and breadwinner, and learn to do for herself things that she had always taken for granted would be done for her. And she cannot whine about it or indulge in self-pity. Her courage and gayety of heart and strength of spirit here will be her husband's mainstay and morale builder abroad.

If, on top of this, she brings a child into the world, when she herself is little more than a child, her difficulties are increased immeasurably and, as a rule, so are those of her immediate family.

Not long ago, a distressed young bride came to pour out a familiar story. She had been married only two weeks when her husband was sent overseas. Now she was going to have a baby, and the only thing she could do was go home to her family. It was difficult from every standpoint — physiological, psychological, and financial. The girl was very young, unready for the responsibility of bringing up a child without her parents' aid.

"You see," she said, wiping her eyes, "we are so much in love, and when I knew he was going to war, I wanted to have his child so that — no matter what happened — something of his would be mine. But I didn't look ahead."

"Have you money enough to see you through?" I inquired.

She shook her head. "My parents are going to look after me."

The girl was silent for a moment, and then she burst out rebelliously, "It isn't fair that money should be so important in having a baby!"

4

BUT money, of course, was not the most important part of her problem. She was tackling alone the business of bringing up a child — a job that takes a father as well as a mother. The great increase in juvenile delinquency of recent months is an indication that both parents are needed for the task of

bringing up a child. Without supervision, with both parents engaged in the war or war industry, living in congested areas, children are becoming war casualties on a huge scale. In some sections, the number of children brought before the juvenile courts has increased by 20 per cent.

One has only to look at Germany for a grim warning. During the last war, juvenile delinquency in Germany increased 50 per cent because of lack of supervision or discipline, the breaking-up of homes, and ill-advised child labor. It was from the ranks of this dispossessed youth that the Nazis drew their recruits.

It is unfortunate that money must play a part in the business of bringing up children. But since it is an inescapable fact, the war bride must take it into consideration. The expenses of a baby begin, not end, with its birth. For many years, until education has been provided, the problem of the child's support is going to rest squarely on the mother's shoulders if her husband is killed in action.

Many of these young war brides overlook that point. Some of them are unprepared to support themselves, let alone a child; and if they are able to earn a living, the bringing-up of the child most probably will be left in the hands of other people — the grandparents, if they are able and willing to undertake it, or nursery schools.

True, the government provides an allowance for the widow and the child, but it will require more than that to make them independent and self-supporting.

In other words, the young mother in wartime is caught on the horns of a dilemma. If she is to take care of her child, she must have a job; if she has a job, she cannot take care of her child. The nurseries are crowded with children whose mothers are obliged to work and leave them in the hands of someone else. The result is often constant anxiety on the part of the mother and a sense of insecurity on the part of the child.

The young mother who must support her child in wartime — and long after, if her husband is killed or returns physically disabled — is faced with another problem. Many industries refuse to hire a pregnant woman, or dismiss her as soon as they discover the fact. She and her child then become, in spite of themselves, objects of charity.

An essential point which these optimistic parents overlook is the conditions under which their children must live in wartime. Never have families been so divided as they are today. The scattering of families in Europe — perhaps permanently — is on a vaster scale than ever before in the history of the world.

The separation of families in England is unprecedented. The same condition is arising in the United States. The men are in the armed services or in war industries, the women in industry or living with relatives. Families are shifted from small farming areas to overcrowded industrial areas, from small towns to congested cities. Inadequate and crowded quarters, temporary and dingy rooming houses, and trailer camps are not the places in which to care for babies and small children.

One of the tragedies of this war is that non-belligerents have been its chief victims — women and children murdered, undernourished, shell-shocked. It has been, to a heartbreaking extent, a children's war. Starving children in France, physically and mentally undeveloped; nerve-shocked children in England. And in America? Even here, war has reached out in intangible ways. The anxiety of parents leads to insecurity in the children; the child labor problem is back, with nearly three million children between fourteen and seventeen engaged in agriculture and industry.

The great increase in births since Pearl Harbor has been regarded by some officials in the government as an attempt by many men to keep from going to war. I do not believe this is always true. In all wars, the mating instinct has been part of the sense of survival, of the desire of a man to reproduce himself, to leave something behind him. A child, the soldier feels, is something of himself that will remain if he is killed.

Yesterday's mail brought me a letter from a soldier whose marriage I performed four or five years ago. The letter came from a sweltering jungle, but it was a gay letter, and proud. "I have just had word from my wife," he wrote, "that we have a son. Nothing makes me want to live more than to get back and see my baby. I feel like Galahad, stronger than ten."

Much of what has been said here has a gloomy cast. Not everything is well with the war family. There are grim problems to handle. The short-range picture seems dark. But the long-range picture is brighter than may at first appear. It takes steady vision to see it, but the light is there. Go back to ancient or medieval history and there is no reference to the family at war. No one cared. History concerned itself only with the kings and the generals. But for many years past, all that has changed. History concerns itself today not merely with the leaders but with the people and their families and their problems. Today, because we care greatly, these problems may be solved, if we are willing to work for their solution.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

"BE HEAVY"

by RICHARD HAGOPIAN

1

MY COUSIN Donabed made our house his home three days after his mother, my father's sister, died in the old country. He came with his deep, sad face and flashing eyes at the request of my father, who wrote him a long letter upon hearing of my aunt's death. It was a letter filled with pathos and the kind of deep understanding only death in the family can bring out. And Donabed was touched. He was no child, this Donabed; he wasn't a day under thirty-eight, but we saw his bright eyes fill with tears when he came to our house, when he touched my father's cheek with his and expressed his saddest thoughts of life, death, and the withering family tree.

"You have make me happy man," he said to the assembled family. And he especially addressed some appropriate remarks to the children, who had clustered around the first orphan they had ever seen, and who were wondering if this would be the first relative who would give nickels and dimes instead of a penny or two. He said he would love to live with us — that he would love to eat and sleep under the same roof with us. And he did all these things. He lived with us; and he ate and slept more than any of us — even my brother Reuben.

But we all were happy to let him do these things, especially my father, who had always favored Donabed and made his name a byword whenever he wished to discuss the things of the mind with his children. As far back as I can remember it was always: "Be heavy like your cousin Donabed." And even though Donabed was a hefty man by weight, my father did not mean heavy in this sense. He meant the heaviness of seriousness, the kind that comes with long study, the love of argument, music,

and painting. That is the kind of heaviness he meant.

When Donabed came to our house it gave my father a chance to start out afresh about the heaviness of his nephew. He loved to talk about him, especially when the younger man wasn't about, saying, "My children, watch your cousin Donabed and be heavy like him. My children, listen to that man. He has studied everything."

It wasn't long before Donabed was bearing out my father's words by saying important things, by impressing everybody he met.

"Can you control you sensation?" He flung fearless questions like these at my growing sisters. If my parents were around, they nodded assent. They knew that he knew. They knew that he was expressing in the American tongue what their language and old-country reticence embarrassed them to say. They knew that their children needed moral instruction. Donabed was doing all this the fearless way — the heavy way that didn't embarrass anyone.

The encouragement of my parents resulted in Donabed's finding any and every occasion to lecture the youth of our family, until no day passed without some stark and shocking question being fired at either my sisters or me.

Coupled with his great heaviness for moral instruction, Donabed had another consuming love. He loved Art. He loved to talk about Art. He loved to talk about its value, how, "When evolution no good, revolution coming. Everything change, die, no good. Only Art live, always good."

This was interesting at first, even though we didn't understand what he was saying, but after a while it became tiring. Yes, and it always ended up with Art's being the salvation of the world.

Sometimes he brought home pamphlets and books and forced us to read them, saying, "Read, read good stuffs. Too much jonk you teacher give you in

RICHARD HAGOPIAN set out to become a singer, but after a variety of stage and radio experiences he elected to major in English at Pomona College in California. He was born in Revere, Massachusetts, in 1914. Farrar and Rinehart will publish his first book, *The Dove Brings Peace*, a collection of short stories, in April.

school. Read what big man say.” Then with great sarcasm: “Let me see jonk you read in school.”

And when we showed him our textbooks he flipped his fingers through the pages hastily; then tossing the book aside, he authoritatively proclaimed them to be “jonk.”

After a little while we read as little “jonk” as possible and as much “deep book” as he could find to bring home to us. But just reading the Art books wasn’t enough; we had to listen to long lectures about them. He loved to talk about the human figure as being the most beautiful thing in life.

“See line from here to here?” Then he produced a picture of a naked man or woman and we all looked for the line. Once my sisters began to giggle in the middle of one of his lectures. This made my cousin furious.

“Why you laugh?” he inquired indignantly. “Control you sensation.” Then he pounded his fist on the table dramatically and the lecture came to an end. He told my father about this episode — about the picture and how my sisters had giggled. My father seemed a little surprised when he heard about the naked pictures, but he had confidence in his nephew, and that evening he lectured us.

“When people try to teach, be smart, listen. Be smart. Don’t be zero.”

We realized that my father was on Donabed’s side and that he meant what he said. He was even copying his nephew’s English. After that we listened more closely when he showed us pictures of naked men and women and instructed us about “line from here to here.”

This went on month after month, and it all amounted to this: we could now see line from here to here and control our sensation at the same time. And that was something.

2

But this kind of thing was beginning to tell on us, especially when he began talking about “different school of the master.” We couldn’t quite figure out what the masters were doing in school, and the special fact that he tried to impress upon us that “one school use line from here to here; other school change line from here to there.”

Nothing was sacred to our cousin — not even our young, tender period of youth, our pleasant little foibles and bits of foolishness. It was always: “Grow, grow, read good book, look at picture of master. Art is best thing in life. Try to make evolution of you life.” Then for the thousandth time: “When evolution no good — revolution coming!”

Not one day passed without our cousin’s having impressed upon us the value of Art, of good Art, where the line went from here to here. How many happy meals were interrupted and made sad when, after having eaten his fill of stuffed grape leaves, or in the midst of a mouthful, he exclaimed, “What jonk teacher tell you in school today?” But before we could answer he had already commenced on the value of Art.

Sometimes his criticisms of our schoolteachers and their jonk overflowed and some of it touched my father and mother. He never came out and accused them directly of not having brought up their children on something more substantial than jonk, but some of his remarks made my father look a little confused. Once our cousin even went so far as to say that poor people who had no job shouldn’t have large families, and all the time he was looking at me, the youngest member at the table. My father looked at my mother, but she changed the subject with some strange remark about the apples in the back yard.

After a while dinner became a time to be dreaded. Everyone was on edge — the whole family. One had to do all of one’s eating before cousin Donabed got in the first word, because after that there was no eating. How fervently we prayed that cousin Donabed might have a good appetite that evening so that he would eat much and give us a chance to eat much before lecturing us! Everybody looked worn, even my father. He was beginning to look weighed down with our cousin’s heaviness. And even though he didn’t say much — for the sake of his dead sister, we thought — things couldn’t go on this way. No, they couldn’t go on this way.

One evening a crisis came and hung over our family until our cousin left. We were all eating dinner when out of a clear sky my sister began to giggle.

“What is it?” asked my father as he salted his soup.

“Something funny our teacher said in school today,” answered my sister through her laughter.

The humor in her eyes was contagious, and whether it was just that we had waited for such an occasion to join in her laughter, or whether it was from the nervous reaction in anticipation of what was to follow, we all joined in my sister’s chuckling, until even my father smiled and commented, “What crazy kids I have. They laugh for nothing.”

But the troubled look on my cousin’s face showed that he did not approve of laughter at the table; especially over nothing.

“What for you laugh for?” he questioned my sister crossly. “For jonk you teacher tell you in

school? In my family we don't laugh like sillies at eat-time!" He voiced this in my father's direction.

My sister stopped laughing. Something in my cousin's voice had hurt her, as it had hurt the rest of us, for we had stopped laughing too. Suddenly, without warning, my sister burst into tears and fled from the table. For a moment after she left there was silence; nothing happened. Then my father dealt the table a tremendous blow with his fist, and in the angriest Armenian I have ever heard, exploded:—

"For the love of God, you have brought tears to this happy table. You have changed an innocent child's laughter into crying." Then with the veins in his head sticking out, and in emphatic English: "What the hell business you come my house to make my kids crazy!" He continued to look murderously into my cousin's face, repeating, "What the hell business," four or five times more.

When my cousin regained his composure from this surprise attack, he wiped his mouth, muttering, "You are not talking to a child. You are talking to your dead sister's son. He is not a child. He was merely trying to teach your mannerless children manners."

He left the room. I think my father would have thrown something after him if my mother hadn't moved the sugar bowl and the soup things out of his reach.

After that there was an unhealthy silence around our house. No one seemed to be happy in the same room with anyone else. The children banded together in a group and usually talked in hushed whispers, except when they were away from home and could feel free to gloat a little about the victory they had won over their painful cousin. The hardest job of all fell on my mother. It was she who had to keep the peace. It was she who had to see that in spite of the strain between the various members of the family, each one was fed and kept clean. At times when the tension became too great and she was irritable with my father for some little thing or other, he quickly perceived the cause of all that was wrong and threatened to remove it.

"Tomorrow he goes."

"No, no, Dikran, that would be foolish. What would people think?"

"I don't care what people will think. I am sick and tired of having that lazy man in my house." Then he expressed his reasons. "It is six months and not a day's work has he done. Six months! What is he thinking about? What does he think of all day when he is in bed? How old does he think a man must be before he thinks of going to work and

raising a family? When I was his age I was the father of three children, with one coming."

But he stopped here because, the year after, he had been stricken with liver trouble and his oldest son had had to go to work in order to support him and his family.

But my mother was willing to suffer a little longer and leave things in the hands of God.

"He is your sister's son. After all, it is better that he should be here than in New York. The job he had in the restaurant was no good for him. Besides, what Levon Pesa said about the women in New York—" Then she stopped and changed the subject.

But my father was not willing that the matter should die so easily. He proclaimed that it was a matter neither of our cousin's health nor of the women in New York, but just the moral obligation he felt toward his dead sister.

"He is not good. Any job is good for him. About the other things? These things will happen if he is in New York or any other place in the world. Ach, I am sick and tired."

Then with the realization that he had committed another grave blunder in his life by inviting the orphan Donabed to our house, he became sad and smoked numerous cigarettes.

3

WITHIN a fortnight my mother was complaining of her heart. She said it pounded so hard she couldn't breathe. The next day she had a bad spell and my father put her to bed and called the doctor. The doctor came and saw my mother; then he talked with my father for a long time behind closed doors. We couldn't hear a word of what he said, but when he left, my father was a different man. He looked determined. When we asked him what was the matter with our mother, he merely replied that she was tired, that she had been working too hard. We felt that the strain of trying to keep our home together since the evil Donabed had disrupted it had proved too much for her heart. It had made her so tired that now she was sick.

And from the look in my father's eyes it was no secret to us that he planned to remove the cause of her illness as soon as it returned from the library. It would be a painful job, and if they had words or even blows (for my father really looked determined), my mother might hear them and get worse. All this worried the children. We talked things over and wondered what we could do. But we found no solution. My father couldn't be approached. So we

said nothing and just waited for our cousin to come home.

But our waiting brought someone other than my cousin Donabed. It brought another man — an Irishman, I think. He came just an hour after the doctor left. He came in a large blue automobile. The first thing he said when we opened the door was:—

"There's nothing to be worried about. I'm Inspector Shanahan from headquarters and I'll be wantin' to ask a few questions.

"Is the Missus of the house in?" he asked my father.

"She sick," my father answered, pointing to the door of her room.

"Ah, that's a shame," went on the inspector as he took out a little book from his pocket.

My father looked worried. "No one hurt my family?" he questioned eagerly.

"No, no, nothing like that," went on the policeman bravely. "I just want to ask a few questions about someone who's living here. They tell me he's a hefty man with black hair. Does a person answering to that description live here?"

We all looked at my father. He was excited and hadn't got the drift of the policeman's English. We translated for him.

"He my nephew. He live here since mother die; my sister, in old country."

"Ah, that's a shame, surely a pity. But where is he now?"

"In the library, I think, mister," said my sister.

"I would have thought so," said Mr. Shanahan. "And now let's take a look around if you don't mind."

By this time my father was so alarmed he couldn't understand a word the stranger was saying and we had to translate everything. The policeman was a nice man and after a while he spoke only to the children, saying, "Tell the old gentleman this" or "Ask him that."

"I'd like to look around a bit in his room. Where does he sleep?"

We pointed to Donabed's door. We followed him and stayed outside the room and looked in. The policeman was looking for something. He went

through everything, tables, drawers, under the carpet — everywhere. Finally he lifted up the mattress and, after one look, said, "O.K."

By this time my father was at his side. "What O.K.?" he asked. "What these things?"

"Art pictures," answered Mr. Shanahan, still examining the things under the mattress. "Lots of complaints about pictures being torn out of books at the library. Been going on for some time."

My poor father was beside himself. "We honest people," he pleaded. "Thing like this never happen in family whole life. My wife sick, please don't say nothing."

"No," said Mr. Shanahan, "that ain't our business. You're good people. I know your boy Jake. By the way, how is Jake these days?"

And we all answered, "Swell!" Were we proud of our brother!

The policeman made a few notes in his book and picked up the pictures, some of which we recognized as the ones from the school of master with line from here to here.

"Well, I'll be leaving you now. And I hope the lady of the house will be feeling all right again soon. We'll be pickin' the heavy fellow up at the library."

"Will they put him in jail?" ventured my sister.

"Well, I don't think we'll be too hard on him. First offense. Good-bye."

We all said good-bye and watched the blue automobile go off. A lot of people were standing around outside. They must have seen the police sign on the car. Without a word, my father closed the door.

For a long time no one spoke. My father sat down in a corner and smoked, inhaling great drafts of smoke. The rest of us tried to do something, but we felt funny inside and couldn't. Once when my mother called from the other room, I went over to my father to ask what I should do. But I couldn't talk. There were tears in his eyes. He turned his head away. Then we all felt ashamed and sad. We knew we shouldn't see our painful cousin again. That was wonderful. But we were wondering deep inside if it was worth it if this was the price of having him go.

» We have all felt the edge of Argentina's animosity, but few of us know why she carries that chip on her shoulder. Here for the first time is an Argentinian who tells us the candid and indignant truth.

GOD IS ARGENTINIAN

by RAMON LAVALLE

1

BEHIND Argentina's move to be the first government to recognize the new Bolivian rule there was something more than a step to consolidate a similar regime. It was also far from being, as some sections of the press reported, a pro-Nazi gesture — as the subsequent diplomatic break with the Axis has shown. Argentina is very sensitive lest she give the world the impression that her actions have been influenced from outside. Both of these actions are typical examples of the present Argentinian policy of asserting an independent international position as the logical national aftermath to a stubborn neutrality.

Some weeks ago there came to the United States the foremost Argentinian lady writer, kindly invited by one of those institutions entrusted with good will between the Americas. She came and went all over the country. In San Francisco she frankly admitted to some friends, in a tête-à-tête, that she could not understand the Americans, that they were plainly "barbarians" to her. Her term at its face value is shocking enough, though it is almost a compliment when compared to what Argentinians in general feel and say about the *norteamericanos*.

She is, like any other Argentinian (including myself), a product of a European atmosphere, nurtured in a mixture of Spanish domestic patterns, intellectual French molds, some Italian factors, and elements from other European cultures. Thus, the Argentinian is a European sub-product born in America, a being who grows up in a continent which does not possess any spiritual meaning for him, and who keeps looking all the time to Europe

for support. In a world like Latin America, of overwhelming Indian and Negro blood, he feels he is an isolated European product with no traces of either.

When he talks about "sister republics" — toward whom he does not feel any attachment — he does so for reasons of political expediency. As a matter of fact, from his deep-rooted pride of European stock (no worse mistake can be made than to suspect Argentinians of having Indian or Negro blood: the film *Down Argentina Way* infuriated them because of such an assumption), the Argentinian looks down on other Latin Americans with contempt. Whenever American papers, magazines, films, or books depict the lands south of the Rio Grande as an entity named "South America" — with a suggestion of mockery for their periodical military revolutions and other typical diseases — the Argentinians cry their protests loudly, and all classes contrive to abuse the *norteamericanos* with their peculiar gift for nicknames.

Decades in advance of the Nazi theory of Aryan racial superiority, the Argentinians were well accustomed to calling themselves a "white-stock nation" as a mark of distinction and in contrast to their less fortunate sister republics. I recall very well that this feeling was impressed upon us from our first steps in the primary schools, even being part of the textbooks.

Notwithstanding strong similarities in culture on account of the same language and religion and a similar colonial origin, the Argentinians feel themselves a kind of European aristocracy forced to live by a trick of fate in wild surroundings. In a way they are as isolated from the rest of the continent as England was from Europe. Only Uruguay and Chile are granted any slight concession, inasmuch as they also possess a predominantly European stock. But Bolivia, Venezuela, Brazil, Cuba, Ecuador, and the rest are just exotic names with less appeal to the

Born in Buenos Aires of an old Argentinian family, RAMON LAVALLE worked for four years as a foreign correspondent of *La Nación*, one of the two largest newspapers in Spanish. Then he served for nine years in the Argentine foreign service, but resigned because of his country's neutrality in the present war. Now he is in the United States, lecturing on Japan and working on his sixth book, *The Unknown Enemy*, a report on Japan after Pearl Harbor.

imagination of the Argentinians than to a New Yorker.

Argentinians show no interest whatsoever in learning about the ways and manners of the other Latin Americans, since they classify the others a step lower in human society. Argentinian eyes, naturally, have never turned downward, and Europe remains the only place from which Argentinians can decently draw any lesson in life. Years ago the Buenos Aires daily, *Crítica*, was the paper with the largest circulation. It was a somewhat liberal newspaper, though of very doubtful morals; its official cartoonist, Diogenes Taborda, always used to depict the Brazilians as monkeys or bare-footed Negroes. And he was the artist who achieved the greatest popularity in Argentina.

Yet, in spite of her cultural isolation from the rest of Latin America, and with no understanding of the "sister republics," Argentina's growing imperialistic diplomacy still made the continent her natural field of political and even economic expansion. Buenos Aires strove to obtain continental leadership, feeling that the position belonged to Argentina's higher rank. For generations Argentinian diplomacy has recognized but one aim: to control Latin America. Against the Monroe Doctrine (always disliked in Argentina) Buenos Aires somewhat tardily came out with Drago's "America for Humanity," a doctrine put forward with all the lyric and melodramatic emphasis Drago could command.

Since the days of Drago, there has been increasing talk about Argentina's taking charge of Latin American interests, on the basis of her rights of elder sister — though no one in the continent outside Buenos Aires knew who had granted such rights or even what those rights were. The origin of these rights did not matter in Argentina, where already they were proudly planning to patronize the less prominent republics and to lead them along the path of power politics.

At international conferences and congresses, Argentina expressed views of a continental character and went to great pains to dramatize within Latin America her role of savior. She had prominence on account of greater wealth, better cultural development, and a slightly higher political education; her prosperous state allowed her to approach the smaller republics with diplomatic offers of guidance and help. Plainly speaking, these were just rhetorical gestures from which no material benefit could be derived — but rhetoric is of paramount importance in Latin America, and no one seemed displeased but Mexico. Mexico had her own ideas about continental leadership.

2

I WAS born and grew up in Buenos Aires. At home, at school, in the street, and on the several newspapers where I worked, I learned that all America was divided between two powers, Argentina and the United States. They were rival powers, disliking each other very much; ours was an idealistic one, earnestly endeavoring to protect the "sister republics" from the rapacity of the other, who was always depicted as a black soul ready to back his diplomacy with cash, and able, on account of it, to trick away from Argentina's care some poor republics very much in need of loans. I learned not to discriminate between Republicans and Democrats, not to differentiate Wall Street from Washington — if the labels were of different colors, the content was the same.

"Dollar diplomacy" became a matter of common talk and grievance. Rich Buenos Aires could afford to give shelter to the headquarters of several anti-imperialist movements, political and intellectual ones, which had at hand a popular press ready to back them. In the dark days of the occupation of Nicaragua we heard extensively about Sandino's epic, and soon it reached the proportions of a saga. The anti-American feeling was intense and widespread among all classes. The conditions were such then that a malicious rumor accusing the newspaper *La Nación* of being bought by an American syndicate (apparently the A.P.) was enough to lower its circulation. Its prestige was seriously affected and the alienating power of the rumor so strong as to damage a well-rooted and long-admired daily.

An experience of my own is also illustrative of the strength of the anti-American feeling. I was editor of *El Suplemento*, in those days Buenos Aires's magazine with the largest circulation, when I made up my mind to turn out an "All-American" issue for July 4, 1930. It came out all right, and it was the biggest contribution ever made by a single Argentinian magazine toward the understanding of American life. But right away a similar rumor went around about us and we suffered a substantial drop in subscriptions, circulation, and even advertising. Three prominent Argentinian commercial firms and one advertising agency called us to let it be known that they were not willing to patronize an American-controlled magazine! I was unable to carry out my plan of editing such a special number yearly.

Silly as all that may appear, it was a serious matter down in Argentina and a typical sign of the widespread nature of the anti-American feeling to

be found glowingly alive in Buenos Aires as well as in the hinterland. It was a feeling of rivalry, played up in disguise in the editorial policy of many papers, plainly in some educational centers and intellectual circles, and inherent in the inhabitants at large. With the exception of motorcars and Hollywood films, there was a total absence of sympathy for anything American.

This situation unhappily did not much bother the Americans living there, who, isolated in the quarters of the American Club in the top floor of the National City Bank of New York, did nothing to nail the rumors. Neither did they try to explain matters. They remained aloof, or otherwise reacted wrongly.

Every Pan American Conference could safely be counted on to provide pyrotechnics between the Argentinian and American delegations across the bewildered representatives of the other countries, who seldom dared to take sides, and who mostly confined themselves to putting forward proposals of conciliation.

The first in a row of incidents happened at Havana during the Pan American Conference of 1928. Dr. Pueyrredón, the chief of the Argentinian delegation and the ambassador in Washington at the time, took the field ready to wage a mortal duel with Charles Evans Hughes, the American chief of delegation. On the basis of the Nicaraguan situation, Pueyrredón pressed a daring condemnation of interference in the sovereignty of any country. Without calling names, but clearly enough to make his point understood by all America, his speeches were nevertheless so outspoken and his proposal so naked that the Argentinian government felt somewhat embarrassed.

Pueyrredón was apparently going beyond his instructions and Buenos Aires tried to stop him, with the American Ambassador, Robert Woods Bliss, doing his utmost to urge the Argentinian government to soften the attack. Finally Pueyrredón was forced to resign, but on his return to Buenos Aires he found himself a national hero with parades, bands, public demonstrations, and a large section of the press supporting his stand.

That incident was the opening shot for the rabid policy of anti-Americanism being carried out by the Argentinian government, though it cannot be said that Pueyrredón was a diplomat who disliked the United States. On the contrary, he sincerely admired American democracy and understood its values and did a good job at Washington for many years. His position at Havana was nothing but an outspoken defense of national sovereignty which is nowadays one of the essential points of our struggle against Nazism.

3

At its beginning the Argentinians discounted the Good Neighbor policy as a mood that — they thought — would revert soon to the old big-stick policy under pressure of certain financial and commercial interests. Later, Buenos Aires statesmen were at a loss to understand the hold of the Good Neighbor policy on the other republics. They thought they smelled something fishy, were reluctant to give it credit, and remained skeptical of its long-run success. There was something to it. It was the pathetic discovery that decades of diplomatic subterfuges and underground diplomacy striving for a continental leadership (like the one France had held over Europe in spite of England) were suddenly lost at the hands of the worst enemy. The dearest dream was flying away and the awakening, for such a sensitive people, was pretty painful.

Against the growing popularity of the United States, Argentinian diplomacy planned moves to counterattack the Good Neighbor policy and so to retain its leadership. They were watching one republic after another being won over to Washington by the simple device of a Pan-American policy founded on sincerity. The change called for serious consideration — all the more so because it was the first time that the Latin American masses (not the upper classes) had shown a desire to understand the United States and to reach a spiritual agreement with it.

Herbert Hoover's trip to Latin America a few years before had gone unnoticed: notwithstanding elaborate official receptions and arrangements, it was from a popular angle a complete fiasco. President Roosevelt's trip was tumultuous and the masses, directly appealed to by his renown and charm, went in their enthusiasm farther than the governments expected, up to the point that sometimes the local authorities felt embarrassed. It was a spontaneous turning out to the streets. Even in Argentina (where Hoover was welcomed at the Estación Retiro with anti-imperialistic posters and bands of students who fought against the police in their efforts to show their anti-American feelings), Roosevelt was a manifest success; his magnetism — so particularly appealing to the Latin Americans — was too serious a challenge to let pass, and it was plain to the makers of Argentina's diplomacy that a drastic move was imperative lest their years of hard work in Latin America be lost for good. They went in search of an issue and Washington gave them an unexpected one: the growing danger of fascism.

At Lima, in 1939, the guns had yet to talk, but already, nevertheless, universal war was in progress. After Spain's drama only the blind or the stupid could not see that democracy was at stake.

For the first time since it had passed the mischievous Neutrality Act, the United States government was coming to the fore, accepting its responsibilities in international affairs inherent to the security of the national ones, and with alert instead of blank eyes was calling for effective measures of safety. Down in Buenos Aires they got wind of this change and planned a counteroffensive founded on the issue of fascism versus democracy.

Argentinian ideas ran something like this: Latin American governments are fascist by nature. All the leaders concerned are in power as result of fraudulent elections or revolutions devoid of popular support. Their reaction to the Spanish situation gives a clue to their true feelings. Mexico aside, it can be safely assumed that Latin America is far more afraid of a progressive democracy than of fascism. It would be foolish for us to support an outspoken denouncement of fascism because that would mean to give wings to our masses and to dig our own graves. Any acceptance of progressive democracy might result in being swept out of power. We do not hold any brief for Nazism, because our sacred Catholic religion is against it. We do not like fascism either — the way Mussolini behaves is alien to our interpretation of fascism at home. The only "ism" we accept besides Catholicism is paternalism. It is a problem of survival for our ruling classes, beneath which the Indian masses and the Socialists are waiting to jump. And the *norteamericanos*, with their amazing ignorance of the psychology of the Latin Americans, are sure to err.

But Argentina was the one to err, and I saw at Lima in 1939 the frantic efforts of the Argentinian delegation to sabotage the conference and to get away with at least a draw decision. The continental security belt against Axis penetrations came into being, although the conference was not a clear-cut American victory. It was left to the next ones — at Panama, and at Rio especially — to checkmate Buenos Aires. The American delegates at Rio came with a bagful of punches — and through an able display of jabs, hooks, swings, and uppercuts, they sent the Argentinian dream of continental leadership to take the count.

At Rio, born of sheer embarrassment, out of a defeat extremely painful for a sensitive people who had chosen to play all their cards in a desperate move to win, the neutrality policy was declared. It was not because of the established Argentinian principle of remaining neutral, nor from a wish to remain

isolated, but as an attitude of spite and a cocky challenge to the United States in order to show that Argentina could get along, alone and well, in spite of Washington. It was the atavistic self-pride inherited from Spain coming in full to the surface, hurt and calling for any kind of pay-off. For me, anxiously following the events on my short-wave set while the Japanese were prostituting Hong Kong, it was the classical Argentinian inferiority complex asserting itself.

4

SIMILARITIES between peoples, though often graphic, are seldom right. I cannot help thinking, however, of the striking likeness of the inferiority complex of Japanese and Argentinians, so alike in their reaction toward others and in the analogous way of deluding themselves, or saving face, behind a haughty attitude.

Japan is powerful in a sense, and Argentina owns that great city of Buenos Aires. But when Japanese and Argentinians start to look into their might, they find out, much to their displeasure, that it is the result of foreign technique, alien enterprise, genius from abroad mixed with minor native ingenuity. Japan's strength, industrial or otherwise, is the result of foreign patents, foreign machinery and engineers, foreign teaching and technique. They are so proud today about the deeds of their pilots, but I found them in 1932 at the naval base of Yokosuka learning from British officers of the RAF.

Buenos Aires's greatness, as well as anything else of material value within Argentina, is the result of a similar "made overseas" effort. While the Japanese were unable to create by themselves and were forced to learn from foreigners from A to Z, reaching their present position because they were taught how to progress, the Argentinians were unable and unwilling to manage their country by themselves, and left to the fresh blood and the ambition which came from abroad the achieving of their present position. The Creole spirit of the Spanish colonial times was nomadic and to a large extent lazy. The pampas were too limitless, the task too great, the hardships too many to build a nation.

The foremost Argentinian folklore hero is a gaucho nomad, Martin Fierro, a useless being unaware of laws or morals, cocky, sensitive, quarrelsome. His ethical standards were those of another typical hero, El Viejo Vizcacha, again a gaucho rootless and undignified, who founded a philosophy of mockery and sarcasm as an escape from duty. There are no pioneering heroes, no enterprising sagas.

Argentina's only genius, Sarmiento, an amazing statesman and a man who knew his country inside out, is still being very much discussed and is considered by the nationalists as a traitor to the soil's spirit because he pitilessly wrote and fought during the last century against these vices of inertia, barbarism, cockiness, and wrong sense of pride. While his piercing eye is even today criticized, his enemy, Rosas, a prototype of the gaucho sanguinary who wanted to be thought barbarian, is slowly being revived and pushed up to a height above Sarmiento.

The Argentinians were men of the soil, but they found the task of plowing it too much for them. They chose to be ranchers instead of farmers and let the immigrants from the Mediterranean raise Argentina's present wealth in wheat, corn, and linseed crops. It was, yes, a problem of underpopulation, but at its core was also unwillingness to do it. To raise cattle is to get away with a minimum of effort. And they took that course.

The Argentinians were raising cattle in their latifundia. Nevertheless the *ingleses* who came from London and some Americans who stepped down from Chicago were the ones who made cattle-raising the first industry of the country, improving the breeding and establishing the meat packing plants which are now the pride of Argentina. In the remote districts the majordomos were English, Scotch, or Welsh in particular, able and reliable managers who made the *estancias* run with profits. The Scotch, too, introduced into the pampas some specimens of Aberdeen Angus that flooded the pastures later on by a most amazing phenomenon of reproduction.

Argentina went up and up. Her pastures became famous, her farming zone one of the best in the world; wheat or meat, corn or beef, all these proved great sources of wealth. The country was becoming rich and marching ahead. Yet that progress, that wealth, was the result of foreign enterprise fighting against native inertia; alien ambitions versus local inefficiency. The Argentinians knew it, did not like it, but let things move forward without daring to talk about it. They kept their fortunes in the banks — the foreign banks — in order to draw annual interest without risk or effort.

The upper classes made their living managing their *estancias* at leisure with the help of foreign majordomos; the middle class jumped into the professions or went to fish for administrative jobs in the muddy waters of local politics. Soon it became known, even among themselves, that an Argentinian's greatest ambition in life was to obtain a government job which involved little or no work and which guaranteed safe pay.

Their spiritual life was imported from Paris. French painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians came to Buenos Aires or taught Argentinians at Paris. Although written in Spanish, Argentinian literature became a ludicrous copy of French moods. They began to have too many Cocteaus, too many Rambeaus, too many Picassos, too many Le Corbusiers, too many Bourdelles. But these were weak decalcomanias of French patterns, without anything creative, fresh, native. Then the intellectual circles one day discovered deep in their inner being a hidden, subdued feeling; and in the subconscious a sense of inhibition, a feeling of fiasco in life, became an obsession.

They found that their spiritual life was devoid of substance and purpose. They could not get rid of it, however; neither could they afford to switch to something else more real, for fear that nothing would come of their efforts. They felt jailed in foreign molds and yet they did not dare to step out of them. That conflict developed an inferiority complex that poisoned the Argentinian intelligentsia and was passed on to the public at large as a feeling of inadequate juice for getting along in life by themselves. It was a sense of frustration and worthlessness, nothing less than a discovery of emptiness, which became pathological.

Consequently it is not a casual accident to find that many of the foremost Argentinian intellectual leaders commit suicide, the rate being the highest among intellectual circles the world over. Finding themselves at a dead-end, and lacking courage to admit their inhibitions and to start anew, in spite of their Catholicism they find in death the only way out. This is a most grave psychological problem which affects all Argentinian society. During my last stay in Buenos Aires, January, 1939, Lisandro de la Torre, the foremost statesman and since Sarmiento the greatest Argentinian figure, a true democrat and a most honest politician, committed suicide. He left for his closest friends a political testament in which he said that the civic prostitution of the country had reached such a height that only in death could one forget about it.

That feeling made the Argentinians resentful of those who came to help and who achieved their purposes over themselves, naturally well set as they were for success but lacking discipline and courage to reach it. They call all Spaniards *gallegos* and all Italians *gringos*, in contempt and looking down on them. Spaniards and Italians, however, are the architects of Argentina's agricultural economy. They call the British *ingleses ladrones* on the pretext of their capture of the Falkland Islands, but actually because they resent the railways being Brit-

ish, the utilities companies being British, the soundest banks and concerns being British, and because for nearly a hundred years British genius, capital, and enterprise have pushed Argentina up.

The Americans they call "sausage makers" or "Jewish capitalists" or plainly "robbers," trying to persuade themselves of some congenital faults of the *norteamericanos* in order to satisfy their desire of feeling superior. It's the old escapism through mockery to be found in the advices of El Viejo Vizcacha; a hurt pride looking for scapegoats to cure that most serious Argentinian ailment — their inferiority complex.

Jealousy has poisoned Argentina's political relations with the United States. Argentinians have never accepted as historical logic that this country is bound by inexorable historical forces to become a world leader. They cannot see outside Buenos Aires; they cannot grasp realities of a universal meaning. They live victims of a narcissism, enjoying their own beauty. They have found satisfaction in cockiness, because behind arrogance they feel at ease. Argentina's neutrality yesterday and Argentina's international position today are merely a by-product of her inferiority complex.

5

"God is Argentinian!" is the answer whenever you ask anybody in Argentina about tomorrow. Everyone is profoundly convinced that no ill effects can ever be felt in Argentina, a country which does not know unemployment or hunger.

They say, "We have wheat, meat, corn, hides, flour, fruits, leather, and linseed products, and whoever wins and whatever happens, one or the other must come to us for supplies." This is the short-range wisdom of El Viejo Vizcacha and Sancho, depicting only too well the lack of moral principles in the country. The worst of it is that even those who profess sympathy for the Allies share such a view. A booming financial and economic situation helps that belly-philosophy. They are exporting to England all their meat at higher prices than ever; millions and millions of marks, pounds, and francs that flew to Argentina from Europe at the eve of war are being gradually invested. There is a lot of ready money, and from an economic standpoint no one complains. Neutrality is paying good dividends. Narcotized by the boom, no one raises his eyes and dares to look forward; ready cash kills all foresight.

It is wrong to assume, as many do in the United States, that the Ramírez regime is unpopular. It is unpopular in so far as it interferes with local civil rights and internal affairs. But its international position, I am quite sure, is supported by great numbers of Argentinians, especially in the hinterland. It is wrong to try to understand Argentina through Buenos Aires, where there are always liberals and persons who take the trouble to think, but who do not represent the majority. It is wrong to assume that the press, even *La Prensa*, can change matters by editorials. Since 1930 the country has been living amid an incredible civic corruption, which now the generals have intensified. The people are bewildered and tired, emptier than ever.

The country is undergoing an ultra-nationalistic revolution, reactionary to the core. Since the armed forces are in power, there is no way to stop it but through a complete international boycott that will force the generals to accept defeat and a loss of face instead of catastrophe. At the beginning there will be a reaction toward supporting the government; later on, that move will die down. We are running against a strong belief that "God is Argentinian," and to win Argentina back to democracy we need to discredit the government in the eyes of the country and show the people that God is universal.

There is only one way to handle cockiness, whether Argentinian or Japanese. And it is to play a strong hand in order to show that nowadays the world is moving in the direction of coöperation and rationalism.

There is an increasing danger of the military regime's coming back for the lost diplomatic prestige and looking for alliances with neighboring countries. There is danger that the Argentinian generals will go to any extent in planning revolts. Their only hope is for a possible mistake of the Good Neighbor policy so that they can cash in immediately with a powerful diplomatic thrust.

The fate of democracy in the Americas is at stake. The poison which is dying in Europe is working in Latin America. Nothing short of a complete moral and material blockade can stop such danger. Down at Buenos Aires the only hope left is free elections. If they come, Argentina can start anew. Through an intelligent policy Argentinians can be taught to overcome psychological inhibitions so that they can enter world society with a real desire to help. After all, at the bottom of the Argentinian character lie dormant virtues inherited from Spain, and there is a potential nobility of behavior which requires only free air to grow.

OH! OH! THAT GABY, GABY GLIDE

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

1

DANCING school was a lighthearted affair but it was a preparation for the big event, Real Dances with Boys. These did not start for us officially until we were about fifteen, but the shadow no bigger than a black tie was already faintly on the horizon.

I came back to school in the autumn full of my summer experiences. I had got into the second round of a tennis tournament; I had broken my arm, an important and interesting event. My friends were talking of something quite different — boys. The summer had changed them. It was now October 2. They were already speaking of the Christmas holidays. They had mysterious jokes. Things had happened to them. They had moved on into a different world. I wanted to be part of the world and show that things had happened to me too.

I had had one adventure, but I was not certain that it measured up to the momentous experiences of my friends. I was driving the buggy home from the village of Westport on Lake Champlain in the twilight. The evening was full of fireflies and I had sunk into that coma, so frequent at fourteen, when you have to be addressed several times by name before you hear and answer. You are Thinking. Suddenly a boy appeared along the road, gave a piercing whistle and then said, but softly, "Oh, you kid!" Convention demanded that I do one of two things: whip up the horse, or answer with quick repartee, "Twenty-three — Skidoo!" I did neither. I allowed the horse to go more slowly, hoping faintly that the boy might say it again. He didn't.

Some of the girls had letters and they were reading them in whispers — bits of them, not all — to each other. I remember my sense of bleakness. It would never be quite the same again. A girl none of

us liked very much was treated with deference. In the summer she had danced with boys who were already in college — college men. She was a belle. Why was she? Other girls had just as pretty dresses. She wore a somewhat larger bow on the back of her hair than the rest of us. And college men wanted to dance with her. Every value shifted. Friendships were realigned. Adam was entering Eden to destroy its peace forever.

The girls who had brothers had an advantage and fared the best. They were used to their brothers' friends and took it more lightheartedly. But to those who did not possess this valuable relative, it was a terrifying time. We were told often a girl must never lose the respect of a member of the opposite sex. Come hell or high water, one must be respected. What was this respect? It was again vague; one started with it and then under no circumstances apparently could lose it. But did our school friend with the big bow, who had such a lively time, always receive this melancholy tribute? We were not so sure.

So at fifteen, profoundly worried and full of respect, we began what we were fully convinced was the most desperate time of our lives. In New York it was not easy to see boys. There were no movies, no outdoor events. There were a few dances, Sunday calls, and an occasional matinee.

2

THE boys from the fourth form up were all addressed as Mister. They called the girls Miss. This went on for months. Then came what was felt to be "the moment" for first names. This was a fascinating problem. Should you ask the boy to call you by your first name, or should he, or might it just happen? When it occurred it was Chapter VII of Romance.

But before any of this could happen, the girls had

GRETCHEN FINLETTER is the daughter of Walter Damrosch. She and her three sisters grew up in New York City in a home dominated by pianos, rehearsals, and arias. In this paper she continues her irresistible descriptions of New York in the early 1900's.

to meet boys — the first great hurdle. There were in New York then, as there are today, subscription dances for the girls, to which they each invited two boys. The question then arose, "What boys?" Your cousin was away and your friends' brothers frightened you.

My mother, with good intentions, announced that one of her friends had sons and she would write her friend to deliver them up. This was full of dreadful possibilities. Mothers always seemed vague as to the ages of boys and might make a bad mistake of three years either way. Every girl knew from long experience that no one ever gets on with the children of her parents' friends. If they were attractive and the right age they would already have been bespoken. If they came they would be "pills" and think that you were a "lemon." These were the only two words used to describe social failures.

An elaborate correspondence began between the mothers, then further letters to the young men — who were of course protesting and were only too convinced they were getting into something bad. I suppose this was the ancestor of the Blind Date. When the situation became too desperate the fathers were appealed to. Bad-tempered New York lawyers — they were bad-tempered then, they are bad-tempered now — would order their exhausted junior partners to "be at that ballroom at nine-thirty and God damn it you dance with Helen!" I found myself with a medical student, and my father produced a young man called Albert Spalding for my sister Polly.

The stag line at the first dance would be as varied as the draft. Little boys who had just got their long pants would stand beside tired Wall Street men doing their duty by the Old Man's daughter.

By the second or third dance it had shaken down. We had begun to know boys of the right age. One could launch out on one's own and start a romantic correspondence with a member of the opposite sex.

New York, November 1st, 1912

DEAR MR. RUSSELL,

Will you come to the first Holiday dance with me on December 18th? Laura Henry is having a dinner first, and if you can come, her mother will send you an invitation.

Yours sincerely,
GRETCHEN B. DAMROSCH

St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.
December 8th, 1912

DEAR MISS DAMROSCH,

I am sorry but school doesn't let out until December 20th which cuts me out of the Holiday.

Sincerely yours,
FREDERICK J. RUSSELL III

This answer was carefully preserved. It was a Letter from a Boy.

If things went well with Mr. Russell but did not reach Chapter VII quickly enough, one might be excessively bold.

DEAR FRED, (I just can't call you Mr. any more!)
Will you come to the Easter Holiday, etc. etc.

3

THE chaperone today is almost as much of a costume piece as the Duenna Marianne in *Der Rosenkavalier*. But then she was a reality. She was in the next room and buzzed in and out to make everyone know she was there, she sat in the extra seat at the theater, she appeared veiled and protected at football games, she waited endlessly in cabs and cars. She was preferably married, but could be single if she was the spinster type. A play of the day — I think it was *The College Widow* — had a very alluring character for this role and the second act curtain line was, "What I demand to know is, who is chaperoning the chaperone!" This was considered uproarious and made parents even more determined to have "settled" women to protect their daughters.

If a girl protested too fiercely and demanded the reason for all this shadowing, she received the answer: "Because I do not wish my daughter to be considered fast."

To be "fast" had various interpretations. It meant going out alone with one or more boys. It meant putting powder on one's face. It meant smoking. It meant giving the impression that one was in "high spirits." High spirits with a young man meant drink, and with a girl meant a cheerful acceptance of his condition.

My sister Alice had a friend at Yale who came from Evanston, Illinois. He had a very serious approach to life, and he and Alice discovered that they both believed in Platonic friendship. They were much interested in the subject and they would sit on a sofa in the dim firelight discussing the whole question.

They also exchanged a number of earnest letters on the problem. As Alice wrote, "There is no earthly reason why real friendship should not exist between a man and a woman, or even a boy and a girl, without all that sentimental slush which honestly interferes, don't you think? I should really like to know your frank opinion on this."

The Yale man assured her that he thought her attitude quite wonderful "in this day and age," that he had hoped all his life for Platonic friendship, had never until now found it, was coming down to

New York for the Harding dance, and how about going to the theater with him first.

My mother proved very narrow in her attitude, refused to recognize that this was a new relationship, and still insisted that there must be a chaperone. So Alice wrote that she would like to go to *The Dollar Princess* because everyone said Donald Brian was marvelous, but it would be necessary to get three tickets because of the old chaperone nonsense.

This was the Yale man's first unpleasant shock. At Evanston you just took a girl out. The next surprise was much more painful. He arrived the day of the party and went to the box office as he would have at home, to buy the tickets. There were none to be had. He consulted friends who laughed at him. He became the true bulldog and finally got them through a broker for eighteen dollars apiece. This so reduced his funds that instead of procuring an orchid, as he had planned, he sent Alice sweet peas surrounded by asparagus fern.

The chaperone, a friend of my mother's, belonged to the nineteenth century, the age of sentiment, and assumed that this charming young man must be courting Alice. She was very, very tactful, and read her program over and over again while occasionally throwing an understanding and sympathetic glance to the Yale man over what she felt was the loveliest moment in young people's lives. She did not know about Plato.

Apparently the combination of events was too much. There was Alice, covered with pink sweet peas, who apparently found Donald Brian particularly handsome, there was this arch old lady, and he was out fifty-four dollars. For the next holiday he returned to Evanston.

4

THE dances were held at old Sherry's, which had two ballrooms. The small ballroom was the scene of our ecstasy. It was lined with mirrors, it had rose silk curtains, and it had a place to sit out, with palms. It was, we felt, heaven.

Each girl was accompanied and called for by a maid, and in the dressing room sat a row of these pale and sleepy creatures. I have often wondered how they were ever persuaded to perform so fatiguing a job.

When a girl arrived in the dressing room, she spent many minutes "prinking" her marcelled hair. Then she put talcum powder — secretly brought from home concealed in absorbent cotton in a little bag — on her nose. Snow-white noses were considered very dashing. Then she stood, hesitating. But the music was playing "Oh! Oh! That Gaby, Gaby

Glide." It was irresistible. With a beating heart she rapidly shook hands with a row of Patronesses and entered the ballroom.

When we first went to dances, dancing was so exciting that nobody wanted to sit out. The ballroom was always crowded. Then again came one of those divisions. We saw the fast girls on whom our jealous eyes were always fixed, sitting on little sofas, having long heart-to-hearts with intent young men. The ballroom suddenly emptied. The palm trees became jammed. Everyone started sitting out. It was considered "young" to dance so hard and so enthusiastically.

Mr. Conrad was the favorite orchestra leader. His music was never too loud, and the most awkward kept time to his beat. He had a dark mustache which gradually whitened through the years, but he never lost the glint in his eye and he gave style to every party. He also did not forget names, and young men were immensely flattered when he recognized them.

"Play 'The Pink Lady' once again, Mr. Conrad."

"Give us 'Naughty Marietta.'"

Card dances and cotillions presented hazards. On the card were engraved perhaps sixteen dances. In the middle was a break, which was the supper dance. After the final dance came three "extras." To the card was attached a little pencil by a silken cord. The young men were supposed to seize the pencil in a masterful way and write down what they wanted. The most significant dances were the first, the supper, and the last extra. It was a little like a letter, the end being the most important part, though how it began gave a clue to the contents.

A belle who was receiving several rushes had her card filled the fastest. The poor lemons with fixed smiles on their unhappy faces often wrote false initials after One Step and Tango so as not to discourage possible bidders.

No one has described the sufferings of a girl with greater genius or poignancy than Booth Tarkington in *Alice Adams*. The agony of Alice is ageless, and her pathetic effort to make the others at the party feel she belonged and was desired still makes the sweat break out on my forehead.

A girl's only sin may have been shyness. But what tortures she endured if a dance was not taken or she had been "stuck" too long. She would disappear into the dressing room and prink her hair. If only her friends would not see her. With a glassy smile for the benefit of the row of maids, she faced the mirror wondering desperately how to secure another partner. The memory of a terrible song came to her. How did I "pick a lemon in the Garden of Love, where they say only peaches grow?" She

must get home. But even if she finally managed to steal out, she had the last hurdle of passing her parents' door, from behind which a sleepy voice invariably called out, "Did you have a good time?"

"Wonderful!" was the inevitable answer. How could she explain?

At the cotillions the girls were loaded with paper caps and ruffs, jingle bells and parasols. The boys received boutonnières of red roses, sashes, feathers. If the party was very grand, the favors became elaborate — beaded evening bags and fans of the then fashionable sandalwood. The boys received sandalwood cigarette cases and real pipes.

Of course there was competition to be the most favored, and girls kept their paper and silk trophies hung about their mirrors for months. A giant sunflower which looked as though it had been through a sandstorm was there to remind a girl, when she lifted her eyes from homework, of a better world.

Boys liked the afternoon Thés Dansants — pronounced Tee Dance-Ants. They did not feel bound by duty dances; they did not have to dress up. They went in droves, usually bringing along eight or ten uninvited classmates apiece. The orchestra was made up of three colored gentlemen, one a drummer. The drummer was always surrounded by a large, respectful circle of fifth- and sixth-formers. At the party he received the most attention. The punch bowl and food were second; the girls ran a poor third.

Parents, who were not supposed to appear at dances, often dropped in at the Thés Dansants and sat along the walls watching their sons and daughters. This was repressing but there seemed to be nothing to do about it. The parents were so innocently happy to be allowed to look on. Then fate intervened in a strange way.

We had been in Paris the summer before. There was a new dance called the Maxixe. It had a heel-and-toe step, a skating step, a bending step, and very good music. We had three fifteen-franc lessons and were taught to perform it in a grim but efficient manner.

One afternoon we went to a party at Du Pré-Catelan. The orchestra was playing a soggy tango and young South-American-looking men were leading out elderly and dressy ladies in a series of intricate steps. We knew that this was Life in the French capital, but it was somehow depressing. No one smiled.

Suddenly there was a roll of the drums and the floor was cleared. The orchestra began a gay polka and out came a young man with a hawk face, walking very jauntily in rhythm while in his arms floated a girl with bobbed curly hair on which sat a little Dutch cap. Their feet did not seem to touch the ground and they were both laughing. Their gayety swept the room like an electric breeze. The music quickened; the walk became a skip, faster and faster.

The room broke into wild applause. They returned again and danced a Maxixe but in double time and with a great deal of snap, both of them still laughing. At the conclusion there were cheers. In eight minutes this couple had destroyed forever the solemnity of dancing.

The lightness and grace of the girl, the skill of the man, and above all their gayety, made all those at the little tables want to jump up and recapture again for themselves something so young and happy. The tango was thrown out of the window. The Vernon Castles had arrived and were to become the rage of two continents.

In the winter they appeared in New York in a musical called *Watch Your Step*. They had the same effect on their audiences. Older people took up dancing. When the music of "Little girl, mind how you go" sounded, with one accord the parents crowded onto dance floors, shoving children aside as they *skipped* up and down ballrooms, tipping inward around corners at a 45-degree angle to keep their balance. Nothing could stop them; nothing could hold them down. From eight to eighty, led by the whirling feet of Vernon and Irene Castle, the whole world went dance-mad. And then from eight to eighty the ladies began to bob their hair.

THE MIGHT OF THE TIGER

by FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT WAVELL

1

"For a period of eight or nine months, from December 1940 to July 1941, from the great victory of Sidi Barrani to the capture of Damascus, the 4th and 5th Indian Divisions were engaged almost continuously. They fought in the dusty wastes of the western desert, in the bush of the Abyssinian border, on the dry scorching plains of the Sudan, in the towering rocky mountains of Eritrea and Abyssinia, and amid the softer and greener hills of Syria.

"With their comrades from the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and many other parts of the British Empire, the Indians utterly defeated two great Italian armies; they helped to hold Tobruk and to stem the German counter offensive in Cyrenaica; and to save Iraq and Syria from enemy domination.

"At Keren and Amba Alagi they stormed two positions which their enemies had with some reason deemed impregnable; at Mechili an Indian Motor Brigade fought with impressive gallantry to cover a retreat; a brigade of an Indian division led what seemed a forlorn hope against the defences of Damascus and by their courage made the capture of that city possible.

"India may well be proud of her troops which performed such feats. In all these battles British and Indian soldiers fought side by side in mutual comradeship and esteem.

"Off the field, their discipline and soldierly bearing, their good humour and kindness have everywhere aroused admiration."

These remarks came from a foreword I wrote two years ago to a little book called *The Tiger Strikes*; it deserves to be better known because it contains

Educated at Winchester and Sandhurst, FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT WAVELL comes of fighting English stock. Since 1901, when he was appointed to the famous Black Watch, he has served his country with gallantry and with conspicuous success. Now he is Commander-in-Chief of India's fighting forces. In this article, written before he took over the Viceroyalty, he envisions the important role Indian soldiers will have in winning the war.

the record of the troops from India, British and Indian, fighting side by side, in the Middle East during the first two years of the war. Since then the 4th Indian Division has consolidated its fame as the formation which has seen more fighting and won more successes than any other on the Allied side. At Sidi Barrani, it made the surprise assault which began the collapse of the Italian Empire in Africa, and at Keren helped to storm its strongest bulwark. So it was fitting that it should play a leading part in the final act at Tunis, and that the German Commander-in-Chief should surrender to British and Indian representatives of the 4th Indian Division.

Few formations in the history of warfare can have had a more stirring record of two and one-half years of almost daily fighting. Meanwhile Indian troops elsewhere have been campaigning with varying success in Persia, Malaya, Singapore, Burma. The glories won by the Indian Army in the Western Desert and Eastern Africa have to some extent been dimmed by the disasters in Malaya and Burma and by the much misunderstood operations in Arakan. The opening phases of Japan's long-prepared assault would have been a stern test for any troops; and India's efforts in the Middle East had already absorbed the cream of her armies and resources.

It is not my purpose to give any summary of these operations or of the record of the Indian Army in this war, but merely to write some personal impressions of the Indian soldier and so to express my gratitude to him for service rendered to me in active operations, as a young subaltern, as staff officer, and as Commander-in-Chief. There are very many better qualified to write of the Indian Army than I am. I do not belong to that army and have spent only some seven years' service in India, but I owe the Indian warrior a debt which I should like to repay with some tribute to his prowess.

A soldier is never likely to forget his first independent command on active service, and mine consisted of Indian troops. More than thirty-five

years ago I obtained, by somewhat unorthodox initiative, the command of an ammunition column to be formed as part of a small expeditionary force being assembled on the northwest frontier of India for operations against tribesmen in the Tirah. I had no idea of what an ammunition column consisted, nor of its functions; on arrival at the base I found that the staff were equally vague and too busy to worry much. In fact they were even inclined, to my dismay, to question the need for such a unit. In the end I was given practically a free hand to form my own column.

The first requirement seemed to me to be an armed escort, and I applied to a friend who was adjutant of a famous frontier force regiment which to its disgust had not been selected for the expeditionary force. He at once provided me with a detachment of an Indian officer and thirty-two men — eight Sikhs, eight Dogras, eight Pathans, and eight Punjabi Muslims, an epitome of some of India's most famous fighting men. Having collected camels and drivers from a friendly transport officer, and such ammunition as I could persuade the Ordnance to entrust to me on my somewhat sketchy credentials, I announced my ammunition column as ready to join the force.

In due course we reached the front and distributed our ammunition; later, I spent months explaining to the scandalized Ordnance Branch why I had not accounted for it all on the proper forms (there is, I believe, a matter of ten rounds of small-arm ammunition allegedly mislaid in the Tirah still outstanding between myself and the Indian Ordnance). It was a short campaign, called by the irreverent "Willcocks's Week-end War," and we had no great adventures; but I had opportunity enough to appreciate at first hand and at close quarters the quality of India's soldiers, of which I had already had some experience as acting transport officer to an Indian mountain battery in a march to Chitral and back.

2

I LEFT India shortly after the frontier expedition, and never returned till thirty-three years later, as Commander-in-Chief. In the last Great War, however, I saw a good deal of the Indian Army. My old British battalion served in an Indian formation throughout the war — in France, in Mesopotamia, and in Palestine. I was never with the battalion during the war, except as a visitor from the staff, but heard from friends in it much of India's soldiers at war.

For the last eighteen months of the war, as a staff

officer in Allenby's army, I was once again in direct contact with Indian troops. The force which accomplished the final downfall of the Turk in Palestine and Syria in September, 1918, was, except for the Australian Mounted Division, mainly an Indian force. I remember well the transformation of the army from a British to an Indian basis in the summer of 1918, when the greater part of Allenby's seasoned British troops had been sent back to France to meet the crisis caused by the March retreat. These troops were replaced by fresh units from India, mainly unseasoned and untried, and by Indian cavalry from France.

The complete reorganization of the force in a few months and its preparation for the final campaign were only made possible by the keenness of the Indians themselves, who were prepared to work round the clock to fit themselves for battle. I remember that some officers of the Indian Army told us that the new units could have no signalers, since it took at least one year to train an Indian as signaler. We formed a school and told the students that they must pass in three months if they wanted to take part in the battle. There were no failures.

That army of Allenby's in September, 1918, achieved one of the most complete and spectacular successes in all military history. In six weeks it advanced more than 500 miles, destroyed a Turkish army, and ended the war with Turkey. Once again India's fighting men had helped us to a great victory.

I therefore started this war with some knowledge of the Indian soldier and a favorable impression of his prowess. This was well, since an incomplete armored division and an Indian division were the only fighting formations I had in the Middle East for the first year of the war. The Indian division was the now famous 4th Division. It was not a specially impressive formation at first, for it was sadly short of equipment and transport and was untrained as a division, though its units were well trained. The men of the fighting units, British and Indian, were of the best — regular professional soldiers with years of service. Each infantry brigade had one British and two Indian battalions. One of the British units was a Highland battalion, one a battalion of a county regiment from the south of England, and the third was recruited mainly from Londoners, than whom there are few better soldiers. The Indian battalions included representatives of most of India's famous warriors — Sikhs, Punjabi Muslims, Rajputs, Dogras, Jats, Pathans.

A few words on the qualities and characteristics of each of these soldier classes may be of interest. The Sikhs contribute more soldiers to the Army in

proportion to their numbers than any other class in India. They are Hindu by origin, but of a special sect, warriors by tradition. Their home is in the Punjab, where they now form a compact island in an otherwise predominantly Moslem province. They have fine physique, quick intelligence, and a good conceit of themselves, and have never forgotten that they once ruled all Northwest India, including Kashmir — first-class soldiers in every way, but not always easy to handle.

The Punjabi Musulman forms the backbone of many units; he is a countryman of good physique, somewhat slow-thinking but staunch. Rajputs represent the romantic warrior tradition of old Rajasthan or Rajputana and are fine fighting men. Dogras are also Rajputs, hillmen from the foothills of the Himalayas, magnificent material of whom any commanding officer would take all he could get; they are unfortunately not too numerous. Jats are countrymen from the Southern Punjab and Delhi area, also first-class material. The Pathan from British India makes a good soldier and is usually a cheerful and attractive person; he gets into trouble sometimes from sheer lightheartedness or boredom. Pathans from the semi-independent tribes across the frontier, who once supplied a picturesque and picaresque element in the Indian Army, are not now so often enlisted; because of their background and their life outside normal administration, they do not always take kindly to discipline.

There were no Gurkha units in the original 4th Division, though some joined it later. The Gurkha is not an Indian, but comes from Nepal, which has been our old and faithful ally ever since the Gurkha war of some 120 years ago ended, after much hard fighting, with mutual respect and honors easy. Our first attempt to storm a Gurkha fort ended with a disastrous repulse and the death of one of the bravest men who ever rose to high rank in the British Army, General Sir Rollo Gillespie. Another fighting race unrepresented in the original division was the Mahrattas: hard, wiry soldiers from the west center of India, who gave us many a hard fight in the wars of the early nineteenth century. But generally the division was typical of the pre-war Indian Army.

The gunners of the division were British. The division was very under-gunned at first, with only two regiments of 18-pounders and no anti-tank guns. The engineers were Indian. The Indian equivalent of a Field Engineer company is the Sapper and Miner company, retaining the name given in days of frequent siege; they have a great tradition for efficiency, smartness, and, when necessary, for fighting. They are named from the three Presi-

dencies — Madras, Bengal, Bombay — in which they were originally raised. The Madras companies are still formed of Madrassis, and the Bombay companies have a proportion of Mahrattas and others from Bombay Province, but the Bengal companies are now recruited almost entirely from the North.

Gradually the division took shape; it was fortunate to have nearly a year's hard training under good masters before it was called on for the test of battle. The Divisional Commander was a gunner, Beresford-Peirse, a leader of personality and dash; the Corps Commander was Dick O'Connor, a determined little terrier of a soldier, quick and tough; his unlucky capture later on by a German patrol was a serious loss to our war effort. Above them was the solid, wise personality of the Army Commander, "Jumbo" Wilson, who directed the training for desert warfare from a great reservoir of experience and common sense. When the hour to strike came, in December, 1940, the 4th Indian Division had been forged into a weapon as keen and balanced as a Commander-in-Chief could desire. The first blow struck with it, at Sidi Barrani, showed how clearly and sharply it could cut.

Meanwhile another Indian division, the 5th, under Major General Heath (later captured in Singapore as a Corps Commander), had been made available. I sent it to the Sudan, where for nearly six months after Italy came into the war three British battalions and a few thousand Sudanese troops, without a single gun — field, anti-aircraft, or anti-tank — and with only a few out-of-date aircraft, held 500 miles of frontier against an Italian East Africa which contained nearly a quarter of a million troops. (I am wrong about our artillery: I remember there was one single gun, an old 4.5-inch howitzer used in Khartoum for firing salutes; someone found that there were a few rounds of H.E. in the arsenal, so the gun was manned and sent to the front.) There seemed nothing to stop the Italians' marching on Khartoum; yet I somehow felt that they never would, and ordered the 5th Division to take the offensive as soon as they arrived. A portion of it re-established our frontier post at Gallabat in a hard-fought little action in November, 1940; but to retake the important station of Kassala and to invade the Italian colony of Eritrea my Army Commander in the Sudan required another division.

3

IT WAS a very nice calculation of time and space and transportation that my staff made for me that

December of 1940. An Australian division completed its equipment and became ready for action just as the battle of Sidi Barrani was fought and won; at the same time a convoy came into Suez, the ships of which could move part of a division to the Sudan on its return voyage; if the opportunity were missed, shipping would not be available again for a month or more and the reinforcement of the Sudan would be too late. I decided that if all went well at Sidi Barrani I would relieve the 4th Indian Division with the Australian division, — I could maintain only one infantry division in the desert, — send the 4th to join the 5th in the Sudan, and launch the two Indian divisions against Italian East Africa as early as possible in 1941. So, to its bewilderment and anger, the 4th Indian Division was turned round on the barely won battlefield of Sidi Barrani and dispatched by train and ship to the Sudan.

There is no room here to tell the story of how the two divisions chased strong Italian forces through hilly passes up to the great mountain wall of Keren which the Italians with some reason deemed impregnable; how after several repulses they stormed that fortress against a more numerous enemy, conquered Eritrea, and, turning south, made short work of a position at Amba Alagi even more impressive than Keren in appearance. This practically ended the Italian East African Empire.

There was, however, no rest for these troops; we were fighting three other campaigns in the Middle East: in the Western Desert, in Crete, and in Iraq where a rebellion had just broken out; we might at any moment have to take action against a German occupation of Syria; and our resources were small. Early in June a brigade of the 4th Indian Division, but newly returned from the triumphs in Eritrea, had to be employed in Syria. The story of the part played by this brigade in the fighting for Damascus is indeed a stirring one; its gallantry turned the scale and won the city when a stalemate, or worse, seemed inevitable.

I left the Middle East shortly afterwards and became responsible, as Commander-in-Chief, for all India's soldiers — and her sailors and airmen as well. In less than six months we were faced with the sudden treacherous assault of the Japanese, and had to fight for the next six months a losing battle in Malaya and Burma up to the very borders of India herself. The full story of those disasters has yet to be told. All I propose to do here is to say a few words of the Indian soldier as I saw him in those six months.

I visited Burma, Malaya, and Singapore just over a month before Japan's entry into the war. I had at that time no responsibility for the defense of those

countries, and went only to see how the Indian troops there were getting on. All the units I saw, and I saw many, were smart and well turned-out — the Indian soldier always takes a proper pride in his appearance; but the depressing surroundings of rubber plantations and jungle seemed to have had some effect on their spirits. There was a sense of unreality in all the preparations for war with Japan at that time; no one seemed to believe in the possibility of Japanese attack, and most keen soldiers I met asked me about transfer to an "active" theater.

4

Two months later, a month after Japan entered the war, I landed in Singapore again. This time I was responsible for the operations, as head of the short-lived ABDA Command. During the next month, in Malaya and Singapore, till the latter fell, and for three months afterwards in Burma, I saw the Indian soldier in disaster and retreat. My impression of him was this: he was often bewildered and at a loss in strange and alarming conditions for which his training provided no solution — the reinforcements hurried to Malaya and Burma that were to stem the Japanese advance had been prepared for fighting in the open plains of Africa and had not even completed that preparation — and so was sometimes intimidated or bluffed into premature surrender; but he did not lose his discipline or soldierly bearing and seldom broke into panic. On many occasions he put up a magnificent fight against heavy odds — at the first Japanese landing at Kota Bharu, on the banks of the Sittang River in Burma, in a rear-guard action south of Mandalay which cost the Japanese very dearly, to name only a few instances. I saw practically every man of the force which withdrew out of Burma into India in the middle of May almost at once after they had reached India; they did not look or feel beaten men, and were conscious of having done a good job in trying circumstances.

It is unfortunate that my final association with the Indian soldier as a Commander should have been in the Arakan campaign, since the results of those operations have been used in some quarters to question the value and fighting qualities of India's troops. The operations of the winter of 1942-1943 in India were governed by lack of shipping and landing craft; had these been available, both strategy and tactics would have been different. Circumstances compelled me to commit troops with little or no training in jungle craft to some of the most difficult country that could be imagined and to a

long and tenuous line of communications, in the hope that, if all went well, we might catch the enemy off his guard and gain by land a strategical objective which would have been much more easily reached had shipping resources been available.

At one moment we were probably not far from success. That these inexperienced troops were eventually outmaneuvered by a seasoned Japanese division with the advantage of better communications, and that they became somewhat disheartened in the process, cannot be held to discredit the Indian Army. I set a small part of it a task beyond their training and capacity; the main responsibility for the failure is mine. But when the effect on the other side becomes known, it will certainly not be found wholly to our disadvantage; and the lessons learned and experience gained have been invaluable.

In any event, what occurred in Arakan has not shaken my belief in the Indian soldier, nor that of leaders who know him better than I do. Naturally one cannot expand an army of under 200,000 to nearly 2,000,000, under the hasty conditions of war, and hope to have the same quality of training or of leadership as in peacetime, especially in view of the difficulty of language. But I am certain that when the time comes for the real, sustained counter-offensive against Japan, the Indian soldier will not be found wanting.

The reception given in Great Britain to the representatives of the 4th Indian Division has shown the appreciation of the part that the Indian Army has played in this war and of its comradeship with the other fighting men of the Empire. I add this small, but sincere, personal tribute.



HOW BAD IS THE FLU?

by JUSTINA HILL

AN indisposition to do anything, or to be anything; a total deadness and distaste, a suspension of vitality; . . . an ossification all over; an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events; a mind-stupor; a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience. — CHARLES LAMB

I

THE victims of influenza are less articulate than Charles Lamb, but at this moment there are thousands of them, the world over, who have recently experienced the hang-over which is so characteristic of this infection, and thousands more will do so before this strange disease again retires to its normal level of incidence.

In discussing the health of our army, General James S. Simmons stated that respiratory diseases were the most troublesome in the last war and that influenza must still be considered one of the most formidable "disease enemies" of the soldier. Many of us this winter were reminded of the world out-

break of flu in the winter of 1918-1919: in this country alone there were then more than 20,000,000 cases resulting in about 430,000 deaths in less than six months.

During the present war England had to cope with the urgent problems of acute respiratory infection in overcrowded air-raid shelters and in factories; now these dangers are our concern wherever they are met in camps, schools, industrial concentrations, transports, or public carriers. The possibility of recurrent epidemics, perhaps of increasing virulence, even of another pandemic, must be faced.

Although influenza is still far below its 1918-1919 level, we must not be complacent. Some danger signals are flying. The number of influenza cases, 82,951, reported by our State Departments of Health for the week ending December 18, 1943, was more than three times greater than that of the previous week and more than twenty-seven

A bacteriologist who has fought against germs all her life, JUSTINA HILL is an alumna of Smith who did her graduate work at the University of Michigan. She is the author of *Germs and the Man*, and of *Silent Enemies*. She was with the Near East Relief, first near Constantinople and then in Far Eastern Turkey. Today she serves as bacteriologist in the James Buchanan Brady Institute of Baltimore and as an associate in urology in the Johns Hopkins Medical School.

times that of the corresponding week in 1942. While the fight goes on, let us consider what advances have been made since 1918-1919 in the prevention and treatment of influenza and its ally, pneumonia.

A comparison of what was known then with our present knowledge reveals that we have made amazing progress. It was generally believed in 1918 that influenza and all of the pneumonias were of bacterial origin. The viral nature of epidemic influenza was first established in England in 1933, but it was not until 1938 that "virus pneumonia" was clearly recognized. Thus we are across the frontier of explorations that promise to push the range of medical knowledge at least as far as did the pioneer bacteriologic investigations of the last century.

What is meant by *the viruses*? To most people they are as mysterious as spells of primitive magic. In 1935, Wendell M. Stanley isolated the crystalline protein which is the tobacco virus. Here are substances which seem to stand on the dividing line between the animate and the inanimate, and as more is known about them our whole concept of "life" may well be changed. The fact that to "live" — that is, to multiply — viruses must be associated with living cells is of fundamental importance in our treatment of viral infections. Much of the mystery of the viruses may be attributed to their smallness. While learned theologians used to argue about how many angels could stand on the head of a pin, today it is the size of the viruses which absorbs those scientists who are competent to take such minute measurements by means of the electron microscope. To gaze upon the photograph of an influenza virus stirs the philosophic biologist to a deeper awe of nature and to a sharper impulse to investigate the laws which must control these atomies.

2

INFLUENZA exists in three forms: the world-sweeping pandemics such as that of 1918-1919, the epidemics such as we are now passing through, and the low-grade, constantly present or endemic form. It is from studies of epidemic influenza that the greatest progress has been made. It is plainly wrong to consider the flu as a war disease, although, as Edward Francis has noted, when virulent influenza coincides with the cruel shifts of population caused by war, the disease rises sharply.

What happens between epidemics is still a mystery. Richard E. Shope has discovered that the closely related virus of swine influenza can remain infective in the earthworm for as long as thirty-two

months. Christopher H. Andrewes has suggested that human influenza viruses may have a basic, harmless form, in which they are harbored in human carriers and from which they become virulent. It is recognized that epidemics tend to recur *every other year* and that the present wave is not an example of spontaneous generation, but the continuation of what appears to be a cyclic pattern. This cycle has frequently run a course of thirty-three weeks. What effect the substitution of transcontinental and transoceanic aviation for caravan and ship will have on this cycle remains to be determined.

Until much more is known, "influenza" includes at least three types of infection, all of which present the same symptoms. The first of these is the catch-all, "acute febrile catarrh," from which the term "cat fever" is derived. This includes the influenza-like diseases from which specific viruses have not yet been isolated. The second form is influenza A, traceable to the specific virus isolated in England in 1933 or to related strains. It is this virus which seems to be largely responsible for the present epidemics and which is so widespread that it has been identified in England, in Martinique, in Minnesota, and in army cases in Michigan. The third form is influenza B, also due to a specific virus; this virus was isolated in New York State in 1940 and then traced back to a California epidemic in 1936.

Both of these viruses, A and B, are of world-wide distribution, but are apparently unrelated; both can cause epidemics, and alone or together they might cause a pandemic. Except for the fact that influenza A is often more severe than influenza B, their differentiation is important to the victims of the disease mainly from the point of view of immunity, since one apparently offers no protection against the other.

Epidemic influenza is characterized by its sudden appearance and rise to a peak in three or four weeks, followed by a prompt subsidence from six to eight weeks after the onset. Although from 10 to 40 per cent of a population may be attacked, the mortality is low. Important in its spread are not only the frank cases of obstinate people who refuse to go to bed, but also persons who are in the incubation period and who innocently remain at large, and finally the cases of "subclinical" infection — that is, of victims who have the disease like "walking typhoid." Such persons can spread the infection and may include as high as one fourth of the population. Convalescent carriers may also be important, but the concert coughers, however high their nuisance value, may be relatively innocuous.

3

Now what steps can be taken to prevent influenza? Avoidance of exposure is preached but too seldom practiced. Crowded trains, streetcars, and buses — here is the environment in which respiratory infection flourishes. While thousands of civilian workers and members of the armed forces are forced to take this risk, anyone who feels a cold coming on and has an ivory tower available should stay in it.

Two types of vaccination against influenza are being studied. In one of them the vaccine is put under the skin. In the other it is applied to the mucosa of the respiratory tract to increase resistance at the local barrier which the virus must pass to cause infection. Extensive trial of this type of vaccination has been made among Australian troops and in Russia. In general it may be said that vaccination against influenza is still in the experimental stage and that, while it may not prevent infection, it may modify the course of the disease to a milder form with fewer complications.

The possibility of stopping the viruses in mid-air is of great interest. On this side of the Atlantic we have little concept of the importance of such a control, say in air-raid shelters where thousands of people have had to sleep night after night. In the British shelters the emphasis has been mainly on the control of cross-infections in operating rooms and in hospital wards. It has been found that small droplets such as are expelled in coughing can float in the air for many hours, even days. Arthur T. Edwards recently found that 10 per cent of an original amount of influenza virus can remain alive on blankets for days or weeks. It is difficult to know whether the persistence of influenza in certain households is due to this domestication of the virus or to its constant introduction as active members of the family carry home the infection from outside contacts. It is the killing of these droplets that is urgently important. For this, two promising methods have been found: the use of ultraviolet light and of germicidal mists or aerosols.

Since 1936 the value of ultraviolet light has been repeatedly demonstrated both experimentally and in practice. Edwards and his associates in England showed last year that ultraviolet light, operating at a short distance, killed 99 per cent of an influenza virus in the air in six seconds. It must be remembered that the use of ultraviolet light must be carefully controlled, that it is most effective in small spaces, and that the air must be directly exposed to the light. Its successful use in schools, in operating

rooms, and in hospital cubicles is a promise of its ultimate value.

When Queen Victoria was under Lister's knife, she objected that his carbolic spray got in her face, but when she realized how serious the situation was for him, she hastened to add that she liked the smell of this drug. Later in his career Lister honestly stated that he believed himself wrong in trying to sterilize the air; and for about seventy years thereafter the idea of a germicidal mist was regarded as nonsense, while surgery mastered the problems of the sterilization of tangibles. Fortunately interest in the use of such substances revived in the years before this war, and by 1938 the Frenchman Trillat had introduced the term "aerosols" for these germicidal mists.

The theory of their action is simply that a small amount of a chemical which is known to be germicidal be finely dispersed into the atmosphere. Water was not a satisfactory solvent, partly because of its rapid evaporation, and for that reason propylene glycol, a pretty name with which everyone will probably soon be familiar, was used to carry a number of germicides, including Dakin's solution. The English, hard-pressed to improve conditions in their air-raid shelters, which sometimes, as in Bristol, were in deep caves or old tunnels, used aerosols with evident success.

By the crab-like motion which characterizes so many scientific advances, it was then found that propylene glycol alone was highly effective. As little as one part of this substance, in the form of an aerosol, was active in at least several million volumes of air. Its effectiveness against both bacteria and viruses was established in this country by Oswald H. Robertson and his associates at the University of Chicago and later confirmed in England.

The testing of the effect of both aerosols and ultraviolet light under epidemic conditions fortunately will take time. There is evidence that better aerosols may be developed. At present ultraviolet light and aerosols seem to be about equally effective when properly used, but the latter are simpler to apply. Forced upon us by the war, the use of these aerial tactics to prevent infection may become one of the great advances in public health. If their use is extended by technical advances from schools and hospitals to barracks, dormitories, transports, movies, theaters, wherever *Homo sapiens* is least cautious in his overcrowding, this may well be the simplest way of preventing a large proportion of epidemics.

We still lack any chemical prophylactic for influenza and any drug of value in direct attack on the

virus once the infection has been established. The sulfonamides are not of value. Penicillin so far has been found ineffective. A wide range of chemicals has been studied in hope of stumbling upon one which would attack these viruses. One can only hope that by "cookbook chemistry," the laborious making and testing of thousands of compounds, or by a lucky strike, someone will find an agent which can penetrate our cells and reach the viruses so securely ensconced within them. When this discovery comes, it will be one of the last steps needed for the control of infectious disease.

4

WE KNOW a good deal more about pneumonia, that handmaiden of influenza. So far the evidence shows that relatively few of the dreaded post-influenzal pneumonias are due to the influenza viruses, but the whole problem will have to be re-investigated with the techniques which have been recently developed. It is now hard to think back to those Dark Ages when the sulfonamides were not available for the treatment of bacterial pneumonias (which have been the killers in influenza); yet it was only in 1937 that sulfapyridine was introduced. The effect of the sulfonamides upon the death rate in pneumonia is indicated by the figures of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. In the year ending in August, 1937, their figures showed a mortality rate of 85.7 per 100,000 cases. By 1942 this rate had dropped to 31.9 per 100,000 cases, a decrease of 63 per cent. If selected series of pneumococcal pneumonias are studied, the mortality is now found to be about 10 per cent. These figures represent the saving of a great many lives. There has also been a measurable shortening of the length of illness.

But bacterial pneumonias are still on the list of living infections. No way, except common-sense hygiene, has yet been found to prevent pneumonia. The possible use of the sulfonamides to ward off bacterial pneumonias in victims of virulent influenza may be important, but little is yet known about it. The high number of carriers has been emphasized here recently by Dr. W. H. Harris, Jr., who reported last year that after sulfonamide treatment more than one third of the convalescents left the hospital carrying their pneumonia germs with them. It must also be remembered that, like Mithridates and his poisons, some bacteria can adapt themselves to the sulfonamides. While the incidence of these strains is now low in pneumonia, it may be of in-

creasing importance. Yet these difficulties are relatively minor in comparison with the extraordinary advances which have been made with these drugs.

Individuals unfortunate enough to be susceptible to a sulfonamide-resistant germ or too sick to be saved by the sulfonamides need not despair. Immune serum can be used for the treatment of bacterial pneumonias, and on the horizon stand penicillin and other substances obtained from molds. Here is an enchanting revelation in the history of medicine. While civilians must yield their claim for penicillin to the armed forces until more of it is available, the day will come when it or related substances will supplement or possibly replace the sulfonamides.

Dr. F. G. Blake recently reported the strange case of the Connecticut farmer, some of whose family and ten of whose twelve cats came down with an atypical pneumonia in which there was a strong suggestion that both the felines and the human beings were having the same viral pneumonia. In these newly recognized groups of pneumonias due to viruses instead of bacteria are some of the most curious and interesting infections now known. Some of these strange diseases seem to reach us from animals, especially birds. About a fourth of the viral pneumonias in an eastern urban area were recently found to be due to the virus usually associated with an acute respiratory infection of parrots, a disease known as psittacosis. This virus and the one that prefers cats are now believed to be related. Similar viruses have been found among pigeons in our city parks and among domestic fowl, so that during epidemics of viral pneumonia even these apparently harmless creatures must be viewed with a suspicious eye.

The non-bacterial pneumonias do not respond to the sulfonamides, and no prophylactic for them is known. Hopes were recently raised in England when patullin, a mold derivative related to penicillin, was found to be effective in the treatment of the common cold, which is a virus disease. Unfortunately the first series of cases was small and others have not been able to confirm the results. It appears that neither the answer nor the key has yet been found.

Influenza and pneumonia are sometimes killers. We have learned much about them; we are bound to learn more. The possibility for their control seems brighter than it has ever been. As Theobald Smith said, "Among other aims adopted for the post-war period might well be included freedom from respiratory disease."

BEAUTY FOR ASHES

by FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

1

THERE is a moving chapter (lxi) in the prophecy of Isaiah which gives courage to those of us who contemplate the holocaust of Europe and which fixes us with a new pattern of responsibility: —

The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

...
To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;

...
And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations. . . .

For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

They are hopeful words, these words of Isaiah, but not easy ones to swallow with complacency when each day we hear that some new European monument which we have loved has been bombed out of existence. It is impossible to estimate how much of European culture has perished in this war. What Hitler has not already destroyed in England, France, in Italy and Greece, he has threatened to wipe out in the hour of his defeat. Libraries, churches, and galleries of art have been destroyed and looted, and with them have gone the creative labor and imagination of countless generations. With every lamp that has been broken and melted down into the slag of barbarism, there has been extinguished some small tongue of the eternal flame which has ever warmed humanity and lighted the pathway of ignorance.

Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR has been thinking through the problem of how to restore the works of art which have been looted by the Nazis, and of how we in America can assist in rebuilding the art centers of Europe.

The thoroughness with which the Nazis have perfected the technique of ruin may be cited by the single example of the great library of the University of Naples, where kerosene was poured upon the bookshelves and each alcove in turn lighted by exploding hand grenades. In every land that has felt the searing imprint of the Prussian boot the story is the same. During a single night of the fire in London, eleven million volumes — more than the total contents of the Library of Congress — were burned. The Board of Economic Warfare has put the looting of works of art in occupied countries (not including monuments destroyed by military action) at over a billion and a half dollars — more than the total value of works of art in the United States.

The raids upon the military targets of the Reich by the British and American air forces, despite the most elaborate efforts to spare cultural centers, have inevitably drawn in their wake of ruin a certain portion of that patrimony of the world which the Nazis so despise and obviously never have deserved.

To be sure, the institutions of Europe, viewing the progress of catastrophe after 1934, undertook certain necessary preparations. The Munich incident provided a dress rehearsal for the evacuation of the Louvre. The most careful and competent plans were made, and in September, 1939, hundreds of thousands of works of art were moved to the south of France, where later they came under the control and possession of the lieutenants of Ribbentrop. In England, the National Gallery and the British Museum sent their finest things to the country. Only the masterpieces were thus favored, for the great bulk of systematic collections were too vast and clumsy to be transported to safety. The mass of scientific and reference literature was left to the mercy of the blitz.

In the United States, along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, similar preparations were made for

the safety of public collections. The Metropolitan Museum, upon the advice of military authorities, put away some fifteen thousand works of art. This operation, which occupied the greater part of the time of the entire staff from Pearl Harbor until the following May, was carried on under ideal conditions of labor, packing, and trucking. Yet in the aggregate less than one per cent of the collections was removed from the Museum. Surely in Europe, in the midst of battle, no greater percentage of the collections of museums and libraries was taken away. We are faced, therefore, with the grim realization that while the greatest masterpieces of Europe have probably been preserved, even though many of them have been stolen by the enemy, the comprehensive study collections have for the most part been necessarily abandoned to uncertainty.

Now, contrary to popular belief, the history of culture is not written about the isolated masterpiece, but is drawn from the study collections. Beautiful and important as it is, the masterpiece cannot stand alone. It is a *prima donna* which must have a supporting cast and chorus to speak authoritatively for the time and place of its creation. Cast and chorus are the vast chronological sweeps and type series from which the masterpiece springs and demonstrates by comparison its unique and superior qualities. A great work of art is essentially the extension of the artist's personality — a communication of his vision to the beholder. There is a parallel in literature, where the poet is not judged by an individual utterance. His impact upon his generation, and ultimately upon posterity, is not confined to one of his works alone. Shakespeare, for example, would probably have been considered great if no more than a single play or sonnet had come down to us. But it is through the great body of his full creative production that he has exercised his enormous influence.

So it is with the artist. The page of drawings from Michelangelo's notebook in the Metropolitan Museum, the only work by his hand in America, is in itself an object of inestimable beauty, but its value to the Museum and its public is in its relation to his other known works and to the various aspects of Renaissance civilization which are reflected in the tapestries, paintings, and furniture of the Museum's galleries. The collections of prints, of ornament, all of the type series of decorative arts, help us to understand the real meaning and significance of the painting and the statue. Knowledge is an accumulation of facts and opinions which sharpen the visual perceptions.

What is true of the study collections of museums is even more true of libraries. The loss in London

of the files of newspapers of the last two centuries would be, from this point of view, a far greater catastrophe than the destruction of the Codex Sinaiticus.

2

THE peculiar nature of museums and public libraries, which jointly bear the burden of man's collective memory, is, as Frederick Keppel once observed, that of an iceberg — they are at all times seven-eighths submerged. Their importance and value lie not alone in what the public sees, but in what the student knows he can find in them if he looks for it. Their chief purpose, then, is to show the visitor the best, in order to whet his curiosity to consult the stacks. That is the problem of the institution abroad as it is in this country. And in so far as this is true, every object in a museum storeroom takes on an added luster.

But the circumstances of the war have abruptly interrupted the life of Europe's libraries and museums where they have not yet been destroyed. It will take years for her institutions to return to any normal program. The destruction of personnel has been as dreadful as the loss of property. New generations of scholars must be trained, if for no other purpose than to classify and sort out the chaos of collections which have changed hands in the war. The physical and financial burdens alone will force galleries to remain closed for many years. Works of art long neglected in improper storage will require endless attention by competent technicians. One shudders to think of the works of art that may perish by default. Where, one asks, can the necessary training in scholarship and technique be acquired?

The answer, of course, is that we in America have a new responsibility towards our European colleagues. Having been for so long on the receiving end, we find it hard to realize that this is our big moment to repay our debts. But we can repay them only if our own standards of scholarship and integrity can measure up to those which in the past we borrowed overseas. Those standards imply a complete and ready understanding of what we have. The larger museums of the United States already have the most extraordinary riches in practically every field. The more we know them, the better we can interpret and classify them. It is our duty so to perfect our own institutions as centers not merely of popular recreation, but of scientific study and research, that they may form the cornerstone for the re-establishment of those abroad.

Already the body of competent professionals in the United States is very large. The universities and

colleges, the museums and library systems, have developed in recent years an expert personnel who, while they may lack in some instances the charm and polish of the generation which trained so many of us abroad, are today far better equipped to carry on the intellectual tradition than those collaborators who are left behind in the institutions of Hitler's "Fortress Europe." For one of the additional tragedies of the war is that many of the finest minds have been forced into exile and their places filled with successors whom we should consider second-rate. Under the leadership of these exiles and those scholars who have survived the Nazi terror we must prepare professors, librarians, archivists, curators, and architects who can devote the next ten or twenty years to reconstruction. They may be nationals of foreign countries whom we can bring to our institutions for graduate study.

American generosity knows no bounds; yet it is often as ill-considered as it is spontaneous. The very inconsistencies in our approach to problems which for centuries have tormented the older nations immediately make our gestures suspect. The Congress is providing astronomical sums for the feeding, clothing, and physical rehabilitation of Europe. Even in this field of the arts a commission for the salvage and protection of the artistic and historic monuments of Europe has been appointed to function with similar commissions of the United Nations. In the January *Atlantic* the Editor reported a movement launched by the American Library Association for the collecting of books, both scientific and in the humanities, for replenishing the parched or destroyed libraries of Europe. This work, towards which the Rockefeller Foundation has granted \$200,000 for the purchase of scientific periodicals, has won the enthusiastic response of our entire academic community.

The Department of State has established a committee of distinguished educators to advise it in the selection of personnel for the reopening of Continental schools and universities after the cessation of hostilities. The ambitious program of the Greek War Relief Committee for the reconstruction of entire cities is a further evidence of our desire to help those who have suffered more than we have. It has even been suggested that archaeological excavation, financed by American institutions, be conducted to provide work for villages in Mediterranean countries whose ordinary means of employment have been wiped out by the war.

Worthy as these suggestions may be, we must not let ourselves be misled into the belief that the rehabilitation of European culture can be accomplished by lend-lease alone. Charity begins at home.

It is not enough for us to send abroad books and vitamins, teachers and laboratory equipment. For if we limit ourselves to those objectives, the ready willingness of the European mind to reject our interest as economic and intellectual imperialism will be more than justified. We must face the fact that, though we have not suffered from the war in the same way or to the same degree as the inhabitants of continental Europe, our stockpile is rapidly diminishing. We no longer have the resources and reserves that we had in 1939.

The "speeded-up" program of the colleges, with its complete abandonment of humanistic study, has left tears and gaps in the fabric of our intellectual life which sadly need repair. Our institutions have become, by force of war, shabby not only in their physical and outward appearances but likewise in their points of view. Because of critical shortages of trained personnel, emphasis has been placed on the virtue of the applied and social sciences to the exclusion of the proper long-range furnishing of the mind, and we are seriously in danger of losing our souls in our frantic efforts to save our skins.

If circumstances have thrust upon us the economic and political responsibilities of world leadership, we must accept the intellectual responsibilities as well. An English friend remarked to me, "You Americans, like the English in the eighteenth century who undertook to see the world and shoulder the white man's burden, have entered upon the era of the younger son." By this he meant that we must be willing to make the sacrifices of maintaining the burden and obligation of hereditary civilization. We shall see our sons and grandsons settle in distant lands, in Asia and the South Pacific, in Africa and Europe and in our own Western Hemisphere, contributing to the reconstruction of a world which is forever expanding, yet at the same time shrinking through ease of communication and air transport.

These colonists of the future must be strong in the belief of the land which gave them birth. To give them this strength and the necessary background and perspective for their task, we must perfect the cultivation of our own gardens. Our own institutions must flourish in the practice of a wisdom restricted to no time or place or people. Europe then may be convinced that, in the good fortune of our sanctuary, American scholarship has been able to hold in trust for her, and intact, the civilization which withered in her hands. When she is ready to rebuild once more the citadel of the mind, may she find something besides material wealth in the New World. We must be prepared to give her, besides our food, our old clothes, and our dollars, "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning."

THE JEDGE AND THE SUBMARINE

by E. C. DRAKE

1

THE wake of the *Nora Wilson*, our converted fishboat, congeals in the greens and whites of a country stream frozen in mid-ripple, a long slub in the pattern of breeze-shingled water. The Atlantic rests. No wave makes a trough to hide a periscope; no mist conceals a conning tower and a deck awash. It is a perfect hour to concentrate on nothing.

But the quartermaster's eyes search over the water as always, and I say to myself: He cannot take himself away from the horizon and from home. Indeed, why should he?

Our quartermaster is a quiet man from the merchant marine. There is nothing to his tall and weathered figure but bone and tendon, acute black eyes that find the buoys coming up before the lookout calls them, and a heart that homes to Richmond, where there are the woman he married after the last war and a daughter of eighteen he calls "the little girl." It is seldom that he speaks more than a word, and that is ground, honed, and reserved for the occasion. His quietness is a moat between him and the rest of us, no more so than the distant set of his eyes. It is no discourtesy that the quartermaster's eyes are over our shoulders when he talks to us on the bridge: it is simply that his business is on the horizon, and his heart homes to Richmond.

The lookout shouts, "Smoke two points on the starboard bow!"

The quartermaster searches the bearing a moment and says, "A flock of birds," and returns to the rail, to the horizon and home.

Or so I believe until he says, "One of these days they are going to call quits. We are coots enough to let them, like the last time."

I did not know that the quartermaster thought of the war as anything but a duty. Here is an intimation that he thinks it an issue with past, future, and

resolution. To be resolved how? Now something unsuspected may be learned about the quartermaster, as we have learned that Hasely plays the guitar, that Semmes draws, that the engineer has had four wives, that Levin can bend an iron spike, that Schmid is a father, that Morrison fought Henry Armstrong, that Lordino has read Pareto.

"I don't hear any sentiment anywhere for calling it off," I say. "I'll go along that if at the end of the war there is any doubt about who won it, we'll not keep it won very long."

"There are about fifty million too many Germans in the world. The time to stop the war is when there are just enough."

"You don't have it in you to kill fifty million people, quartermaster. Neither do I."

"Ten million, then, and put a wall around the rest."

"It is only revenge. You get sick of it in a few months. It is no answer."

"Lad, do you want to come out here and do this every twenty-five years? Twice is enough for me, sir."

2

GORDON, the j.g. chaplain, came aboard one Saturday afternoon while *Nora* lay in the district yard. Gordon is of medium height and color. He wears glasses, speaks pleasantly and fluently. He is, as he describes himself, a personality who is the pivot of society only by ordinance. Yet that does not say enough, for his convictions exert a force of character that, if not axial, is polar, and to hear the clash of his theology with the captain's is to hear a historic commotion.

On this Saturday afternoon, Gordon came aboard to extend an invitation. "I noticed you were a new ship in here," he said. "We should be very happy to have you and your men at services and Mass tomorrow morning."

E. C. DRAKE is the nom de plume of a young American philosopher and storyteller who has served with our "Trawler Fleet."

"That's very cordial of you. Come below and meet our captain, Lieutenant Welles."

Before the war the captain, Lieutenant Welles, was a Florida "cotehouse lawyer" — reason enough for him to be known now as "the Jedge." The captain took a liking to Gordon and kept him on to see what was in him. During supper Gordon mentioned the line between chaplains and men — the line as clear as a rank stripe, and the stratagems used to erase it.

"The first item of chaplain indoctrination," Gordon disclosed, "is directed toward bringing us closer to the men. That we are separated is assumed. There is a suspicion everywhere that religion has got away from the people, so the Services have invented the Dale Carnegieisms to make us one again. To this end a chaplain first must absorb the two S's — sports and swearing. The importance of sports and a moderate amount of selected cussing is apparent.

"After we become reasonably proficient in the two S's we progress to the three F's of sermonics — facts, fun, and fight. A sermon has to be built around a tangible — a date, a name, an event. Then a joke to relieve the strain of ten minutes of pure religion. Then a fighting moral. The usual way to organize a sermon is to go to the concordance, turn up the name of someone who did nothing, — say, Gomer, son of Japheth, my text for tomorrow, — arbitrarily call him a sea captain, go to a joke book for something appropriate, invent an episode that leads to the joke, state the moral — bang! sermon.

"That is all well and good, but it doesn't make the chaplain much more one of the boys. So, boring right on, they make us recreation officers. If the boys want a football they get it from the chaplain. If they need somebody to help get special liberty, try the chaplain. Then there is publicity: photo — chaplain and sailor in undershirts; tag line — 'Chaplains take part in every phase of Navy life'; statistics — 'Chaplains hold X number of services in X months, X number of men attending, a religious coefficient of X prime.' And the easy slogans — 'There are no atheists in foxholes.'

"It follows, of course, everybody loves the chaplain — only they don't. There's something missing. What the Navy wants us to do is to get ourselves absorbed, when really our mission is to get what we stand for absorbed. It is not the chaplain but the religion that ought to be absorbed, and we are going about it like friendly traders with trinkets for cannibals. Something is missing."

"Religion," observed Welles. "Religion is missing. You are no longer religion and you are trying

to hang on to what you are. You have staked out a claim on the word, and the ground has moved out from under you."

"I don't for a moment believe it," Gordon retorted. "Religion is where it always was. That is why it is religion. It is the word you are moving, not the ground."

"What is missing, sir," said Welles evenly, "is religion. You have kept all the techniques — the churches, the schools, the orders, the gifts — and let the religion go. It has gone elsewhere. It does not matter what sect, it is all the same, the religion has gone. Take me — I am a churchgoing man and I am a religious man, but I am not getting my religion from the Church. That is going on not only in my church but in yours and among the Jews and the rest of them. I hope I do not offend when I say it is true of your church particularly because it is the mother church and has to do with vastly more human beings than do the mutation churches."

"You do not offend at all, for you are saying what has been said since the Reformation. Luther said it. Huss said it. 'The Catholic Church is a carcass,' they said. 'The religion is gone out of it.' And yet the Church has endured."

Gordon sobered to the debate. "It is not the Church the Reformation catches up with," he continued gravely. "It is the people. And when it does, God pity them. The new prophet of the Reformation is Stalin."

"Yes, Stalin," the captain agreed. "Well, one of the new prophets at any rate. Unfortunately all the new prophets seem to be secular."

"The new prophet of the Reformation," Gordon repeated. "The lineal descendant of Martin Luther. He thinks it is something you do with society that is the salvation of the people, when it is the salvation of the individual man — man by man — that is the only hope of society. The fundamental error is the rejection of the principle that salvation, and hence personal peace, proceeds person by person. For this has been substituted the error that first there must be organized a world that is conducive to salvation. That is the whole program of the new materialism — you first perfect society; men can wait. But it is men who must first be saved."

"Oh, my goodness!" the Jedge interjected. "Men won't hold still long enough to be saved your way. You get one man saved, and when you turn your back on him to save another, the first fellow backslides. You have been at that now for two thousand years — and if I may say so, the method is hoeing corn with a sickle."

Gordon said, "When enough of us find salvation, the inward peace of individual men will flow over

the world, and the ethical society you pursue will be freely given by God."

"Amen," the Jedge said. "Let me assault you on new ground, which you will say is the very oldest ground and I will agree. I am wondering which the Church is holding harder to — the historic doctrine of grace or the institutions that propagate it. As I say, you have not only let the ethical nature of religion go and hung on to the doctrine: you have even let the doctrine go in the rush, and today you would a damn' sight rather lose a thousand believers than a cathedral."

"Would you like that proved? Well, did the Church not turn its back on the believing people of Spain in favor of a cynical, sophisticated political cabal that undertook to salvage the real estate? You have become the allies of the crassest materialists on earth! If the Church continues to align itself with the Francos against the absolutely inexorable yeasting of the people, the Church is setting itself up to manufacture a war a year from now to the sixth Sunday in April."

"Whatever else may be said of Franco," replied Gordon, "he stood for the preservation of the Catholic system, which is the system through which grace is given to men. Franco, in the measure of eternity, will be accounted the friend of peace, for he stood for grace and the ultimate gift of peace. You are talking about a few years and an episode. The Church is talking about eternity."

Against such steadfastness the Jedge finally retreated and, shaking his head in dissatisfaction, got to his feet. "I have devoted two cigars to this completely useless discussion, and that is all I can afford. But I appreciate the talk, sir, and you will find me in your congregation tomorrow morning if you will let me get to sleep tonight."

"You will learn something about Gomer, son of Japheth. That I assure you." Gordon smiled and said good-bye.

3

THE shores open and *Nora Wilson* dips her peak to the swell, knowing she has met the great bay, the intimation of the sea whose water will no longer be the sustainer but a convulsion ridden by sufferance alone. I reach for the handrail overhead. The captain leans heavily on the chart table. In the chart drawer, in the hold under the wheel, in the medicine locker, unsecured bulks scrape and roll the width of their cells before *Nora* steadies again.

At the weather station, the small-craft warning flies. *Small craft seek shelter!* That is not for us. We are the Navy.

Land falls behind scrim after scrim until only haze remains. We turn from the mine sweeper we are escorting to worry a piece of ocean a mile away. A half mile astern is another converted fishboat, the *Sweep*. Out here we can see how absurd it is for the *Sweep* to be in a war. And for us also, for she is only a reflection of ourselves.

At the dock we look like Navy — husky, done up in battle paint, a pelorus on each wing, searchlights and automatic guns topside, a three-inch rifle cocky on the forward deck, depth charges racked on the fantail. But out here, looking at the *Sweep*, we can see ourselves for what we are: a little fishboat with half the gouge of the forward well decked over; where the fatbacks once were piled is a torpedo-shaped room in which men now cook, eat, sleep, and play cards. The *Sweep* moves like a breast-stroking swimmer, head down, head up, though not so rhythmically. Rather, her deckhouse craning high, she moves as a stiff-necked dowager across a plowed field, without regard to the contour of the medium under her; she steps into air where the sea should be; her red-lead petticoat shows, and the foam laces back to the stern.

The meaning of that step we feel in *Nora* — the drop away of a roller coaster, the stagger and rise of a deer shot in mid-blunder. A wash boards the deck, bucketing water high on the bridge so that the quartermaster must turn on the windshield wipers. Bulks shift everywhere in the ship. The steersman drops to a boxer's wary crouch.

Yet it really was no swell at all, perhaps six feet before our bow exploded it. Nothing like a comber with a pegasus mane you see on the beach; not one of those terrifying fifty-foot visitations of Joseph Conrad. Nothing but a pucker of the sea.

"There's discoloration on the water just ahead, captain," the quartermaster says. "Oil. Or maybe somebody's pumped his bilges."

The Jedge, our captain, studies the area through the glasses. It is hard to say just what this fingering slick is, other than an opaque skin on the black water, spotted with iridescence and twigs and scraps of near-shore flotsam. *Nora* pushes through it. "A probable contact turned up out here the other night," the Jedge says. "The *Five Sixty* depth-charged it. Nothing conclusive." He puts up the glasses. "Like to save all these patches and have a quilt some day. Who's on the sound gear? Morrison? See that he stays sharp, will you?"

It is time for the wheel watch to change. Below me Schmid sticks his head out of the galley where he has been drying. He reconnoiters the weather, then steps out on the weather deck, "like a scout in no man's land," the Jedge remarks.

The figure is true enough. There are three shelter areas on the deck: the foc'sle bulkhead, the stack, and the upended life raft. There are three hazards: the roll of the ship, the wash on the deck, and the bitter spray off the bulwark. The gunner darts with a tense, low movement from bulkhead to stack, and balances against the roll. The gauge in the pilot house says *Nora* is leaning thirty degrees, a third of the way to lying down. We are taking the sea on the quarter; the worst we have ever rolled is sixty degrees. The gunner steadies himself in the lee of the raft, and as *Nora* regains her keel, he skitters to the ladder, eyes over his shoulder on the next roller.

The position is taken. Another skirmish with weather, the apparent enemy, is won. The official enemy we seldom meet, and then only as a noise in the sound gear and a slick of oil that may as well be the sweat of running as the blood of a wound; he drifts to the back of our minds.

The quartermaster continues to watch the oil patch over the stern until it disappears.

The gray weather has raced the dusk since late afternoon and will win. It quarters the sea upon us with insistent will, lifting the screw from the water until it grutches in the panicked voice of an animal flung out of its element: then down again screw deep, rudder post deep, floods spouting through every scupper in the deck bulwark.

As the weather closes, officers and hands gravitate toward the bridge on errands more or less legitimate. Each takes a minute to appraise the prospects. Every man but the captain, who wears a fresh shirt and tie, is stripped down to undershirt. Every undershirt is drenched with sweat. The air in the pilothouse is heavy with smoke and sweat and stillness.

"The glass is moving up, sir," advises the quartermaster striker who has come up to check the barometer. "Is that right? It should go down. It's gone from twenty-nine-three-five to thirty-zero-four-zero in the last half hour."

"Might go either way just before the storm, Bregg," the quartermaster says. "What you watch for are radically fast changes. That's what counts."

"Yes, sir."

Lordino puts his head in. "Permission to cover the fifty-calibers, sir. Keep them dry."

"Granted."

"What time do you expect to find the convoy, captain?" I ask.

"About seven-thirty. How do they say it in the Navy? Nineteen-thirty? We could run into the escorts any time now. What do you say you post another lookout? Put Cookie up there. Tell him to

watch sharp for something low. Hardly can see a cutter in this sea."

Baskell, the new gunnery officer, comes on just to look around. He is pale, and when the Diesel smoke hits him through the porthole he goes outside to retch and spit and rest his forehead on the cool steel rail. Semmes reports to tinker with the fathometer, which has begun to behave erratically, showing thirty fathoms over all bottom; we are already beyond the hundred-fathom curve where the coastal shelf tips into deep water. The engineer, handing in the evening fuel and water record, is projected through us from port to starboard by an unexpected tipsiness of *Nora*. Bringing up against the burning-hot degaussing panel, he curses, "This damn' fish-boat!" There is a welt on his left shoulder.

When the heat and traffic on the confined bridge show signs of getting out of hand, I begin to shoo off the unnecessary men.

"Temperature still ninety-eight dry bulb," Bregg says.

"It's not the heat, it's the humanity," Baskell grunts. The Jedge chuckles, then motions me to follow him onto the wing.

"Damned if I like this," he says. "Feels like there'll be more than small-craft warning weather. Damn' shore stations always underrate the weather. Better keep one foot out here till we make the convoy."

We walk the pilothouse brow trying to project visibility, straining to find the suggestion of a hull in the murk. Occasional beads of spray fly up, refreshing a particle of sodden skin. The following breeze, deadened by the ship's momentum, allows the Diesel smoke to hang at the mercy of every current, swirling now toward the bow, now, sickening, toward the bridge. In the west there is vague visibility to the horizon. South and east, banks of haze have crept in upon us. The north is a massive indigo shawl with a fringe of rain threading into the sea; soundless, restless lightning wickers in it, seeking a huge escape until, with the abruptness of fright, the fabric splits in brightness and thunder enough to make a statue flinch.

The cold front pours out on us fresh and clean, remindful as music, carrying the air of caves and streams and moss-graved granite rocks in the hemlock woods. The scent of a hundred intimate memories is in it.

"Down to ninety-six already, sir. Ninety-five —" Bregg calls. "Ninety-four —"

"Get me a quote on Steel," Baskell mutters and is at the rail retching again, this time into the wind. "Ach." Baskell is four months out of a law office. This is his first real weather.

"Go on, get off your feet, Baskell," the Jedge urges. "Get some rest. No use killing yourself. We'll call you if we need you."

"I'm all right," Baskell says.

The interior of the storm is a gigantic cathedral the color of midweek worship, transepts towering, dissolving, and reshaping, corridors reaching to the mingling borders of dusk and mist. Clouds float on the sea itself so that the rain sluices at us as solid matter not yet dispersed into drops. Eyes cannot be held open against this downpour; vision squeezes through slit lids, through felted lashes which the hands mop momentarily clear. Without limit the torrent reaches effortlessly, minute by minute, toward new crescendos. The chop is beaten back into the swell; even the swell seems to hood itself, exerting its strength blindly, in confused, unpredictable directions.

Ducking into the pilothouse for a breather, I see we have yawed twenty degrees off course. Bryan watches the compass as he fights the wheel a turn to the right. There is barely daylight through the fogged portholes.

"Ahead two thirds."

The quartermaster rings the reduce speed order to the engine room.

The thrum of rain on sheet metal and the static rasp of the radio, sensitive to every electric nuance in the atmosphere, are the only continuing noises in the house. Small talk has ceased. The quartermaster takes the sending phone off its hook and hangs it on a binocular case. The circuit takes ten seconds to warm after the transmitter is lifted from the hook; now it will be ready for instant use. That is the quartermaster's admission that he does not like the weather.

4

SHIP two points abaft the starboard beam — I think it's a ship," the lookout reports doubtfully.

Simultaneously the captain shouts, "What's that to starboard? Is that a ship?"

The quartermaster and I break for the wing, searching through the rain. Glasses are useless. I can see nothing but the false hulls formed by clouds and waves, appearing and disappearing.

"I say I saw it, but I don't see it now," the captain says. "Lookout, can you still see that ship? Is it a ship?"

Cookie leans over the lookout rail, watching the sea as he shouts to us, "No, sir. . . . I don't see it now. . . . You see it, then it fades out. . . . It's in that light mist there. . . . There. . . . No. . . ."

"Ahead one third. Bryan! Ring down one third."

"Something is there, sure enough," the captain insists. "Couldn't make much of the profile — seemed to be bow on to us. Only there for a second."

"Wasn't much to it, sir. Looked like a cutter. I guess it's the escort, sir."

"It bears two points on the quarter," the quartermaster says flatly.

Still I see nothing, nor does Welles. Cookie finds it again. "Yes, sir. A cutter, sir. An eighty-four."

"It's no cutter," the quartermaster states. "It's like no cutter I ever saw."

Faintly now, through slackening rain, the suggestion of a vessel materializes, seen and gone and seen in the edge of the mist. The deckhouse structure is close to the bow, the hull low; this is a cutter profile. For once the quartermaster is wrong.

Now the shape is gone, and when it reappears it does not seem to be quite what it was — the bow and the house have drawn apart. Is it two vessels passing?

"It is coming about to starboard. It is no cutter," the quartermaster continues. "Too long. Too much room between the house and the bow."

The suspicion of what it is paralyzes the backs of our minds, but we do not say it. It is too foolish for an adult to believe. Submarines are found in the sound gear; if they are seen, it is by someone else. If they are seen, it is at dawn at a great distance on a quiet sea, out of effective gun range, so that the ballistic may be computed, the ship made ready, the course changed, the contact report radioed — not in this dreamlike way, within rifle shot, on a heaving sea where a gun deck cannot be made to hold still; swinging away from us leisurely, without belligerence.

The captain acknowledges it. "Submarine, God damn it," he shouts.

"On the surface?" Baskell is incredulous. "What's he doing on the surface?"

"We will go over and ask," Welles replies and turns the general quarters button.

This is no drill. The men know it. This is no drill, not in this weather, at this hour. *Nora* lumbers heavily as her rudder sends her right. Above me on the ladder, Klein loses his footing and swings pendulum-like until *Nora* recovers. On all the decks, ladders, and catwalks, men take positions efficiently, in oilskins, in drawers, in shoes without socks, barefooted. The siren screams. The accelerating engine trembles.

Hasely stands by the boxes of broken-out reserve ammunition. "Is it really a sub, sir?"

"Yes. I've lost track of where it is. Report the machine guns ready to the bridge."

"Just went into that muck a point on the star-

board bow," Bryan says, flexing his knees, feeling the balance of his gun.

The deluge has diminished to the volume of forthright rain punctuated by receding lightning and thunder. Visibility is irregular, dusk settling more rapidly than the rising breeze can drive away the haze and the steaming shreds of storm. The gunners' problem is not decreased by the helmets, which, while they provide sufficient eaves to shed rain from eyes, afford no assistance in the principal ballistic, *Nora's* roll in the trough of the sea. Against this wallow nothing avails but to reach for the nearest fixed object — a rail, a gun, a box, an anchor man — and hang on until the weight below the waterline asserts itself and *Nora* reluctantly stands upright before lurching again.

Baskell's pointer and trainer work incessantly to keep the three-inch gun aimed within some respectable range of the target. Baskell's small, alert figure holds onto Schmid, who, in turn, holds the gun breech. The ammunition party with their heavy loads skid helplessly on the wet decks, crashing roughly into each other. Baskell shuffles right and left trying to fit himself into the pattern of the trained gun team. But all action moves successfully, however crudely, toward the ultimate purpose of a loaded and ready gun. It can be no better on the sub, whose deck is awash in this miserable sea.

"This int the way we drilled for it, is it, sir?" Bryan asks. Then visibly his breath is constricted as though the last window in the body had been shut down in preparation for a storm. The mind has been distracted by the hurrying events and the physical exertion. Now the situation is at rest. There is nothing but the enemy and the gun and the dry, suspended nerve that is the self. There is neither courage nor fear. The animal, intelligent man is ready to fight. Only men who consciously stand apart from themselves, distrusting the completeness of the moment, have breath for nervous talk or epigrams. Not even "This is it" can be felt or said.

"Hold fire!" Welles shouts. "Hold all fire! I don't think they see us yet."

The words are barely out before the shadowy shape — Is that the sub? Is that a waterspout? — begins to wink without sound the quick, green code of machine-gun fire. Our reply is instant.

"Bryan, fire!" The gun answers in short bursts that seal the ears, tracers veering toward, then away from, the target, stopping as Bryan leans

against *Nora's* roll to pivot the gun back to range, then veering toward and away again.

The submarine's fire no less than ours is wild. Tracers, spaced among the armor-piercing shells, travel at finite speed, cores of hard light striking the ocean and ricocheting in startling bounds out of sight in the sky. The submarine continues to turn away. Our forward gun comes into action, each shot recoiling brutally through the decks.

"Klein, fire!" The port gun speaks and jams. Klein rattles the bolt without effect. Opening the breech, I pry the jammed shell out with a screw driver. "Try it!" The gun fires freely, spitting cartridge cases in my face and chest while I stupidly try to fathom what the hail is.

A line of submarine tracer begins high off the bow and swings down until it is snuffed out in the water. Then the enemy is gone. On the surface he has seven knots more than we, and the cover of night.

Hours later, miles away, the *Five Sixty* dumps charges on a perfect contact, and in the morning another opaque slick fingers along the Atlantic swells . . . the sweat of running . . . the blood of a wound . . .

In the morning we put Baskell in the wherry and transfer him across a settling sea to the *Osbert* in the inbound convoy. The pharmacist's mate turns back the sheet to see what there is to report. Apparently the shell did not pass through, but, upon entering the throat, splintered through the mouth and cheeks, in which all features are pulped and obliterated. In each eye the blood is clotting and soon will rust to the color of a holy penny.

From these wars the heroes will return, ten or fifteen million strong, seasick cooks and legless gunners, fighting men and writing men, line officers and supply officers, and who shall say which is greater? Some, like Baskell, will return only as a memory in an empty bed, and they will be no less real for it.

To what shall we return? Is it not the deepest truth to say that we shall return not only to the infinitesimals of our personal worlds and to the infinities of statecraft, but that, more than anything else, we shall return to ourselves?

We shall return to a world the ten or fifteen millions of us make. And to those who are not of us, I say: Do not put too much trust in us. And to those who are of us, I say: We are the generation who said our fathers let us down. What will our children say of us?

COME FLY WITH ME

by MAZO DE LA ROCHE

1

HE HAD had his eye on her for some time. Each time he looked at her something deep inside him thrilled in sudden joy. There was that about her which made her unlike all other young females. An observer might have discovered nothing different in her. Nothing to cause that vibration through his nerves. But even in the far South, where they had wintered, she had had an attraction for him and in some subtle way he had been able to communicate this to her. So now after the long flight northward, during which he had had only occasional glimpses of her, he awaited her coming with confidence. He and a group of other swallows had sought out the breeding place of last year, a country home in the southern part of Ontario.

He had been hatched in one of the tall chimneys of this stone house on the hill and he now circled with unerring instinct about it. If any of the other swallows were his kin, he was unaware of the fact. His vibrant little being was held by only one bond, the bond between him and the one whom he awaited. For three days he awaited her.

Then suddenly he saw her.

There was no mistaking her! The instinct that had guided him to this home of his desire had guided her to him. Between them there passed a joyous tremor of recognition.

But she did not fly to his side. Instead she alighted on a gable of the house. She was tired after her long and hazardous journey, during which she had encountered gales and driving rain. Now in the warm spring sunshine she shook out her plumage and sank contentedly to her breast. She left the next move in their courtship to him.

He had but one thought, to delight her by the marvel of his flight and by his beauty. Back and forth he darted in front of her, his forked tail, his

long, pointed wings etched in myriad gestures against the sky. He circled, he wheeled, he soared, he turned from side to side, so that she might be dazzled by the beauty of his throat and the underside of his wings. She did not move. She looked almost indifferent and began to preen the feathers of her breast which she had neglected on the journey.

His new spring plumage, glittering with health, shone in the sunshine. Now he swam close above her. He picked up an imaginary straw and flew into the chimney with it, in a symbolic gesture of nest-building. When at last he alighted not far from her she remained motionless, accepting his nearness.

Other birds were circling skyward, delighting in the warmth and the ardor of the mating season. The gardener was digging in the perennial border and several full-breasted robins were drawing sleek worms from the freshly turned soil. Beyond a lattice fence the lawn fell steeply down to a stream. On this lower level there was a great elm tree where a pair of orioles were already building their nest. Like a small flame miraculously detached from a heavenly conflagration, the male darted in and out of the elm's foliage, beating the air with his bright wings in the haste of construction.

The two on the gable of the house sat motionless, held by the fragile but exquisite bond of this new experience. They were so young, yet nature's ritual lay open before them. Another male swallow approached them. In graceful swoops and glides he displayed his power and beauty. She looked not ill-pleased but presently, as though to show her unconcern, she spread her own wings and flew over the roof and beyond, into the wood. The newcomer was disconcerted but he who had awaited her coming flew close behind her, and, when she alighted on the branch of a wild cherry tree, he dropped there beside her.

In this small wood they spent the night perched quite near each other. At sunrise he again wooed her with all the ardor that was in him.

Canada's leading novelist, builder of Jalna, and creator of that irrepressible family, the Whiteoaks, MAZO DE LA ROCHE lives in the green sanctuary of a pine-clad knoll at York Mills, Ontario. Her trees are a regular port of call for the birds on migration.

Away she flew and he after her! But in her flight she uttered a sharp, clear note. They sped above the dark pines, above the house-top and, when she sank to the lawn, the mating rite took place.

In wild delight he now led, now pursued her, through the sunny air but always his flight drew them toward the chimney. He would dart into it, making the symbolic gestures of nest-building, then up again to her side, fluttering about her, urging her to the descent. At last she flew down into the chimney with him.

Together they perched on the very smoke-blackened ledge where he had been hatched. Remnants of the nest still clung to it though the chimney had been cleaned. She looked about her and was satisfied.

Now began their joyful work of building a home. In and out of the chimney they sped carrying morsels of clay or strands of dry grass in their beaks. Squatting in it they smoothed and rounded it with their breasts. She was the more expert at this. Indeed she now became the leader. Like the wind she sped from field or stream's edge to nest, never tiring of her task. But at times he led her to fly with him for the mere pleasure of flying. Then, in an abandon of delight they soared upward till they were no more than two shimmering specks against the blue, or skimmed low to the stream and without resting sipped to quench their thirst, or even ruffled the surface of the water with their wings and sped on, bathed and refreshed.

Then she would bethink herself of her unlaidd eggs and how she must conserve her vitality for them. More than once the marital rite had been accomplished while in full flight.

The nest was lined with feathers and down and there rested finally in it seven white eggs flecked with brown.

All this had not been completed without interference. During the time of nest-building her other suitor had followed them enviously, sometimes darting between them. The mated birds had borne this tolerantly but, when another female had approached and even entered the chimney, she had been driven off in a frenzy of anger by the little wife. Beneath the eave the sparrows were already feeding their young.

Now the oriole's nest was complete and hung with its hidden treasures high in the elm. All day the oriole sent forth his challenging song. At eventide his voice was the last to be heard, in a grave sweet cadence. The stream rustled on among its reeds. The dim shape of an owl drifted across the fields. In the nest in the chimney the little wife felt the eggs quicken beneath her breast.

2

At the bottom of the chimney there was a deep fireplace in a long, dark-paneled study. This room was cool, though outdoors the weather was very hot. The little girl came in quietly, not quite knowing what to do with herself. She came softly in her sandals, making no noise.

Then she saw that she was not alone. A young bird, fully fledged but still not able to fly, sat on the hearth. When he saw her he spread his pointed wings and hopped toward her. He did not seem to be afraid but came as though he sought her help.

She gave a little cry of delight and caught him up in her hands. She ran with him to her aunt who was drying rose petals for potpourri.

"Look!" she cried. "A fledgling! He has fallen from the nest in the chimney."

They had known from the twittering of the young that there was a nest in the chimney. For that reason they had not been able to have a fire in the study all that summer.

"Poor little thing," said the aunt, dropping a handful of rose petals. "If only we could put him back!"

Now the child's mother appeared and, holding the fledgling to her breast, mourned over him. She ran with him to the fireplace and, crouching in the aperture, held him as far up as she could, urging his parents to notice him. But they were intent on feeding those which were left in the nest. Excited twitterings came from the young ones and when the one in her hands heard this he strained upward with his beak wide open.

"There is nothing for it," said the child's mother, "but to bring him up by hand."

"We have tried that before," said the aunt, laying some bright blue larkspur flowerettes among the rose petals, "and failed."

"But they were miserable little fledglings!" cried the mother. "See how strong and beautiful he is! See how long his wings and his forked tail! He's sure to live if we feed him properly."

"He is a pet," said the little girl. "Shall we name him Arthur?"

"Why Arthur?"

"Oh, I don't know. But it seems to suit him."

Arthur very much wanted to live. Whatever they brought him he eagerly swallowed. But now came the difficulty. Of a sudden flies and moths had almost disappeared from the scene. There had been a long drought. The dry earth refused to give up more than an occasional worm. The little girl had to abandon her play, the mother her work, the aunt

her potpourri, in order to find food for Arthur.

He knew no fear. He fluttered to them with little cries of joy when they came to him. The next day he was stronger. He spread his long pointed wings and sought to raise himself from the floor. He looked from face to face without fear. The great thing was to find food for him. He was always hungry. They searched the lawn, the shrubbery, the orchard, and whenever they found insect or worm they flew with it to Arthur.

On the third day they went out to lunch, though with misgivings.

"I should not go," said the mother. "I should stay at home and feed Arthur."

"We must give him a good meal before we leave," said the aunt, "and come home early."

The little girl, all in white and wearing her best gloves, hung over Arthur in his nest of cotton wool, promised to return soon. But they went off with anxious hearts.

They could scarcely enjoy the luncheon party for their anxiety over Arthur, and hastened home. They hurried out of the car and into the house.

A change had come over the fledgling. He was ravenous but he was weak. He no longer fluttered or tried to fly but sat quite still.

"There now!" cried the mother. "What did I tell you? I should not have gone out to lunch. I have killed him!"

"No, no," said the little aunt. "He is just hungry. We must give him warm milk." She hurried to inspect her rose petals which she had left in a copper kettle on the terrace to dry. "Oh, my potpourri!" she said distractedly. "The wind has blown half of it away."

The child and she set about picking up the innumerable petals while the mother warmed the milk.

Arthur took it eagerly. They began then to search for food for him. But no insects were to be found. They heaved up heavy stones to see what might be beneath but those wriggling hairy worms were too repulsive to offer Arthur.

"At the bottom of the ravine," said the little girl, "the earth is damp. We might find worms."

They scrambled through the undergrowth down beneath the bridge. They had brought a trowel but the earth, though damp, was hard. They had a time of it to dig up half a dozen thin worms. Arthur ate them as though famished. Then with his tiny crop distended he slept. They had not realized that, being a swallow, insects and not worms should be his only food. But there were no insects.

The next morning the little girl hurried to peep into Arthur's box. She saw at once that he was dead.

She said nothing but ran to the swing and swung as hard as she could.

After a while she decided to give Arthur a beautiful funeral. She lined a small box with rose petals and gently laid him on them. Then she made a little coverlet of pansies. He looked sweet and peaceful in there.

She took a sheet of her best drawing paper, cut a square from it and carefully inscribed his memorial notice.

In Memory Of

ARTHUR

A little fledgling which
fell down the Chimney

on

August the 7th, 1940

On the oak chest in the hall she set his bier with the notice above it. All day he lay in state. Everyone who passed through the hall stopped to look.

In the evening she buried him in the flower border. She placed forget-me-nots in a little jar on the grave and the memorial at its head. A gentle rain began to fall.

3

Now the nest was empty. The young birds had been taught to fly. Now in the evening they circled and swooped with their parents in search of insects. At night all perched in a row on a secluded branch of one of the pines. Once more the mates were free of care. Still they were held in the bond of their love. Sometimes they forgot the young ones and rode the summer breeze together as in the first rapture of their mating. They had seen the orchard bloom. Now they looked down on the golden fields of the harvest. The orioles too had reared their young and the song of the male rang out bold and free. The sparrows beneath the eave were rearing a second brood. As the swallows darted past they could hear the cheeping of the young ones.

Perhaps it was this that gave her the idea. Certainly it was no wish of his. When he peered down into the chimney and saw her on the nest he was astonished. When she uttered her sharp love cry and swept before him above the lawn he followed, almost reluctant. But she had her will.

The first time she had laid seven eggs. This time she laid five. She showed almost fierce absorption in the brooding over them. Storms came and the sparrows' fledglings were swept from their nest and washed in a torrent of rain down the veranda roof. Their naked blue bodies lay scattered in the morning sun. But her nest was safe. In due time she hatched out five lusty young ones.

He did his share of the feeding without enthusiasm. Often he was restive and longed to fly, with her winging at his side. But he was loyal. The fledglings throve and began to grow their feathers. This was well because a chill was now in the air. At night they were thankful to snuggle beneath her comforting breast.

One morning when the reeds by the river were whispering and a golden mist hung on the horizon, he fed the young ones with no help from her. She did not come. He flew in wide circles above the house-top and the trees, looking for her.

Suddenly he saw her perched on the chimney. He flew joyfully to her side. She darted away and he after her. They flew for a space, then he sought to turn her back. In cajoling circles she led him on. But the thought of the fledglings held him. He

pressed back to them with strong strokes of his wings. On the way he captured a plump moth and flew with it down to the nest. Five upward straining beaks greeted him. He thrust the moth into the throat of the nearest and flew up and looked anxiously about for his mate.

What he saw was his grown-up brood, perched with two score of other swallows on the telegraph wire. There they sat, like as beads on a necklace, and she was fluttering above! She was urging him to join them!

He tried to drive her, to harry her back to the fledglings, but she would have none of them. The flock rose and moved swiftly southward, their forked tails etched against the sky. He hesitated, torn between love and fatherhood, then spread his wings and flew away with her.



REMARKS FROM A BACK ROW SEAT BY AN AMATEUR PROPAGANDIST

by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

CIVILIANS hate. Civilians yell "Get tough!"
Civilians gripe about "a happy war."
Civilians say there isn't blood enough.
Civilians always seem to want some more.

Soldiers are slightly different about blood.
It gets spilled out of them, and on the spot.
And they find certain kinds of hate a dud.
And they know whether men are tough or not.

Ask the dead sergeant in the broken stuff
Just how he'd like some cutie to explain
The war he fought was "soft" or "just a bluff,"
And, if he doesn't answer, ask again.

That's all. Oh, yes, I know. In various lands
Civilians stood and took it by the millions
And propped the leagured State with their bare hands —
But, boy, not these civilians!

THE BRITISH FOOD PRODUCTION FRONT

by SIR WILLIAM GAVIN

I

IN PEACE or war the life-line of Britain is her shipping. An exhibit at the World's Fair in 1939 showed this with dramatic force — ant-like processions of ships traversing the seven seas and converging on British ports. They carried to us in food and animal feed 23 million tons — 15 million tons of food and 8 million of animal feed, these two items alone valued at some two billion dollars.

In 1917, with short-range submarines and little destructive air power, Germany brought us to within a few weeks of starvation. No wonder that in 1939 the sinking of our ships, the crippling of our harbors, and the destruction of port warehouses, silos, and cold stores were in the forefront of their war plans. No wonder that, after years of building up both submarines and bomber strength, they dared to hope for speedy victory.

Such aims were of course obvious to those responsible for British defense plans, and among the arrangements to come into force, if and when war occurred, was a skeleton organization to increase home food production and so to reduce our dependence on overseas shipping.

Six persons were selected in each of the counties in England and Wales (with which part of the British Isles this article mainly deals). These persons were asked by the Minister of Agriculture if, in the event of war, they would act as his responsible agents in their county. Five of them — three practical farmers, landowners, or land agents, one woman, and one representative of farm workers — were to act as unpaid members of a War Agricultural Executive Committee; the sixth was to be a paid full-time Executive Officer. Although these members-designate were not elected, but nominated personally by the Minister, in the light of his

Department's local knowledge, there was still full democratic control inasmuch as the Minister remained responsible to Parliament for all their actions.

Within a few minutes of the outbreak of war, telegrams of appointment had gone to the nearly four hundred persons concerned and in a few days all Committees had met. Little did they realize in those first hours the magnitude of the duties and of the difficulties they were shouldering, or indeed the achievements which stand to their credit.

The Committees' first task was to form their own organizations, for the basis of operations was to be local — local planning, supervision, and authority in the hands of practical farmers within the framework of central guidance from London on broad policy. Committees were instructed to divide their counties into districts of suitable size and to appoint in each a District Committee directly responsible to them and not to Headquarters. Subcommittees were also appointed to deal with specific sections of the work, such as labor, machinery, feeding stuffs and fertilizers, drainage, horticulture, and other matters. Wide powers were given to County Committees, to be exercised by them alone and not by the District Committees and the Subcommittees.

These powers authorized Committees to give directions as to the cultivation and management of agricultural land, park land, or land used for sport and recreation. It enabled them, with the Minister's express consent, to take over the land of a farmer who had failed to comply with the direction he received or who was not cultivating his holding according to the rules of good husbandry.

Not since feudal days have the occupiers of land in this country been forced to accept such authority over their operations, and indeed over their lives and their homes; for unlike the factory owner forced by war conditions to give up his business, the occupier of land usually has to give up his home together with his land. It speaks volumes, therefore, for the justice and moderation of the Committees

Chief Agricultural Adviser to the British Ministry of Agriculture, SIR WILLIAM GAVIN has long been associated with farming enterprise in Britain. His immense knowledge of all aspects of agriculture contributed no little toward feeding his countrymen in the crisis years of the war.

as well as for the loyalty of the farmers that, speaking generally, there was remarkably little friction and no proved case of injustice, self-interest, or personal bias.

Grumbling there was, of course, in fair measure. The British farmer, not without justification, has long exercised this right; but even this rapidly died down as the seriousness of the position came to be realized and the reasons underlying the tasks asked of them came to be understood by the farmers.

The first prime task was the plowing up of permanent grassland in order to increase the acreage of tillage for direct human food crops, but it may be of interest to add here some of the directions in which these powers came to be exercised: —

1. Growing of specific acreages of wheat, potatoes, sugar beets, and other crops which the nation required.
2. Application of fertilizers.
3. Thatching of ricks.
4. Cutting of overgrown hedges or trees which interfered with cropping.
5. Clearing land of bushes.
6. Better management of livestock.
7. Destruction of pests and game.

It must be emphasized that although Committees had power to enforce all these things, the overwhelming majority of farmers voluntarily fulfilled the tasks laid upon them without compulsion and in good will and full coöperation with Committees.

2

DURING the first nine months of the war there was little fighting in France or in the air, but there was intense activity on the land. The Government demanded the plowing up of one and one-half million acres of grassland and this was done, with a few thousand acres to spare, in spite of the longest winter frost for a century. A good beginning was also made in turning over to vegetables the flower gardening knowledge and enthusiasm of millions of small householders. A brilliant slogan, "Dig for Victory," appeared on all the hoardings of the country.

Then came the spring disasters of 1940, when it seemed that every week a fresh country was overrun. With the fall of France the whole edifice of Allied strategy collapsed and Britain was left alone in Europe to fight it out with an Axis that dominated the Continent and threatened those sea routes which alone connected Britain with the other parts of the Empire, then her only partners in the war.

This collapse cut Britain off from many of her sources of supplies of food and food-producing materials. We had always drawn butter, eggs, and bacon from Denmark and Holland, vegetables and fruit from France and the Mediterranean countries. It is not so well known that we relied upon the Continent for many seeds, and upon North Africa for essential phosphates. Through the Mediterranean also ran the main oil-tanker route from Haifa and the Persian Gulf.

The strain this situation put on our shipping resources was immense. Ships to the Near and Far East had to be diverted round the Cape of Good Hope, quadrupling the time taken and dividing by four the yearly carrying capacity of a ship. Worst of all was the easy access to the Atlantic of U-boats based on the west coast of France. As the war went on, their activity imposed a greater and greater strain on shipping and brought back the deadly peril of starvation in an even more acute form than in 1917.

In those days it was obvious that the food resources of the country could last only a few months, and during the course of the summer these were diminished as the blitz destroyed the London Docks, as burning butter ran down the streets of Southampton and meat rotted in the bombed cold stores of Liverpool and Cardiff. The policy of increased home food production — in September, 1939, a precaution — now became the vital prop of national survival. So the whole scale and the intensity of the campaign were increased. Every farmer and every gardener realized that the country expected him to grow the largest possible quantity of human food and to allow nothing to stand in the way.

From that day to this there has been no letup in the drive to bring into good cultivation every possible acre suffering from past years of neglect, to grow everywhere the best possible crops and those most needed by the nation, and to carry the plow into every field capable of yielding more food. With the new weapons of power farming it became possible to tackle land that in the days of horses had been given up as hopeless, and to embark on extensive works of reclamation.

In some areas the job was drainage, the clearing-out of farm ditches and main watercourses, and the drawing of mole drains through the clay to draw off the water from the waterlogged land. Elsewhere areas had to be cleared of trees and bushes and bracken and gorse, work for the largest crawler tractors and bulldozers, for axe and saw and fire. But it was work which in the absence of proper heavy tractors and machinery had often at first to

be undertaken with old steam engines borrowed from showmen and painted with the slogans so well known to all who ride on merry-go-rounds at country fairs. In at least one instance an elephant was pressed into service to do the work of a tractor. Everywhere the need was for tractors, and particularly for heavy tractors and equipment.

The summer of 1940 was a period of frantic digging. The Army was digging coast defenses and driving great anti-tank ditches across the face of the land. There was digging of trenches and air-raid shelters, and digging of gardens and allotments by people who knew that in this way alone could they be certain at least of having potatoes, carrots, and cabbages to live on if all else failed. All through the blitz winter, farmers and gardeners sweated to increase the acreage, and each new achievement opened new vistas to show what might still be done.

Enemy activity was often a serious nuisance, but it served only to increase the people's resolve. Huge numbers of bombs were dropped on farmlands, and it took time to restore these areas to use. A few farms and other buildings connected with food production were destroyed and there were some casualties among farmers and their men from bombs and from machine guns.

A more serious complication was the time that had to be given to military training in the Home Guard. Invasion was expected, and intense preparations were made to turn ordinary citizens into soldiers. There was not so much drilling on village greens as there had been in the days when Napoleon was expected to land, but there was a great deal more training in modern weapons and anti-tank warfare. The countrymen who had in the last year or two learned to talk the jargon of tractors and power farming now quickly began to talk the language of modern warfare as well.

Somehow farmers and farm workers managed to find time for everything, although the weather was against them once more. The harvest of 1941 was sown and harvested, and before the fields were clear, work began again on a still larger program for 1942, at a time when it seemed impossible to do more.

But help was at hand from the United States. The American farmer prepared to deny himself the fertilizers and the machinery he wanted, to help his British comrades. The passage of the Lend-Lease Act in the spring of 1941 supplied the place of dollars that were beginning to run short and gave us the fertilizers, the seeds, the fuel, and above all the farm machinery that were necessary to expand our crop acreage, and so the grim year 1941 ended with

the stage set for British agriculture to make another great effort for the harvest of 1942.

3

WITH the end of the year came Pearl Harbor and the entrance of the United States and Japan into the World War. At last the United States was not only helping but fighting by our side. But at first the immediate results were to aggravate the food and shipping situation. Losses of ships along the United States seaboard were serious: the navies had to face battles and losses in the Far East and the longer runs of convoys. Shipping routes were greatly interrupted between Britain and Australia and New Zealand, the countries from which we draw fats, butter, and meat. The loss of the Philippines and Malaya spelled shortages of rubber and binder twine.

Again we turned to America, this time for more combines as well as other machinery: combines save both twine and labor. And there were many other needs.

Barely was the harvest gathered when demands on shipping became even more insistent. Losses were heavy. Aid must go at all costs to Russia and over the long, long route to our forces in North Africa. Shipbuilding in America was going up by leaps and bounds, but even so it could not yet meet requirements.

Once again the call for assistance went out to the home farmers, for it was principally on food imports that shipping could be saved. Whatever their doubts about the resources of labor, fertilizers, and machinery, whatever their doubts about maintaining the fertility of their land, whatever their doubts about the possibility of gathering the harvest, still more crops must be sown. In just the same spirit were the convoys sailing for Russia with the knowledge in every sailor's heart that not all would arrive.

The response surprised the most optimistic. A further million and a half acres of permanent grass were converted to arable land and more than a million acres added to the wheat crop alone. In four years our agriculture has been transformed; the scenery of the countryside has changed.

If you had talked quietly to any farmer in 1940 and asked him how he could increase his food production, he would have ticked off on his fingers the things he would need: fertilizers, seeds, fencing, tractors, plows, drills, binders, and other machinery, but most of all labor — perhaps half as many men again as he was employing at that time.

If you had said to him, "My friend, you're not going to get any more men; you're going to lose some of those you've got," well, he'd have doubted if he could increase his food production at all. Yet in fact he and his workers have done it, with some extra labor in the form of the Women's Land Army, volunteer workers from schools and towns at harvest time, and Italian prisoners.

We must now fill in the gaps. There will still be reclamation in the fens and hillsides — still vast areas to drain; but speaking generally we have reached about the limit of tillage acreage which can be handled with the resources available. But much remains to be done. More livestock are required to consume the greater area of restorative crops (temporary leys and roots) that must necessarily now be grown, for land cannot go on growing grain year after year without rotational cropping. And not only the quantity but the quality of our livestock calls for attention. Though Britain has been, and is, the source of the best livestock in the world, there is still too wide a gap between the standards of the best breeders and the small farmer.

In every direction we must carry on the task of maximum production for perhaps four more years to play our part in relieving a starving Europe. Much educational and propaganda work lies to hand if we are to fulfill this program. We proclaimed 1943 as the crisis year of the war. The International Food Conferences bid us prepare for a post-war period of crisis, to the resolving of which we must make our contribution.

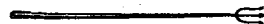
This then is a brief picture of our home food production campaign — demand following demand for the four years of war, each one greater and seemingly more difficult to fulfill than the last. The result? The 1942 harvest showed an increased output from the land of 70 per cent. The total acreage under tillage increased 53 per cent — wheat 35 per cent, oats 72 per cent, potatoes 80 per cent, and

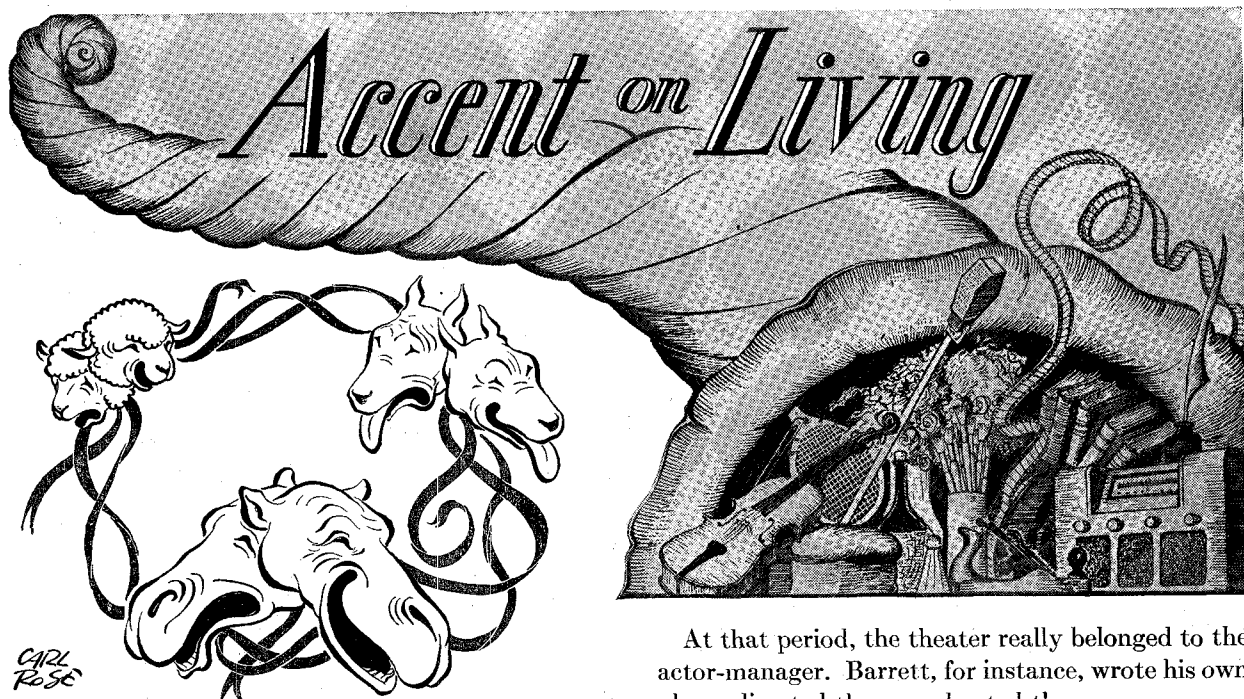
vegetables 55 per cent — with higher figures still for 1943. Dairy cattle increased even with imported feeding stuffs reduced from 8.5 to 1.3 million tons.

We in England still hear the air-raid siren and the sound of bombs from time to time. Ships are still sunk as they bring us our food. Our enemies are still strong. We cannot yet relax our efforts, so that there may be food both for ourselves and for the very large numbers of American and Canadian troops whom we welcome among us; so that there may be ships set free for the great operations of war that lie ahead; so that we may make our contribution to the feeding of liberated peoples.

And what of the more distant future? A recent article in an agricultural journal indicated that this was a question that American farmers were one and all asking. It is the same with their British comrades on the farming front here. Is the primary producer once again to have to face dire depression? Is an impoverished world once again going to regard him as of no account? I think not. Full nutrition of the human race, if it can be gradually achieved, might well project such a possibility for a hundred years, and forty-four nations have recently declared that better nutrition will be their policy. Again, more efficient farming and also more efficient distribution are capable of profoundly influencing the price structures of most countries. Lastly, the realization that the fate of primary producers everywhere is one indivisible world problem will surely lead to that full coöperation between the leading nations of the world which has never yet come into existence.

Let all who till the land go forward not only with energy but with hope and confidence. Let the nations not seek to steal a share of one another's birthrights. Let us not argue about this crop or that crop. Let us remember the reason for it all, the most important crop of all — men.





Lambs Like Grease Paint

By CONSTANCE COLLIER

I AM devoted to animals; in fact, if I had to choose another profession, I believe I should be quite a success as a kennel maid. But it was a lamb, not a dog, which dominated the greatest happening of my stage adolescence — my first appearance in a leading role.

I was very young and was walking on with the famous actor-manager, Wilson Barrett, in the revival of a Biblical play in which he had starred for years. This play was a "historical pastoral" and called for quite a quantity of curly lambs on stage; actually, Barrett made his first entrance costumed as a shepherd (mainly in a goatskin) and tenderly carrying a lamb with a supposedly broken leg.

One day, during this run, the leading lady was taken ill. There was chaos in the theater. The understudy was found to be in bed with the grippe. The management was in despair and thought it would have to close the theater for the week. But I had taken it on myself to learn every part in the piece.

I timidly offered my services. The stage manager looked surprised, but he was willing to try anything in the emergency. He gave me a quick run-through, found out I could just manage it, and notified Mr. Barrett. I rehearsed all day with the company. Mr. Barrett did not appear.

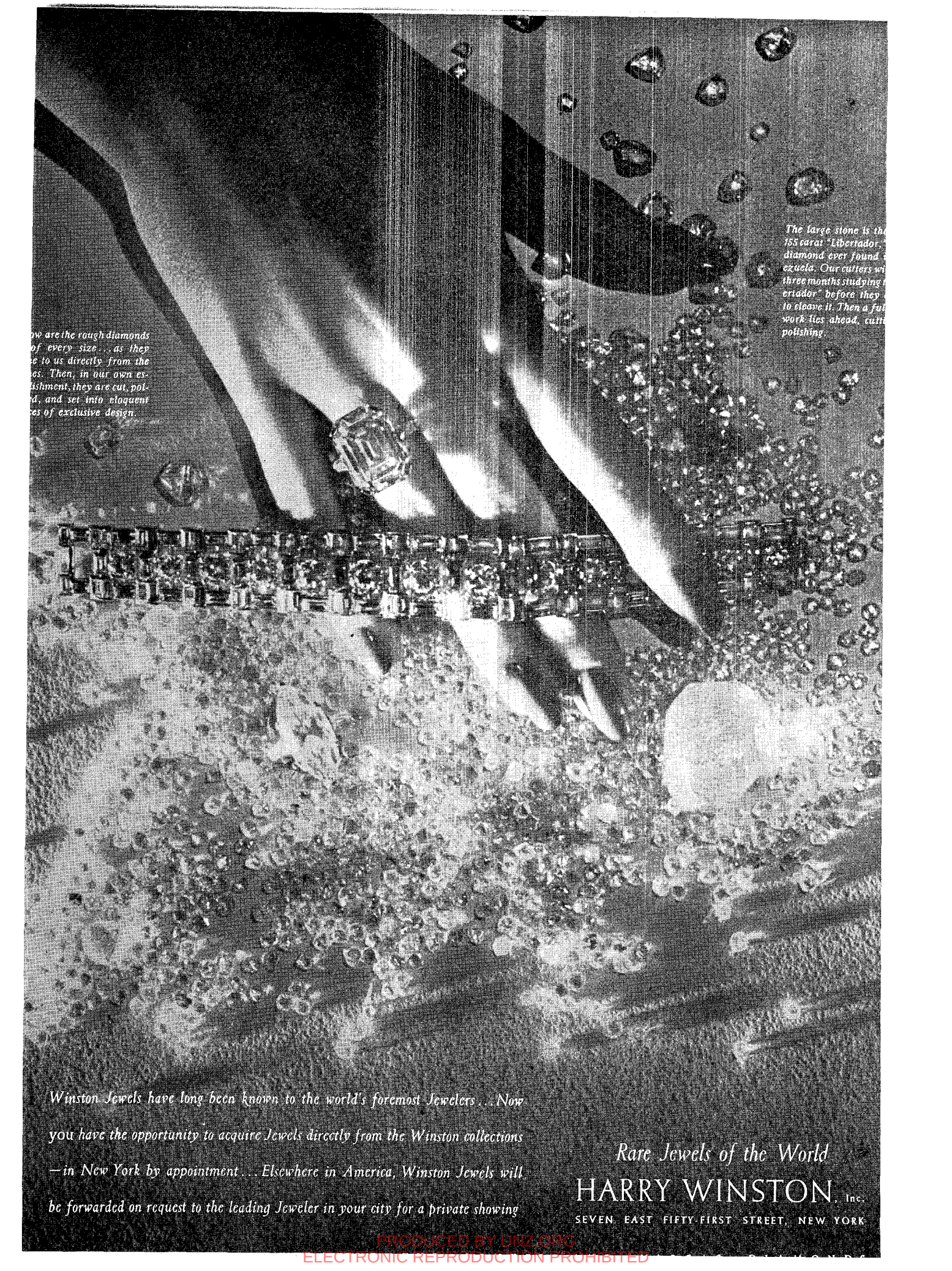
Widely known in the world of the theater, the English actress CONSTANCE COLLIER made her stage debut at the age of six and was playing leading roles while still in her teens.

At that period, the theater really belonged to the actor-manager. Barrett, for instance, wrote his own plays, directed them, and acted them.

No member of his company spoke to Barrett unless he spoke first. He was a short man with a big head, and he wore his hair like a lion. On the stage, he gave the impression of great height, because he wore unusually tall lifts in his boots. This unbalanced him somewhat, so that he walked stiffly, as if on stilts. Aware of this, he had the habit of standing quite still in the middle of the stage and letting his actors do the moving, with the result that most of them played with their backs to the foot-lights. He was adored by the female members of the audience and was a true matinee idol.

Pale with excitement at the opportunity of playing opposite this great Star, I rushed out and bought myself a whole new set of make-ups. Returning to the theater, I found myself promoted to the leading lady's dressing room. I felt like Cinderella going to the ball. I arranged the fresh grease-paint sticks in a row on the pink dressing table, under the big cheval glass surrounded by electric lights. I stayed there through the late afternoon, trying on clothes and saying my lines over to myself. Then, a large bouquet of flowers arrived from Mr. Barrett. I was thrilled. I couldn't eat anything and my temperature must have gone up several points, I think. The stage-door man sent me a cup of tea and a bun.

I was fully dressed and made up by seven o'clock, though the curtain did not go up till eight-thirty. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. The assistant stage manager entered, with a small white lamb in his arms. He told me it had to stay in my dressing room during the performance. This, he said, was customary, as the lamb had to get used



Now are the rough diamonds of every size... as they come to us directly from the mines. Then, in our own establishment, they are cut, polished, and set into eloquent pieces of exclusive design.

The large stone is the 155 carat "Libertador," the largest diamond ever found in Brazil. Our cutters spent three months studying the "Libertador" before they began to cleave it. Then a full year of work lies ahead, cutting and polishing.

Winston Jewels have long been known to the world's foremost Jewelers... Now you have the opportunity to acquire Jewels directly from the Winston collections — in New York by appointment... Elsewhere in America, Winston Jewels will be forwarded on request to the leading Jeweler in your city for a private showing

Rare Jewels of the World
HARRY WINSTON, Inc.
SEVEN EAST FIFTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the leading lady, so that it would not be frightened of her on the stage.

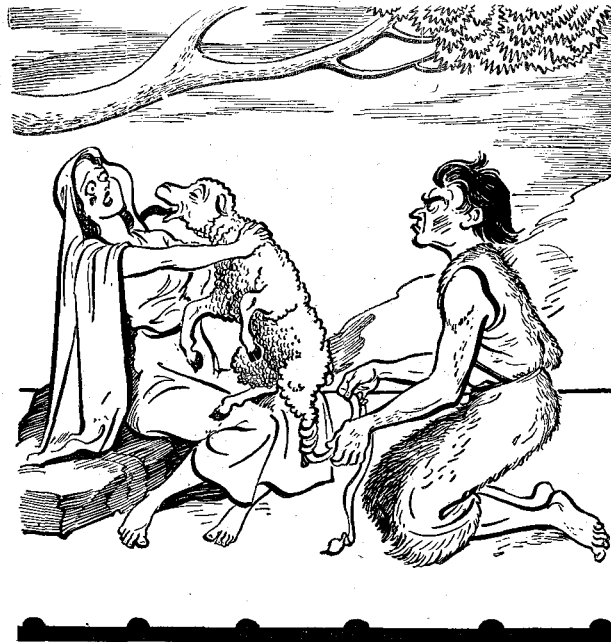
He explained that, as the play was so successful and ran on and on, the lambs had an inconvenient way of growing into sheep and had to be discarded. They were then given away, with blue ribbons and bells round their necks, to adoring admirers, who kept them as lifelong pets. The one we were to use that night had, as a matter of fact, outgrown its part; so this one had to be got ready for the following week.

At the moment, this all seemed a little disconcerting; but the lamb looked so sweet and helpless that my heart melted. I did not know much about lambs, except Mary's immortal one that went with her everywhere and had such exemplary manners.

But poets are entitled to poetic license, as I found to my cost. For a minute, after we were left together, the lamb and I stared at each other. Then it gave a leap as if it had been shot, and raced round the room, eventually landing on the top of the wardrobe. The old lady who was dressing me couldn't get it down, so I had to. I tried to pet it, but it jumped over everything, like a mountain goat, and finally retreated into the cupboard. I did not dare to shut the cupboard door, for fear it might stifle.

Abruptly, bringing me back to my coming ordeal, the orchestra outside struck up. There was a rap on the door: "Beginners, please." My heart was beating very high as the dresser and I slipped out of the room, carefully locking the lamb inside.

As I took up my stand, off stage, I saw Mr. Barrett in the opposite wing, heroic and handsome in his goatskin and holding what looked like a fully grown sheep. He gave me rather a wintry smile, then stepped on stage, being immediately greeted with a volley of applause. I gulped. The moment had come! I advanced towards him, holding out my arms for *his* lamb. The weight of it nearly unbalanced me as I staggered towards the painted bank and sat down with it. Mr. Barrett leaned over me to bandage its broken leg. (The audience found this scene very touching.) All went well; the bandage was half on. Then a strange thing happened.



The lamb stirred in my arms, seemed to scent something, perked up. I felt a lick, on my chest. I tried to stop it but there was another lick and another — on my hands, my arms, my neck. Mr. Barrett looked nervous and annoyed. The audience began to titter. But the sheep licked and licked. We tried to hold it down; it kicked out with all four feet, the broken leg forgotten. I stumbled over my words as I struggled with the wretched beast. I held it out at arm's length; it merely stretched its neck towards me, trying to lick my face. The audience laughed outright. Furiously, Mr. Barrett snatched the animal from my arms, pushed it at a stagehand in the wings, and gave me a cue to cut the scene short.

I left the stage in tears. The stage manager frantically apologized, and comforted me, saying it was his fault — he had forgotten to tell me not to put on any make-up for this particular scene. Apparently make-up is caviar to lambs — their idea of a true gastronomic delicacy.

When, shattered and shamed by this terrible experience, I opened the door of my dressing room, I found the place a shambles — my clothes scattered everywhere, my bouquet in tatters, and the new lamb on top of the wardrobe, munching the last morsel of my new grease paints.

When I was playing Nancy Sykes in *Oliver Twist*, with Sir Herbert Tree as Fagin, and Lyn Harding (the kindest of men) as Bill Sykes, we had a wonderful dog, who gave one of the outstanding performances of the production. He was a white bull terrier named Jim.

Jim absolutely adored Mr. Harding, to whom he belonged. He had just the right appearance for the animal in the play, the dog who always accompanies Bill Sykes. From the first day of rehearsal, he seemed to understand his part. When Mr. Harding, as Bill, made his entrance, followed by the dog, Jim would slink in and crouch in a corner, the perfect picture of a usually ill-treated animal — although nobody had ever spoken an unkind word to him in real life. In the scene when Bill called him, in a deep, gruff voice, there was a pause;

then he would crawl across the stage, almost on his belly, his tail between his legs, pick up the meatless bone Bill flung to him, and creep back to his corner. You could hear the audience sighing, "Oh!" or "Ah, the poor dear thing!"

But the moment the scene was over and Jim off stage with his master, he would cavort gayly around Lyn; then, in the highest possible spirits, rush out of the theater and over to the public bar on the opposite side of the street. Charging through the swing door, he would leap onto a three-legged stool and have a mug of beer and a sea biscuit. Sadly for us, Jim was run over one day, and another bull terrier was substituted. This one made us realize what an actor we had lost in Jim. For when Bill Sykes offered the new dog the bone, he would walk up cheerfully, prance back to his corner, and gnaw lustily and loudly. This got a laugh, but it spoiled the scene. The creature simply was not an artist. Like many Thespians, he acted for himself and not for the play.

But the only real villain I ever met, on the stage, was a camel. I don't think he liked being an actor; in any case, he didn't like *me*. This was unfortunate, as I had to ride him. I suppose he considered it pretty undignified for the lord of the desert to have to carry a mere beginner. Or else he blamed me for his run-of-the-play contract.

Everybody assured me he was friendly; but *I* knew differently. His keeper would tap him on the foreleg, and after a great deal of persuasion he would sink to the ground. I would then, rather gingerly, get up on his back. A practiced hypocrite, he would walk quietly onto the stage and wait until I was in the middle of my speech; then there would be a sickening upheaval beneath me as he started to wiggle his hump to tip me off. However, as the rehearsals went on, he became more docile and apparently had learned that, in spite of his ill-will, he must obey.

The night of the first dress rehearsal arrived. The theater was half full of specially invited guests.

I was wearing my beautiful Oriental robes, fresh from the costume maker, and was feeling very uncomfortable in them. Most actors hate a first dress rehearsal. They feel it the most discouraging moment in the life of a production. Everything goes wrong, one's clothes never fit, and one invariably forgets one's lines. In fact, the entire play seems to fall apart.

The camel, also, was garbed in splendor, with a golden harness and a magnificent howdah on his back. I couldn't imagine how I was to get into the howdah; it looked peculiarly inaccessible. However, when the moment came, the camel knelt down submissively, apparently in a most amiable mood, and I was able to climb in quite easily.

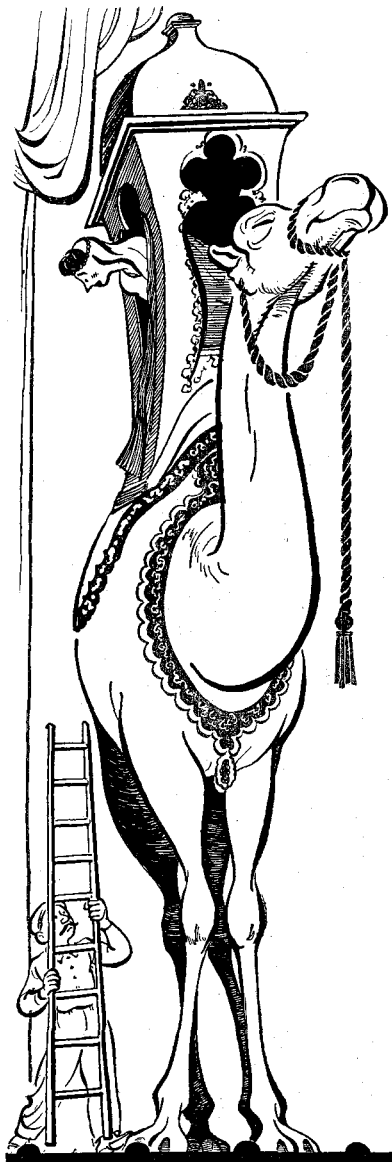
We looked regal as we made our entrance, and were received with a round of applause. I gained a little courage and smiled feebly. I got through my speech very well. The camel stood immovable; I was thankful he was behaving.

Then the keeper, dressed as one of my attendants, gently tapped him on the leg to kneel and let me off. I waited for the ungainly creature to fold up. Nothing whatever happened. The keeper yanked at the halter. But the camel had turned to stone.

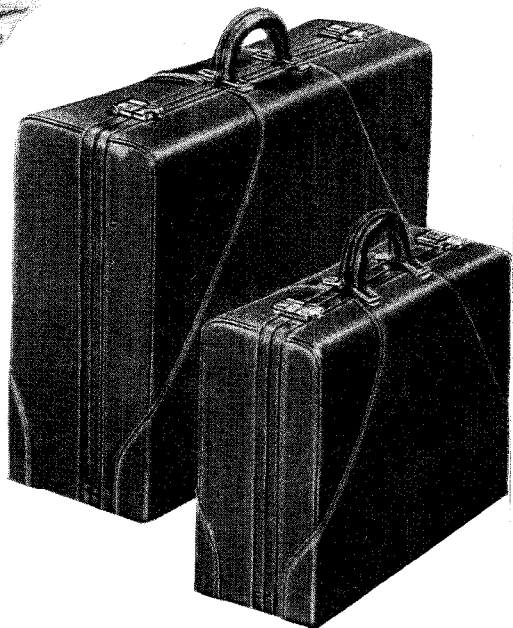
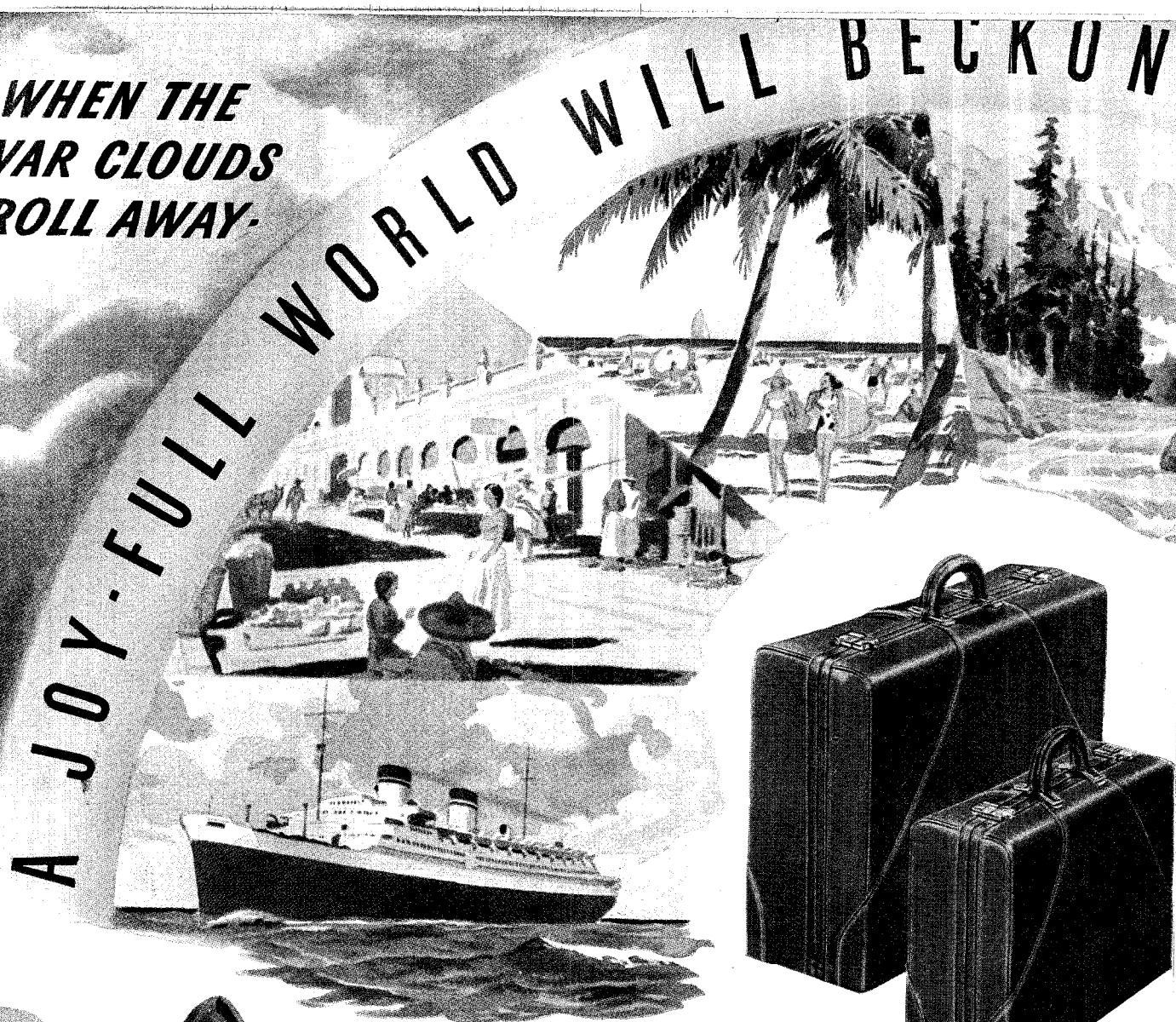
There was an agonizing pause. Then I heard the quick whiz and thud of the curtain being lowered. Planted like a tree, the camel stood his ground, in the middle of the stage. Out in front, the audience was being dismissed.

In spite of my entreaties and the endeavors of the entire company, the monster kept me up there on his back for two hours. I was hysterical and nearly fainting; I swear the camel was smiling the whole time. I dare say that, if he could, he would have laughed out loud, when at last it was decided to rescue me with a step-ladder. This was a dangerous proceeding, as camels are supposed to be able to kick with all four legs at the same time.

When the first night came, I *walked* on, with the camel loping along behind me, a look of triumph in his sleepy eyes.



WHEN THE
WAR CLOUDS
ROLL AWAY.



Carefree hours on sunny, tropical beaches or luxurious cruise ships . . . invigorating days at Sun Valley or Lake Louise . . . the grandeur of the Canadian Rockies . . . Alaska, South America . . . the romance of Old Mexico and Cuba . . . these and a thousand other places will beckon you when Peace returns to the world. How wonderful it will be to go once more where and when you wish . . . to see, to do just as you please!

And when you do travel again, the name to remember is WHEARY . . . for you'll want luggage that you will be proud to own—luggage that will carry your clothes safely and efficiently.

Your dealer's stock of sturdy, attractive wartime WHEARY models is low—for today WHEARY production is largely devoted to making various types of spe-

cialized equipment for the armed forces. But when the war clouds roll away, your WHEARY dealer will have plenty of the finest in luggage with all those exclusive WHEARY patented features.

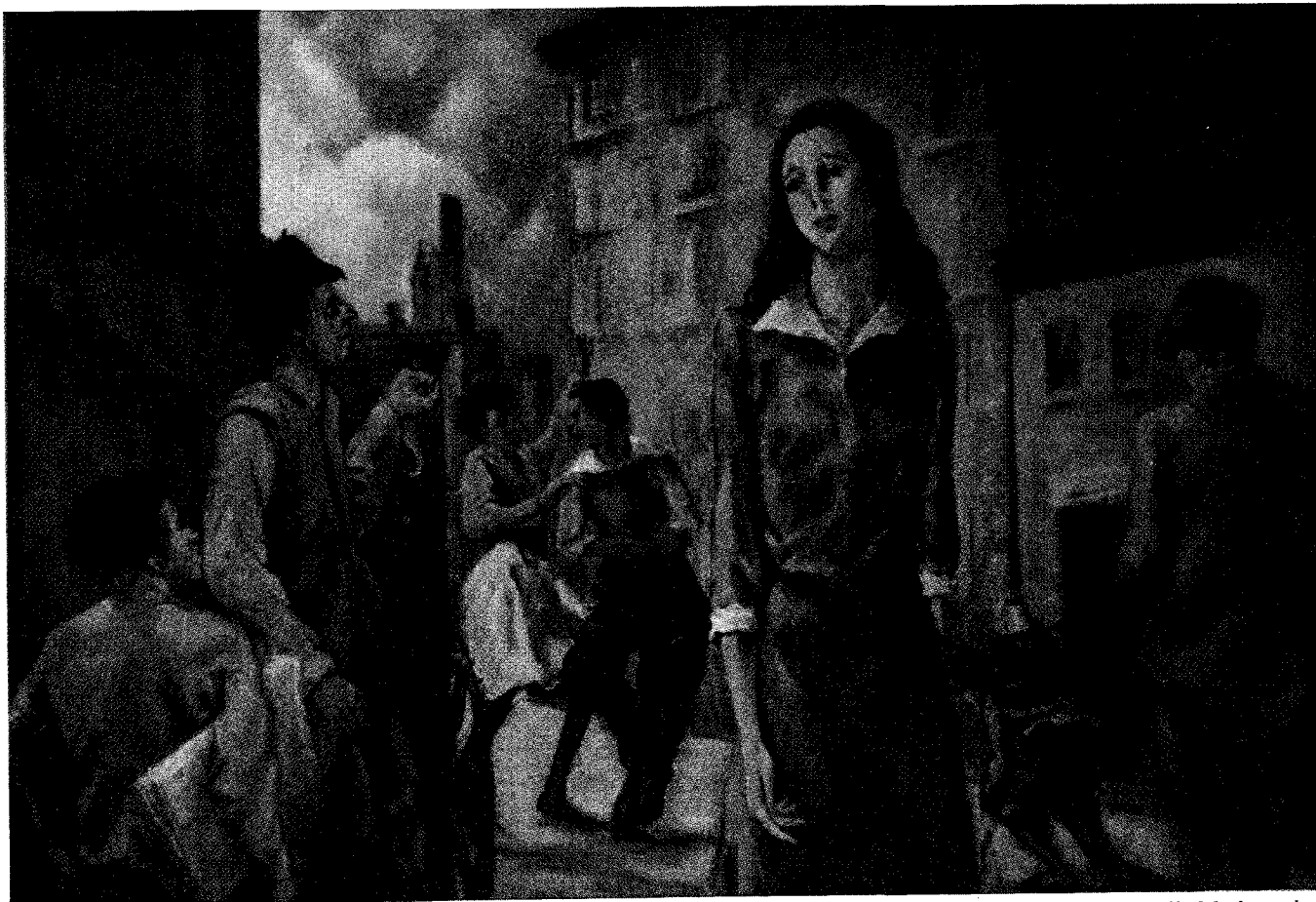
Then you'll pack your clothes confident in the knowledge that they will always look their best. WHEARY INCORPORATED, Racine, Wisconsin.

WHEARY
THE NAME TO REMEMBER IN
Luggage



BUY MORE
WAR BONDS
NOW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
WHEN YOU TRAVEL YOU'RE JUDGED BY THE LUGGAGE YOU CARRY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Peter Lauck interprets, in the sombre tones of fading twilight, the jazz-and-pathos contrast of George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." Against a bleak background of tenement buildings is spotted a girl, lonely yet somewhat heroic; an organ grinder, performing aimlessly; and a group of young negroes tap dancing. The artist has caught what Gershwin captured in the masterful interplay of sweet melody and surging jazz—the restive moods of a pulsating, turbulent city. . . . Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or direct from the Capehart Division at Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

Manhattan Rhapsody

SING a New York rhapsody! Whistle high like a clarinet for the screaming brake. Play melancholy low for the transient far from home. Drum that subway to The Battery; into the aching heart of The Bronx. Thunder boogie-woogie in the brasses for Harlem.

When man is wearied of that reality, he turns to the rhapsody of release, of music. Turns to the stately figures of Mozart and Brahms. Turns to the jazz-swing-boogie of Berlin and Gershwin. . . . Whether it be the melody of the masters or the surge of the moderns, the man who loves music demands it supremely interpreted.

That is why Capehart owners voice their gratitude for "the world's finest instrument for musical reproduction."

Today the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation is developing and producing highly scientific electronic instruments for war; but new Capeharts will be available after victory is won.

For your other musical needs, why not drop in to see your Capehart dealer? You are invited to come to his showrooms to hear Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" as recorded by Paul Whiteman's Concert Orchestra (Victor No. 35822 and Decca No. A-31), or as recorded by Alec Templeton with André Kostelanetz and His Orchestra (Columbia No. X-196).

Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Ind.

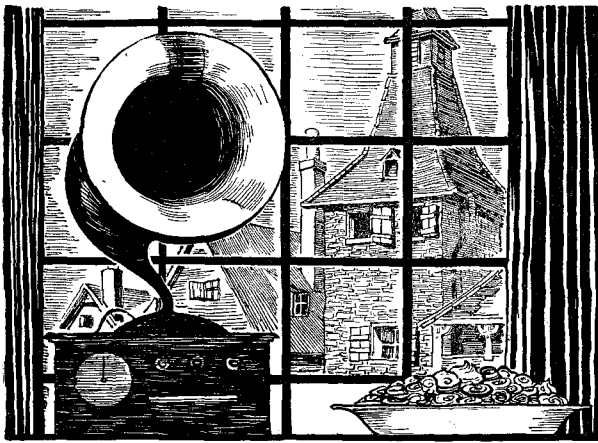
INVEST IN VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS

THE CAPEHART ADAM



CAPEHART - PANAMUSE
Products of
FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

N. W. AYER & SON



Music on Sunday

By M. F. K. FISHER

THE best days in Dijon were Sundays. Then Papazi, an apron over his pin-striped trousers and his skullcap set somewhat more jauntily than usual on his smooth pink head, made a tart for the grandchildren.

On feast days, on the innumerable birthdays, he worked alone in the kitchen. He created now a *diplomate au kirsch*, now a *bombe Nesselrode* or a dozen *coupes Dame Blanche*. He worked in a controlled frenzy, if such there be: his mustache, when we peeked silently at him through the one dim window into the courtyard, vibrated like a small, pale crescent moon above his tight mouth, and his little fat hands flicked asphishly, with delicate dead reckoning, from the bowls to the bottles to the jars and back again.

It would have been impudence raised to the celestial degree to interrupt him then. He was inviolate, a *Jehovah en cuisine*.

Sundays were different. They were really more fun. We could approach him, always with respect, but on that holy day with a kind of affectionate curiosity. He opened the heavenly doors and for a short time after church allowed us to watch while he threw together something completely simple, he insisted — something we were perhaps capable of understanding and one day even copying.

Papazi had been a Lutheran for fifty years in Alsace, not so much from conviction as from a melodramatic hope that he might have to fight for his "faith," or perhaps even be stoned. Now, in Dijon, he stalked through the Sunday streets with an exalted glare on his round old face, praying, I am sure, for a little Catholic persecution.

Few Americans have combined such lively experience in the field of cookery and such ability to describe it as M. F. K. FISHER. She is now living in California.

He never got anything but most respectful nods, of course, from all the other retired pastry- and candy-makers and their wives, but by the time he returned home and tied the Sunday apron over his pin-stripes he was in a state of quasi-religious elation.

"Hah," he would mutter above the sound of the symphony coming from Berlin on the radio. "Hah! We Protestants are a small sect here. That I admit. Small but strong! We can fight when provoked! Separate burial grounds! Hah!"

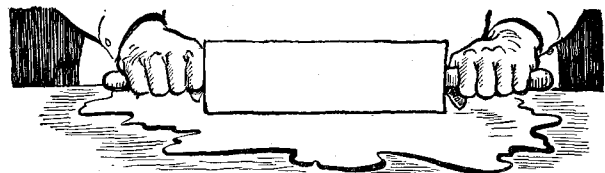
And Plume and Doudouce and I, and the eldest brother Dédé and his roommates down from Saint-Cyr now and then, would huddle in awe in the dark corners of the room, watching Papazi grit his strong teeth (teeth that had lived for almost eighty years in a constant sweet syrup of his own concoctions!) while he tossed together the Sunday Tart.

It was almost always a tart. Occasionally, if the symphonies were too good to be listened to without both his ears, he would wait until about an hour before supper and make some kind of fritters. They were of apples or cherries or cheese, and he piled them like small, dark clouds on the big platter in the center of the supper table, and we ate perhaps a hundred of them and slept deeply and sweetly through the night.

We always liked it a little better, though, when he started to work as soon as Radio Berlin or Prague came on. That would be in the middle of the afternoon. The music would swell and thunder through the stuffy dining room into the miserable cramped, dark kitchen, and Papazi's nose under his skullcap would shine cheerily in the glare from the one dangling light-bulb, and his little hands would dart into the making of the Tart.

It was always the same kind. It always looked exactly like the last one. It always tasted like what it was: the most delicious tart in a whole land famous for them.

Papazi made the pastry first, with a nonchalance I've only seen in one other cook, a colored woman named Bea, who threw flour and shortening into a bowl at least three times a week and pulled out the lightest, tenderest soda biscuits ever to be baked and eaten. There was the same airy, almost unconscious concentration about both people, the old, fat *confiseur* in Dijon and the young, smooth, laughing woman in California.



A single American persuaded her fellow citizens on February 1 to buy over \$108,000,000 worth of War Bonds. Kate Smith raised this shattering sum during 18½ hours of periodic broadcasting over the CBS network between 8 a.m. EWT, Tuesday, and 2:30 a.m. Wednesday. She spoke about every fifteen minutes, broke (by generous pre-arrangement) into virtually every CBS program over the full network of 134 stations. Fifty-seven times she concluded a fresh and moving appeal with: "Will you buy a bond?"

At the telephone switchboards of 134 CBS stations from Bangor to Seattle batteries of operators, including volunteer members of the AWWVS, sat all day and half the night writing telephone applications for bonds. At 11 a.m. the first scant returns came in — 15 stations reporting \$2,000,000 subscribed — elapsed time, 3 hours.

A woman from Fairfax Station, Va. called in and said she was buying a bond every time Kate's voice came over the air. A New York taxi driver who simply said his name was Conrad the Taxi Driver refused to accept passengers unless they purchased a bond: He phoned in 6 applications. Mr. and Mrs. John Cupina of Binghamton, N. Y., lost their son, Staff Sergeant Joe, who flew over Ploesti, Roumania in a B24 Consolidated bomber named "The Kate Smith". The Cupinas bought seven \$100 bonds in his memory. During the forenoon former Governor Alfred E. Smith, Chairman of the Mobilization Committee of the Fourth War Loan, walked into the CBS studio where Kate was broadcasting.

KATE: Hello, Mr. Smith. Glad to see you.

AL: Hello, Namesake.

KATE: Are you going on the air, Mr. Smith?

AL: I'm going to do anything you tell me.

Mr. Smith took over the microphone. "I want every person in the United States whose name is Smith to send in an order for that extra war bond now. Come on, you Smiths!"

At 1 a.m., February 2, Kate signed off the full network, but continued for another hour to press her appeal over

WABC, CBS station in New York. Her voice was still vibrant; the words still resonant with her flawless sincerity. When she stopped the elapsed time was 18½ hours; the total bond receipts to that point, \$105,392,900. That afternoon she went to a Red Cross center to give her fifth pint of blood.

★

The first two new short wave transmitters in the OWI's plan for expanding U. S. international broadcasting have set up shop on the New Jersey site formerly occupied by Columbia's WABC. Each of the 50,000-watters is beamed to all Europe; each speaks programs in English, German, Italian, French, Spanish, Serbo-Croatian, Polish, Dutch, Czech and Albanian; each keeps it up 16 hours a day and will soon stretch to 20 hours a day. One is called WOOC and one is



called WOOW. Columbia's overseas operations are directed by Edmund Chester; one of their objectives is broader and softer beach-heads.

★

Somebody the other day wrote into a CBS radio script a part for a dinosaur. Nobody seems to know why. Somebody indicated a point at which the dinosaur was to emit a prodigious rivet-springing roar. Then the sound-effects department looked in the bin marked "D" for the correct apparatus for the voice of the dinosaur. Nothing there. So they called up the American Museum of Natural History and asked somebody (not Mr. Trubee Davison) to describe or imitate the dinosaur's note. The American Museum of Natural History flatly refused, on the ground that the dinosaur never uttered a sound. The Museum also declined to reveal which member of its staff, or which authority in its library, ever got his information from the dinosaur's mouth. Whereupon the script writer took the dinosaur's remarks out of the script. Another CBS zealot, however, insisted that the dinosaur was just like the giraffe—mute. That brought up the question of whether a giraffe says anything at all or does not. The question was put up

to a man in a barn at the New York Zoological Garden, as follows: "If you were to ram a good-size bodkin into the southwest gable of a giraffe, what would he do?" "I dunno" said the man "unless it's probably kick the tar out of you. They can be real mean." The giraffe, however, *can* make sounds under certain acute provocation—provocation like trying to find out what a dinosaur sounds like, perhaps. The giraffe has indeed no vocal cords, but has a larynx, and can push air through it so as to make a noise somewhere between a moo and a grunt. That is now established, and betting money has passed on the issue, and scientific realism on the radio marches forward.

★

One of the most interesting and diligent women on the air hasn't missed a broadcast in 10 straight years, hasn't missed a Red Cross packer's duty for more than a year, spends 8 hours a day in a test kitchen in St. Louis trying out her recipes until they are foolproof, and runs her own household by the rules she offers radio listeners. She plans her own clothes always with an eye years ahead, knows and tells about everything that concerns budgeting, buying, cooking and domestic management. Her name is Mary Lee Taylor. Her regular CBS program from KMOX, St. Louis (10:30-11:00, Saturdays, EWT, with western rebroadcast at 2:00-2:30 EWT) is called with unusual clarity: *Mary Lee Taylor*. Occupation: housewife and helpmeet.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Papazi talked while he mixed and rolled, and then flipped the delicate sheet of dough into the wide, flat baking tin he'd brought with him from Alsace. It was the conventional French shape, with steep, short sides, and about two feet across. He twirled it on his hand and slashed off the hanging dough, and then quickly put it out on the window ledge to chill, in winter, or in summer tossed it to Doudouce to run proudly with it down into the wine cellar.

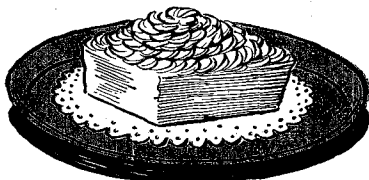
And then he, and sometimes Plume if the impish child had not been too monkey-like that week at the Lycée, would peel apples from Normandy, and cut them into thin, even half-moons, and toss them into a bowl of white wine to keep bright and crisp. When only two more apples were left, and Papazi judged Plume could cope with them, he jumped up, humming and dancing to the music from the radio, and beat eggs and cream and nutmeg into a custard. He flicked an egg white over the chilled pastry with one of his innumerable brushes. He poured the custard in. It filled the shallow pan just half full.

He took the apple slices from the bowl one by one, almost faster than we could see, and shook off the wine and laid them in a great, beautiful whorl, from the outside to the center, as perfect as a snail-shell. We said not a word. The music trembled in the room. The light burned down. Papazi shuffled the thin pieces of fruit like a wizard or a little fat god, and they seemed to fan out from his hands and fall rightly into place. He did it as effortlessly as a spider spins a web.

Then he poured thin apricot glaze over the whole, shook it gently, and slid it into the oven. He stood for a second looking at the shut door, and laughed sadly, like any man, either earthly or celestial, after the final pang of creation. We stirred in our dark corners. He looked straight at us, for the first time since the beginning of the pastry.

"You see?" he said. "It is the Tart, the simplest form of *pâtisserie*. I admit it is also one of the most complex. It takes years of careful behavior, like — like being the one Protestant in a nest of papists! It takes *guile*!"

And he flung off his apron, shook it once professionally, and put on his cutaway. We followed him silently into the dining room, to listen to the end of Radio Berlin and wait for the Tart to be baked for our Sunday supper.



Shopping for Meat in Winter

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

WHAT lewd, naked, and revolting shape is this?
A frozen oxtail in the butcher's shop,
Long and lifeless upon the huge block of wood
On which the ogre's axe begins *chop chop*.

The sun like incense fumes on the smoky glass,
The street frets with people, the winter wind
Throws knives, prices dangle from shoppers' mouths.
While the grim vegetables, on parade, bring to mind

The dreamy countryside bathed in golden sleep,
The trees, the bees, the soft peace everywhere —
I think of the cow's tail, how all summer long
It beat the shapes of harps into the air.

Mexican Bus Ride

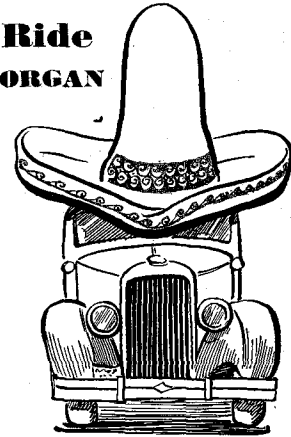
By EDWARD P. MORGAN

A MEXICAN is one of the world's politest people. But place this gentle creature behind the wheel of an automobile, and then run for your life — if there is still time.

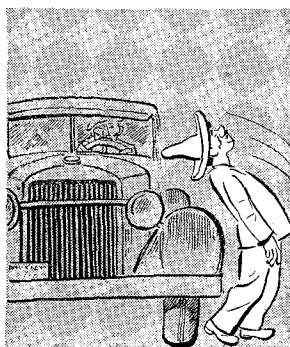
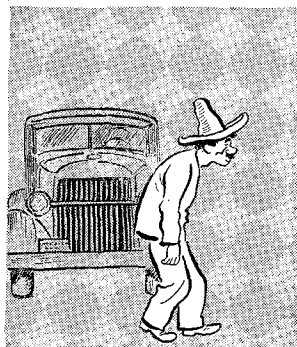
The trouble is that the Mexican carries the bullfighter's instinct into the driver's seat; and with twenty million matadors on wheels you, like the bull, can never win. The *torero's* technique is to pass in front of the beast as closely as possible and still avoid a collision. If a plunging horn grazes his navel, so much the better; but the nearer danger gets, the more bored must be the matador's expression.

Translate this tradition to the boulevard and you get a cool disdain for death in the afternoon or at any other time of day or night. The Mexico City taxi driver who can't peel the paint off his rival's fender at fifty miles an hour is instantly broken and shipped back to the bush leagues, where he can try to improve his aim with practice on oxcarts and burros.

The pedestrian who has had his baptism of fire and steel bumpers is just as daring as any driver in the capital. He plays an unending game of bull-



Chief of the United Press Bureau in Mexico City for three years, EDWARD P. MORGAN, a native of Washington and a graduate of Whitman College, is now a London correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*.



fighting with all moving vehicles. It is extremely bad form to cross the street at an intersection, except against a red light, the traditional color of the bull ring. The faster a car bears down on a pedestrian, the slower and more deliberate becomes the latter's pace. If both contestants are professionals, the man on foot will advance to a given point where he stops dead and yawns just as the vehicle roars by, whipping a little plume of dust from the seat of his trousers. The timing of such encounters is magnificent, but a foreigner rarely has a chance to appreciate it, because almost invariably at the climax he swoons in the rear seat of his taxicab. The protagonists are becoming steadily more skillful: while 241 people were killed in the capital in 1940, only 212 were killed in 1942.

Another pastime, a sort of perpetual Indianapolis Speedway classic, has found wide favor among Mexican bus drivers. It is a common sight to see buses of the same route thundering two or three abreast along the beautiful Paseo de la Reforma in a brisk mile-and-a-furlong race, sailing past bus stops and frantically waving customers. The technical explanation is that the drivers are making up time, to avoid being fined for delayed schedules. But one look at the grim but ecstatic face of a pilot in one of the events would convince the observer that here is Ben Hur lashing his horsepower to the limit and rupturing all the repressions of a poky childhood.

A Mexico City bus ride involves only some of the hardships of travel over the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The gravest problem is getting on. There are 2200 buses in the federal district, — operated by 39 separate lines, — but that is barely one bus for every 1000 persons; and not even the Mexicans can always get 1000 persons on one bus, although they never stop trying. A *camión* will come careening down Avenida Juarez with people clinging desperately to the sides, rear, and roof like grasshoppers caught on a radiator grille. The conductor, usually a lad of

eighteen dressed in overalls and a beret, with a Sam Browne belt around his middle, gamely crawls through, under, and over the throng like a pick-pocket, collecting fares and scolding the patient public. Because of the density of the load, he is sometimes out of direct touch with the driver for long intervals. In such blind spots, the conductor signals "all aboard" by thumping the side of the bus twice with his fist, as if he were prodding old Dobbin in the buttocks, or he may vary the procedure by whistling shrilly through his teeth and shouting, "*Vámanos!* — Let's go on."

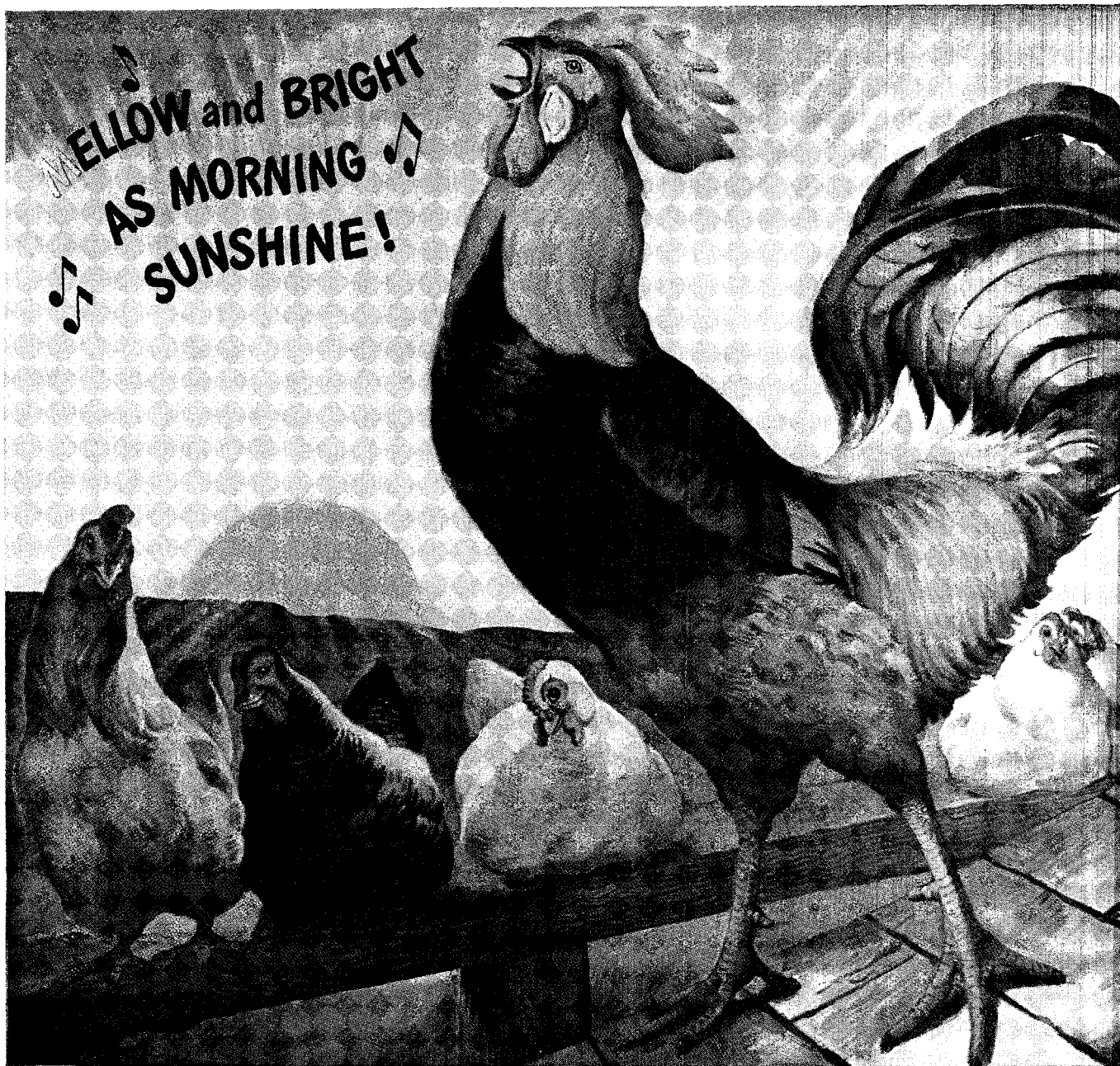
The buzzer systems on the *camiones* are often broken, but that never worries the passenger. When he wants to get off he yells, "*Esquina* — corner!" squirms to the doorway, and dives off with all the grace of a hobo leaving a fast-rolling freight. The bus only occasionally comes to a full halt at a corner, because this might pitch the straphangers through the windshield and also rob the ascending and descending public of the sport of catching or quitting the conveyance in motion — an intricate operation when the passenger has a baby in one arm and a charcoal brazier or a bundle of washing in the other.

During these pauses the conductor, his voice muffled under somebody's overcoat down the aisle, is orally signaling the driver on the flow of passengers. "*Suben, bajan, bajan más,*" he shouts. "They come up. They get down. More get down. *Vámanos!*"

Transit employees wear their old clothes on duty. Streetcar motormen are partial to battered felt hats. Many wear collarless shirts with the collar button gleaming in front, as if they were called unexpectedly away from the breakfast table to substitute for a sick friend. Bus drivers are inclined to caps and coveralls. This studious spurning of the uniform is supposed to be pregnant with social significance in

a land where everything is pregnant with something. But it merely shows good sense. A natty uniform wouldn't be fit for a rummage sale after a day's work.





LIKE SUNNY MORNING IN YOUR GLASS

HOLD a drink of SCHENLEY Reserve up to the light — watch it wink and sparkle . . . just like a breeze-swept country morning. Now *taste* it — and you'll find a bit of sunny morning in your glass! Golden and mel-

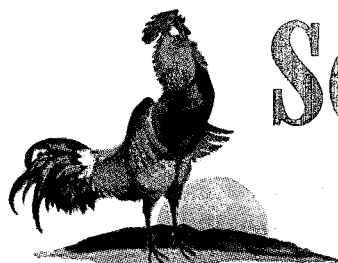
low, *smooth as sunrise*, SCHENLEY Reserve is the result of *real genius* in *blending*. It's America's first choice whiskey — because we made it America's finest! Try it . . . in a highball or mixed drink.

The whiskeys in Schenley Reserve are supplied only from existing stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since October 1942.

*Mellow and light as
a perfect morning!*

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent Neutral Spirits Distilled From Fruit and Grains.



SCHENLEY
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY





The convoy that began in a bank

AN UNDISCLOSED NUMBER of ships sailing for an unknown destination—ships deep laden with machines, materials and men.

Tankers carry millions of gallons of gasoline for Allied bombing planes—freighters have submerged their Plimsoll marks with deckloads of crated tanks, planes, landing barges, and locomotives—holds are packed with food supplies and the munitions of war.

The Nation's banks have helped American industry at war to make this convoy possible.

Through the medium of loans and the extension of credit, The New York Trust Company has already aided aviation, ship-building, munitions and scores of important war industries. These facilities are available today. The inquiries of manufacturing firms and businesses are invited.



THE NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY

Member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

100 BROADWAY • MADISON AVENUE AND 40TH STREET • TEN ROCKEFELLER PLAZA

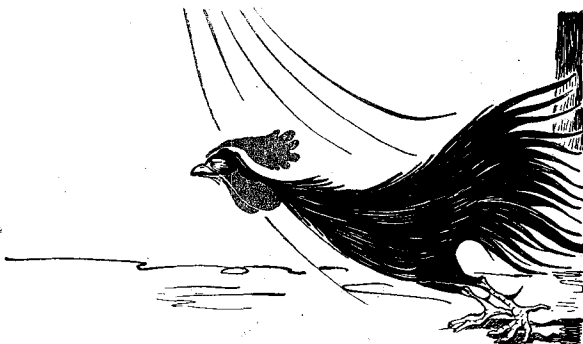


February Hens

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Snow lies deep. But hens are wise —
 They measure the sun with round gilt eyes,
 They see it's higher. They commence
 To seethe inside with an immense
 Growing conviction that it would
 Be timely to think of motherhood.
 First the tender trial notes,
 Then motherhood wells up their throats;
 The hymns boil over in hot streams,
 The henhouse reels with soprano screams.
 The master of the harem blushes
 To his eyes, the red blood rushes
 Down his chin appendages,
 He walks his wing in ecstasies.
 Love is all. He scorns the corn,
 He shuts both eyes, he blows his horn.
 He hardly touches a single toe
 Where bright snakes of melted snow
 Run between the cuneiforms
 Of the hen-tracks. High new storms
 Of mother passion mount and rise
 Where hens stand in vast surprise
 And eye the sudden still-warm eggs
 In the straw between their legs.
 One cackle sets off a shrill new,
 One hysteric raises two.

Winter never can hold white ground
 Against these red combs, this hot sound;
 Though he has a snow-sack full of tricks,
 The earth will soon be snowed with chicks!



Spirit of the Fire

By LLEWELLYN HOWLAND

I CANNOT fix the date or place
 of my first meeting with Uncle,
 for I can remember no pattern
 in the fabric of my earliest life
 through which he does not shuttle.
 When I cast back to pin down his
 first crossing of my track, I find
 him everywhere — a dear and welcome presence
 which I recognize, not by face and figure, which are
 very hazy, but by the dexterous strength of hands
 that lifted and caressed me, and a subtle odor of
 wood-smoke and tobacco.



As the years have passed I have come to realize
 that as Rembrandt was born to be a painter, so
 Uncle was born to be an uncle — a role, I opine, as
 distinguished in the eyes of the Lord as that of any
 man of mark. So inherent were his talents for this
 part that, in his boyhood, his schoolmates unerr-
 ingly nicknamed him "Uncle"; and by the time
 I came to see him in the clear, apart from others, I
 dimly perceived — with a pang of jealousy — that I
 must be content to share his precious relationship
 to me with all the many, both young and old, who
 knew him.

I suspect it was the early demand for his particu-
 lar gifts in the households of others which caused
 him, when the right time for mating had come
 round, to neglect founding a family of his own — a
 heavy price to pay for his art, and one that might
 well have induced a sour note in his make-up. Yet,
 whatever the reason for his single state, in all the
 years of our intimacy I never heard him out of tune
 or saw a sign of repining. But while he shone on the
 many domestic stages where he was always in de-
 mand, it was in a setting of his own — "The Shop"
 — that he performed most brilliantly.

And here, in the little old story-and-a-half gam-
 brel-roofed building, I am convinced it was the pure
 spirit of the fire — full-bellied and roaring in winter,
 a mere glow of embers in summer, but ever alive in
 the fireplace — that gave the inexplicably rich colors
 and shadings to the many facets Uncle exposed to it
 while he carried on his daily work of wood carving.
 If he were within, there on the hearth would be a
 fire appropriate to the weather outside, although
 on blazing days of July and August, as during his
 absences, it would be found banked with ashes. a
 thread of smoke spiraling up the black throat sig-
 nifying its ever-readiness to spring to life again. So

New Bedford born, LLEWELLYN HOWLAND knows full well what
 the open hearth means to a New England home.

Listen, Chipper...

This is your old man talking.

We've got big plans for you, son. Nothing's going to stop you from being a big man in life . . . not if I can help it.

Oh, you'll get a few bumps along the way—everyone does—a black eye from some husky playmate, a reprimand now and then for the way you scuff your shoes. But if lots of love, a happy home, and a good education can develop a fine boy into a healthy, well-adjusted man who's going places . . . then, little man, that's your future.

Just to be *sure* that nothing prevents your getting this good start in life, today I've taken enough life insurance to protect you and your mother in case anything happens

to me. Now I know you'll both be taken care of. You see what I mean? . . . I'm taking no chances on *your* future.

It is a prime purpose of The Prudential to provide protection such as this father wants for his son—such as you want for your loved ones in time of emergency. Not only does Prudential Life Insurance provide a *safe* future . . . it also provides it at low cost. For 68 years there has been no safer way of protecting your family.

Buy War Savings Stamps from your Prudential Agent



THE PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

A mutual life insurance company

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

carefully did Uncle tend and nourish this flame in "The Shop" that one came to feel that perhaps he was a votary of Vesta, or some older goddess of the hearth from the Far North.

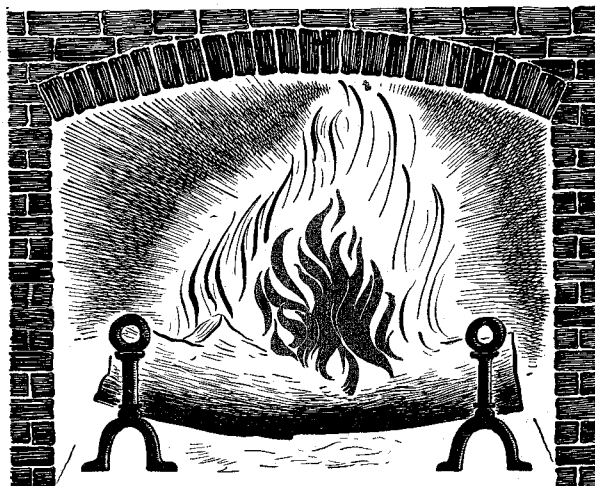
While Uncle's workroom — the entire ground floor — like the building itself, had its center in, and was anchored by, the chimney stack with its fireplace and brick oven, there were other properties helping to give it atmosphere all its own. This quality of otherness made itself felt the moment the door-like gate in a high plank fence closed behind you to shut away the hard macadam street it faced, and, by the click of its latch, free you from the oppression of the town. From the gate a grassy cart-track flanked by two rows of heavy-branched black oaks enticed you down its seemingly long and mysterious arcade only to drop you with surprising suddenness on a doorstep of blue flagging at the weather-beaten door of "The Shop."

To your right, as you fronted the door, stretched a great garden where narrow beds of heliotrope, roses, gillyflowers, lilies, and sweet peas, in their seasons, surrounding an ample kitchen garden, gave color and sweetness in summer, while the green of clipped box, bordering graveled paths, cheered the eye in winter. At the northwest corner of the little gray building a huge American elm towered, a sentinel, with strong protecting arms spread above the roof. The silence and tranquillity of these things gave promise of more delights within. You pushed open the door, eagerly confident of a welcome and of finding treasure to your taste.

But though I never found anyone familiar with "The Shop" who failed to respond happily to its influence, there was a strange lack of unanimity as to its functions and furnishings other than Uncle and the fireplace.

For the children — generations of 'em — who came there, I'm sure it was the "best nursery ever," with unmatched toys: dolls of all vintages and origins, a three-storied doll's house, tops, kites, bags of priceless glassies, and model-boats of home and foreign build. As they grew older they found it a free and easy meeting place where they could chatter, and where the great square drafting table with high stools made a perfect arena for games of "Hearts," "Hands up — Hands down," or a bout with "A Devil Among the Tailors."

To one gentle old lady it was, I know, a shrine of ordered beauty where, after selecting a book from the shelves lining one corner, she could stretch out on the faded brown length of the Sheraton sofa facing the hearth and bury herself in "Idylls of the King," while on summer days an Aeolian harp — a masterpiece of dark, polished wood carving from the



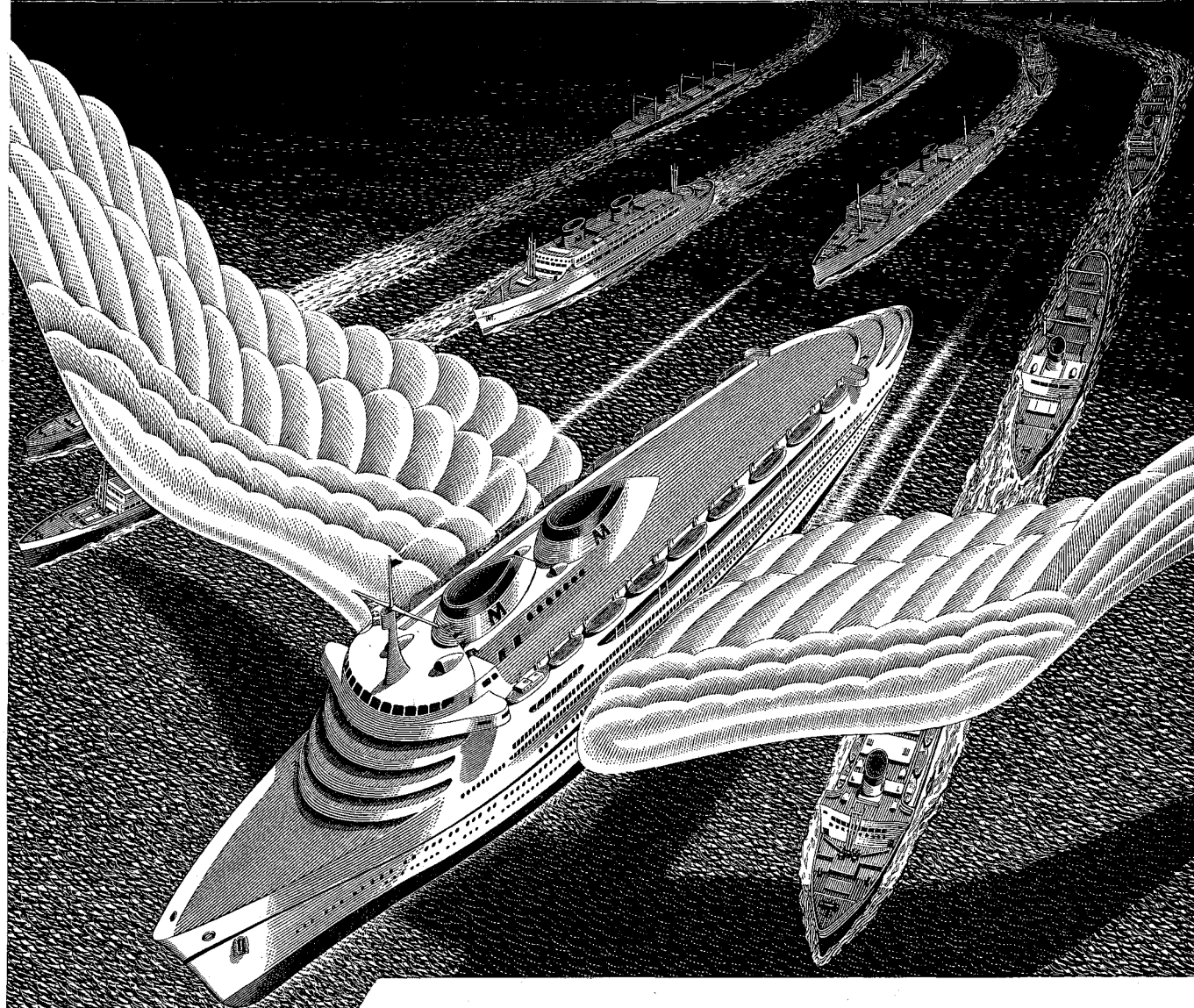
Iberian Peninsula — breathed out its soft notes at an open south window to set her head a-nodding.

To a painter it was a studio with desirable light streaming through the long battery of north windows under which stood the heavy bench with its shallow drawers full of keen carving tools; and where, too, innumerable and unusual bits of still life were at hand: a dark-green, potbellied ten-gallon Madeira wine bottle, for example, with sprays of golden beech leaves fanning out from its neck, and happening to stand where it caught the cold window light on one cheek and the warm firelight on another. How could the beginner, or the veteran either, but be inspired in such surroundings, with Uncle, master of design and draftsmanship, able and willing to criticize?

Then, too, there were a few old and middle-aged men who came there as to a club to spend an easeful hour after the toil of the day, who would tell you, if asked, that there were a few shabby chairs and an old sofa, very comfortable and fitted to their shapes, and that the tobacco, coffee, and beer there were "uncommon good."

And I came to know that there were occasions when the sore at heart sought it as sanctuary — where, say on a bitter winter night, with the red curtains drawn and a single lamp dimly revealing the smoke-browned duskiness of the old pine planks sheathing the walls and ceiling and the lovely proportions and joiner work of a mahogany desk with gleaming brasses, the stricken one could sit silent before the fire until the nimble-fingered flames had melted the ice of trouble and he could acknowledge his fault or tell his grief to the kindest of confessors, who had waited patiently a long hour, perhaps, for this moment of unburdening.

In fact, "The Shop" might well be said to approach an earthly Elysium — a place where all men in all moods and seasons were contented, finding



A NAME TO GO BY

Go Matson! For 62 years, in war and peace, that name has been a household word in Hawaii and the South Pacific. Lands and peoples oceans apart know and respect it as the name that has answered their yearning for continually closer contact with each other. They know, too, that when, our war task done, peace comes and the oceans of the earth and sky are safely navigable again, it will be the aim of Matson to serve those who rely on us efficiently in both.

Matson KNOWS THE PACIFIC

MATSON LINE: (MATSON NAVIGATION COMPANY • THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY)
TO HAWAII, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA VIA SAMOA, FIJI

and appraising only those things there that had appeal for them at the moment; but all of them always quickened by the simple magic of the harmonious whole.

And I am humbly grateful that it should be my lot to have shared with Uncle the secret of this magic pervading those four walls and roof; for on a cold, stormy night in early spring, after an absence of years, I came to "The Shop," sick from the stress of months among scenes of sudden death, destruction, and maiming, and with a great craving for the sane and healing influences I could count on finding there.

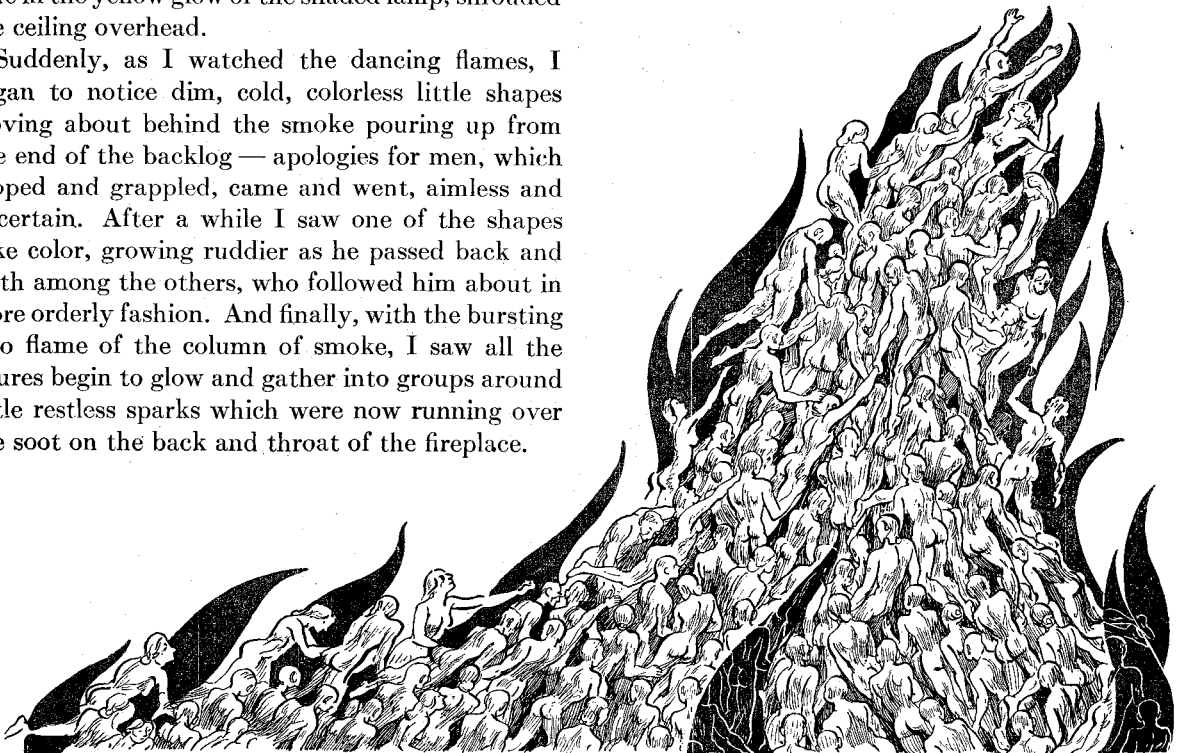
When he greeted me that night, Uncle, after one appraising look, tiled "The Shop" by drawing a black curtain across the two glass bull's-eyes forming the upper panels of the front door — his customary notice that he was not to be disturbed — and then without delay, and as if there had been no gap between this and my last visit, gave me food and drink. While I ate, he stoked the fire with a big chunk of oak ship's timber and presently I found myself on the old sofa with Uncle in his chair at my elbow, and the yellow flames, now shot with peacock blue and green tongues from the blazing driftwood, beginning their work of untangling the kinks of my tautened nerves. Except for a gentle whimper now and then from the fire, and the low ticking of the tall clock with its ever pitching ship in a lunette above the XII mark, there was utter silence in the room, and time stood still while the smoke of our pipes, blue in the yellow glow of the shaded lamp, shrouded the ceiling overhead.

Suddenly, as I watched the dancing flames, I began to notice dim, cold, colorless little shapes moving about behind the smoke pouring up from one end of the backlog — apologies for men, which groped and grappled, came and went, aimless and uncertain. After a while I saw one of the shapes take color, growing ruddier as he passed back and forth among the others, who followed him about in more orderly fashion. And finally, with the bursting into flame of the column of smoke, I saw all the figures begin to glow and gather into groups around little restless sparks which were now running over the soot on the back and throat of the fireplace.

As the sparks multiplied, so did the bands of shapes increase, and commence to separate into tribes — men, women, and children — jostling and fighting, but desperately clinging together, each group around a pinpoint of fire and all of them on the climb, until the entire throat was crowded with a multitude the upper ranks of which were constantly depleted by departures up the chimney, while recruits from below took their places. If a spark went out or was stolen, down tumbled the unfortunate losers, condemned to begin another cycle of disorganized groping for light and warmth.

How long I sat bemused by this spectacle before I closed my eyes to rest them from the fire glare I do not know. The gusty wind sucked at "The Shop" chimney. The clock struck twelve, dispelling the last dregs of my enchantment. I started guiltily at the touch of Uncle's hand.

"Son," said he, "you've seen It — little parts of It — the grandest pageant ever staged! Man, with fire in his possession and inspired by its pure spirit, on the march upward — out of an unimaginable past, on his way to an unimaginable future. Guard that fiery spirit well on the hearth of your own fireplace, if you've earned one — where it can be most free, and where you can commune with it most often. There, in time, you will come to prove it, as I have, an ever willing servant, a wise counselor, the destroyer of base thoughts, the inspirer of humility and achievement, the gift, from Nature, of all the most precious."



*The story of Hitler and the people who
nourished him*

Der Fuehrer

BY KONRAD HEIDEN

"Incomparably the most brilliant and comprehensive treatise yet written about the master of the Third Reich." — *George N. Shuster, N. Y. Times*

"Not only the most notable book to be written about National Socialism, but one of the most remarkable books ever to be written by a contemporary about his own times . . . A unique and overwhelming contribution to permanent literature." — *Dorothy Thompson, Saturday Review of Literature* \$3.00

A Book-of-the-Month Club selection

Come OF Silence

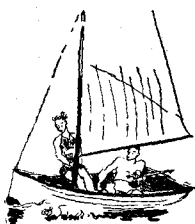
BY A. FLEMING MacLIESH

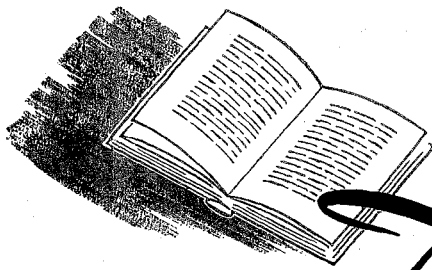
"A book that makes an immediate claim to attention for its profundity, its scholarship, its levels of characterization of a man lost in the complexities of his emotional and intellectual being . . . Alive with qualities of mood, a nostalgia for something lost." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"A very profound and fascinating novel." — *Saturday Review of Literature* \$2.75

A Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship novel

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY





THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

LITERATURE is where you find it, and it is my belief that more of it is taking shape in Washington today than in any other spot on earth. The Hub was our first literary community; Philadelphia, Hartford, Chicago, and San Francisco have each had their moments; and since the 1880's New York has been the show window of our publications. But Washington was not thought to be conducive: the small talk of the politicians and gossips destroyed the reflective atmosphere. Actually its literary tradition goes back to the days when John Adams was swimming in the Potomac and when the capital was little better than a tavern in a swamp.

The business of government has produced two of our greatest diaries — the Diaries of John Adams and of his son, J. Q. A. It has produced a philosophy of state in the marble prose of Thomas Jefferson and Woodrow Wilson (look at *Jefferson Himself*, by Bernard Mayo); in its fiery moments Washington was the crucible from which poured Webster's reply to Hayne, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the Gettysburg Address, Walt Whitman's "Drum-Taps," "O Captain! My Captain!" and "When Lilacs Last in the Door Yard Bloom'd." In calmer days, Washington cultivated the histories of Bancroft and the biographies of Marshall and

Lincoln by Senator Beveridge; it stimulated the dissenting opinions of Justice Holmes and was the harbor in which Henry Adams wrote his *Education* and *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*.

Now, under the magnetism of this war, writers of every caliber have been drawn to the Capital — which is why you see so many editors walking its streets. Where else could you find so many formative books in mind or on paper? Here is the poetry of Archibald MacLeish; here are books on foreign policy like Walter Lippmann's; here are the Grew Diaries, the Addresses of Thomas Mann; here are the war stories coming back with every shipload of wounded; here are the innumerable now-it-can-be-tolds waiting only for the indiscretion of peace; and here are the wives and widows who, like the famous Mrs. Chestnut, keep a vivacious record of the male antics. Here is *My Day*.

This will continue when we move into the reconstruction. Under Mr. MacLeish the Library of Congress has taken in famous consultants from abroad — Thomas Mann in the Germanic languages, Alexis St. Léger Léger for the French — and opened up a two-way street to Latin American culture. Here are the American Negro Studies of E. Franklin Frazier

and also the collection of American folk music so skillfully recorded by the Lomaxes, father and son. Add together the general resources of the Library of Congress and its Law Library, the Folger Collection of Shakespeariana, the Army Medical Library (now building), and the Holmes Memorial Gardens for the evening walk, and you have

a creative workshop in American literature.

Literature in Washington will always be up against the noisiest kind of competition — I mean

IN THIS ISSUE

- THE LOST WEEKEND** • BY CHARLES JACKSON
Reviewed by Gorham Munson
- WALT WHITMAN: AN AMERICAN** • BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Reviewed by Clifton Joseph Furness
- LEND-LEASE: WEAPON FOR VICTORY** • BY EDWARD R. STETTINIUS, JR.
Reviewed by Gorham Munson
- LIANA** • BY MARTHA GELHORN
Reviewed by Lucy Tompkins
- A BELL FOR ADANO** • BY JOHN HERSEY
Reviewed by Milton Hindus
- A TREASURY OF SCIENCE** • EDITED BY HARLOW SHAPLEY, SAMUEL RAPPORT AND HELEN WRIGHT
Reviewed by Harland Manchester
- THE STREAM OF MUSIC** • BY RICHARD ANTHONY LEONARD
Reviewed by Leo Lerman

New Macmillan Books

The Birth of an American Classic

Crazy Weather

By CHARLES L. McNICHOLS

Since first encountering Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer, says Dorothy Canfield Fisher, "I have not so completely fallen under the spell of boys, half-children, half-men . . . until I read *Crazy Weather*." There is a fresh new quality in this splendid novel which tells of the unique and fascinating experience of a Mojave Indian boy and his fourteen-year-old white friend.

\$2.00



"He writes with warmth, charm and sublety."—Lewis Gannett

The Innocents at Cedro

By R. L. DUFFUS

This book is a "remembering" of a magic year which the author spent in the eccentric household of Thorstein Veblen, at Cedro Cottage near Stanford University. "An exquisitely turned idyll of a strange and exciting year in a young man's life."

\$2.00

—Sterling North

Red Roses for Me

By SEAN O'CASEY

Author of *Within the Gates*, etc. "A wonderful play, tender and poetic, and full of humor."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*. "Full of astonishingly beautiful poetry."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

\$2.00

The Signpost

By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

Author of *Four Frightened People*

"Brilliant, ironic . . . certainly one of the best novels to come out of England since the war."—*Saturday Review of Literature*. It is the story of a convalescent RAF pilot on leave; it is also a story of the English under fire, of neutral Ireland, and of tragic France.

\$2.50

The Silence of the Sea

By "Vercors"

This tense and beautiful story, smuggled out of occupied France, has been described by LIFE as "perhaps the most remarkable literary product of this war."

\$1.00

A Treasury of Great Russian Short Stories

Edited by AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

The most comprehensive anthology of its kind ever assembled. The collection includes the finest short stories by Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenyev, Dostoevsky, Leskov, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gorky, and others.

\$4.00



They Came to London

By PAUL TABORI

THEY are the men of many nations who have escaped to London to fight the Axis. "A sharply focused picture of the whole war, done in terms of little people . . . startlingly moving and effective."—N. Y. Times Book Review

\$2.75

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue

New York 11, N. Y.

the sound and fury of political prose. This is what we hear when we listen to the Potomac, and the din drowns out the less strident pronouncements. I am sorry that it never occurred to Mr. Pulitzer to give one of his awards for excellence in political writing.

The "Potomac Prizes"

At a time when what is written and spoken in the Capital is of such consequence to us all, it might not be inappropriate to confer the following Potomac Prizes:—

For the Best Speech in Congress

To Speaker Sam Rayburn, for his rebuke to the House on December 9.

For the Most Infuriating Warning

A posthumous award to Lieutenant Colonel William E. Dyess for his *Death March on Bataan*.

* * *

For the Biggest Monkey Wrench in the Works

A toss-up between Senator Johnson's statement that we shall supply 73 per cent of the invasion force and Senator Hugh Butler's exaggeration of Pan-American grief.

Prize Boomerang

To C. Nelson Sparks for his *One Man — Wendell Willkie*.

For the Most Chicken-headed Prose

To Everett L. Dakan for trying to lure Jap internees to Ohio and Michigan farms with these honeyed words printed in a government publication, *Midwest Frontier*, on the second anniversary of Pearl Harbor:—

"Believe it or not, some few tenants and seasonal workers do not bathe! They think it is unhealthy. We need you people to change our ideas about this. You have a lesson to teach Ohio and Michigan farmers in sanitation. It is a contribution you can make to our way of living. . . .

"We need your faithfulness to your task, your willingness to work and your appreciation of a job well done. There are a lot of workers in the Middle West, in Ohio and Michigan, who are not careful, painstaking and accurate. This you can teach them."

Dishonorable Mention

To Congressman Rankin for open ridicule of Jews in the debate on the Soldier's Vote.

The novelist in war

Just as Priestley reminds me of the younger H. G. Wells, so the novels of Susan Ertz seem to me in the direct descent of Galsworthy, though I should add that she has yet to reach the warm, spacious plateau of the *Saga*. In *Anger in the Sky*, Miss Ertz's newest and most readable story, you find a houseful of English people, very plausible in what they do, very touching in what they feel; you find a prevailing sense of justice, and you find a constant endeavor to light up the understanding between Britain and the United States.

Anger in the Sky is the clearly featured story of an English evacuee community which threatens to burst the seams of the old country house Mendenhall. Rightly enough it begins in the kitchen, where they are preparing to serve thirty slum children from London, their teachers, and the more elderly blitz victims Mrs. Anstruther has taken in. The children are a care seen but not heard. Vivid and more problematic are the elders: Mr. Grayson, the rasping, Socialist teacher; Sir William, the aging embodiment of Law; Madame Vibourg with her acid Vichy distrust; Viola, the hospital-shocked daughter of the house. It is Mrs. A. and her eager seventeen-year-old, Stacy, who keep tempers from breaking and who create the sympathy in which loneliness and grief are subdued.

To Mendenhall on Christmas Eve comes an American purchasing agent, Elliot Tully. Elliot has blanchmange in his veins, and his presence reminds us of how nearly impossible it is for an English novelist to do justice to our temperament. The strength of this story lies in its warm-blooded picture of that classless community which England has (temporarily?) become in its own defense.

The unconquered

They are a people we are only dimly beginning to understand — the unconquered. Their starvation of mind and body, their disillusion, and their twisted idealism set them light-years away from our more ordered experience. In *Arrival and Departure* by Arthur Koestler, we have one of the most powerful analytical studies yet made of the refugee's mind. To a country which I read to be Portugal comes Peter Slavek, once a student and revolutionary, who, after two years of political inquisition, has been released by the Nazis.

He wants to fight back and he cannot understand why there should be such an interminable delay before the British accept him. In the long wait he is saved from starvation by Dr. Bolgar, a woman psychologist of his own race, and he is solaced by Odette, an attractive French refugee. Peter had never cracked when the Nazis had tortured him. "He had all the best qualities of his generation: their balance of skepticism and devotion, and unsentimental self-sacrifice." But when in Lisbon he has suddenly to choose between his mistress, Odette, and the call to England, his mind, which has been tense for so long, is ruptured. From this point on, his past and his future are in the hands of the friendly psychiatrist as she works to restore his self-control.

Arrival and Departure is not for the tender-minded. Nor is it in every respect a successful novel. I should call the ending no better than nomi-

**I. V.
Morris**

Characters you'll love
in a rich, exotic Carribean setting

LIBERTY STREET

"The people in this novel move with blood and passion. It is a book of prime and immediate importance dedicated to a new humanity."—Manuel Komroff. "*Liberty Street* holds the reader from the first page to the climax . . . a charming and exciting story and has a real and important message for every American."—John Beecroft, *Editor of Literary Guild, in Wings*. \$2.50

**David Cornel
De Jong**

With a Dutch Accent

A thoroughly delightful autobiography that addresses itself to the perpetually fascinating subject of the American melting pot and the author's own plunge into it. \$2.75

**Betty
Smith**

The wonderful novel
about Brooklyn that all America is reading

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

"There is more than a little excitement in discovering on opening the pages of this first novel, that you have come upon a thing of beauty—especially since, in the succeeding pages, that promise is built into a sustained and shining accomplishment."—*Chicago Sun*. "The best novel of any kind I have read in 1943."—Orville Prescott, *N. Y. Times*. \$2.75

**Harry Emerson
Fosdick**

On Being a Real Person

The book that helps intelligent people to help themselves. "A practical approach to mastering depression, overcoming personal handicaps and making the most of your ability."—*Reader's Digest*. \$2.50

**Louis
Adamic**

A searchlight on Yugoslavia
that lights up the whole post-war world

MY NATIVE LAND

"A full and intelligible account of the Partisan-Chetnik warfare."—*Providence Journal*. "It goes far beyond the confines of a small Balkan country and deals with issues which all the world will have to face."—Emil Lengyel, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. "Based on sensational documents and cemented with profound knowledge."—*Chicago Sun*. Illustrated. \$3.75

**Edna St. Vincent
Millay**

Collected Lyrics

Over two-hundred lyrics, arranged in order of their original publication. "The most popular of American poets, she deserves her popularity."—*Los Angeles Times*. Cloth, \$5.00

nal. But for three quarters of the distance an American will recognize in Peter the unconquerable indignation, the tortured mind, and the suspicion born of hardship which have bewildered us in Italy and will continue to do so as we strike north.

The Greeks fight back

It will take courage and something more to carry us through this spring, — and the Nazis are banking on the hope that we shall not have that something more. The tenacity of men in a common cause, men of different blood, language, and experience, is what must hold us together as the casualty lists come in. This tenacity is the keynote of a timely, stirring novel, *The Sea Eagle*, by **James Aldridge**, a novel which reaches back to those early, desperate days of defeat when the Germans, the ironheads, were driving the English and Australians out of Crete.

When the last scarred destroyer had pulled away, there were still survivors in the foothills, — Australians for the most part, — who took refuge in the fishing villages. The story begins with a pair of Aussies intent on one thing and one thing only: how to slip by the ironheads and take ship for Egypt. Unwillingly and at first uncomprehendingly, Angus Burke, the hard, round nut of a man, and Stone, the red giant from Down Under, are caught up in a village fight against the Metaxists, the Greek party which sided with the Nazis. With captured German mortars they lead the invasion as the price of their own escape.

The peculiar strength of this masculine book is in its ability to transmit first understanding, then humor, then the fiercest loyalty, man to man, so that under the vicious fire of the machine guns on the beach the truth is demonstrated that all wars, all rebellions, are one this spring.

Spanish American reverie

There are several compelling reasons for reading **George Santayana's** *Persons and Places*. It is the most tranquil book of this stormy year; it is the fresh, spring-like distillation of a philosopher; and the shading, the irony, and the sheen of its English make its prose a joy to read aloud. Finally, here is a man piecing together a superb monument to Mediterranean culture at a time when thousands of other men are blowing the land and all that stands on it to bits.

George Santayana is an American who never belonged. He came close to us because of his American cousins and because, through a twist of circumstance, his Spanish mother (whose first husband was a Sturgis of Boston) preferred living in Boston on her Sturgis inheritance rather than in Spain

with her second husband. Santayana's father was a Spaniard, and though the boy spent his formative years on our side of the water, studying at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard College (where for twenty-three years he lingered on to teach the gospel of Plato), he missed a true affinity with us because in his heritage, in his instincts, and in his austere cultivated tastes, he was Spanish to the core. He left us for good in 1912, and as the years passed he has felt very little tug to return.

Persons and Places is that rarest of biographical achievements, a book written about youth with the sapience and unmistakable clarity of age. It is almost incredible that these pages, so charged with the eager curiosity, the misgivings, and the loneliness of a young alien, should have been written by a man fast approaching eighty, a man who is still living and, one hopes, still writing in the sanctuary of a convent near Rome. "I at least," says the philosopher, "have found that old age is the time for happiness, even for enjoying in retrospect the years of youth that were so distracted in their day." Unless the Nazis interrupt him, there will certainly be a second and perhaps a third volume of this classic autobiography.

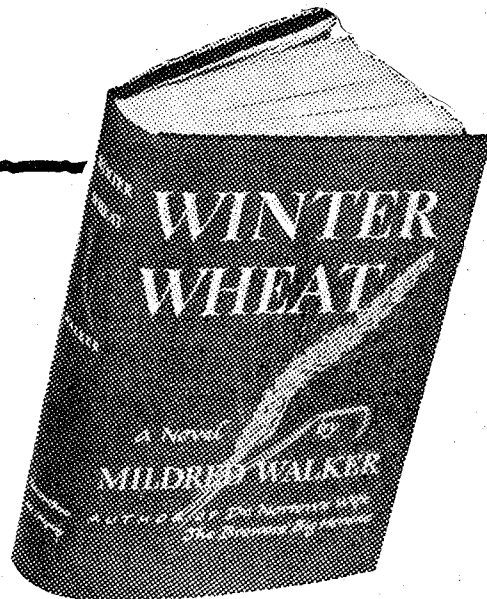
It is, I suspect, the prerogative of a philosopher to hold people, even people he is fond of, at arm's length, and this capacity of Santayana is beautifully exemplified in the portraits of his parents, which may seem unfilial to American readers. Consider these snapshots of his mother: "She was more attached to her women friends, to one or two of them, than even to her husbands"; "In my mother I think determination rather took passion's place. She decided what was best and then defied all difficulties in doing it"; "My mother above all loved liberty, self-government, and silence." When pressed to join the Plato Club of Roxbury, she declined. "The President and host of the Roxbury Plato Club would not take no for an answer. In what then *was* she interested? What was she *doing*? To this my mother replied . . . without smiling: 'In winter I try to keep warm and in summer I try to keep cool.'" I doubt if any American biographer of our time would be capable at once of such objectivity and understanding.

Speaking of himself, Santayana says, "I never acquired or liked the American art of perpetual joking." That little admission hints at the detachment he always felt, even when with American men he admired. He lacked the loyalty and the inclination to sink his roots with ours, and it follows that when he came to judge our life, his hands were not big enough to grasp the experiment in civilization to which we are committed. If we have a culture, Santayana never found it. "America in those days

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

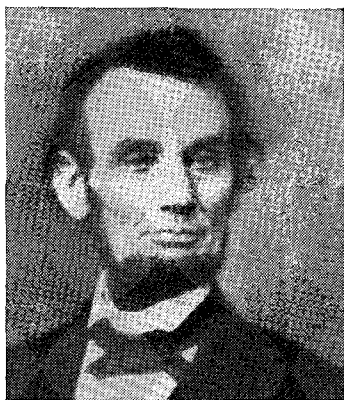
WINTER WHEAT has been welcomed by critics throughout the country as Mildred Walker's best and most moving novel. It is the story of an American girl: her life with her family on their Montana wheat ranch, her college experience, her first job, her first love. "Serene and penetrating, it gives a thoughtful and intense picture of normal human experience."

—Iris Barry, N. Y. *Herald Tribune*
\$2.50



MILDRED WALKER

... "Talking about psychological novels, I give you **Georges Simenon**, author of **ESCAPE IN VAIN**. For sheer weight and authenticity of atmosphere, for penetration into the innermost grottoes of the mind, normal and near-normal, Simenon is tops."—A. C. Spector, *Chicago Sun*
\$2.00



FREDERICK HILL MESERVE CARL SANDBURG

For the first time all of the known photographs of Lincoln are made available in one volume for the general public. Included are the 120 photographs of Lincoln discovered to date, the Steichen portrait of the Volk life mask of 1860, and 100 of people who touched Lincoln's life. Text by Carl Sandburg and Frederick Hill Meserve. \$3.50

The Photographs of Abraham Lincoln

made an exile and a foreigner of every native who had a temperament like mine," and in that admission there is, I think, the hint of his failure. American readers will not find ready sympathy for us in these pages, nor an understanding in depth. What they will find is a kind of dart-throwing criticism which at times comes so close as to seem ungrateful; what they will find is the urbane criticism of a most distinguished Mediterranean philosopher, judging us with the standards of the past and not particularly concerned about our future.

The Lost Weekend

By CHARLES JACKSON

+ + +



C. JACKSON

CHARLES JACKSON, ace radio-playwright, has been successful in overcoming the great hazards that attend writing a novel about a dipsomaniac. The chief hazard was that Don Birnam, for whom one drink was too many and a hundred drinks not enough, would be both pitiful and horrible to the reader.

The problem of "casting" Birnam was that of establishing in the reader a sympathetic interest.

This interest is won because Birnam is portrayed as a man not himself, but an inexplicable creature on a five days' binge causing the real Birnam anguished remorse, painful self-analysis, and a tragic feeling of waste. His drunken memories revolve around crises in childhood and adolescence, but although a "foolish foolish psychiatrist" figures in the story, the author advances no pat explanation for Birnam's remaining caught in his adolescence. Birnam is a complex imaginative person, and it is his own sophisticated and tormented commentary upon his periodical bottle-crazes that brings him and the reader together in sympathy. Thus *The Lost Weekend* escapes the dreary fate of being another novel about a misfit in whom the reader can take only a clinical interest.

Here is a world of suffering that few people, least of all regular hard drinkers, know anything about — the hallucinatory world of the dipsomaniac who goes days without eating, who sweats and shakes, who dodges people and drinks cheap whiskey by the tumbler. Charles Jackson will be compared to Scott Fitzgerald. The kinship between the prose of the two writers shows up at once in the rhythm and the simile of this sentence from *The Lost Weekend*: "He listened to the footsteps and laughter and violent talk dying away, and then the tolling bellbuoy and the seagulls took over once more, their plaintive thin cries sounding like chalk scraping fitfully, intermittently, on some vast blackboard raised high in the black night." But it is more than a stylistic resemblance. Like Fitzgerald, Charles Jackson has a demonic force driving his pen. Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50.

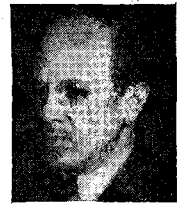
GORHAM MUNSON

Walt Whitman *An American*

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

+ + +

THIS new biographical approach to Walt Whitman provides a valuable catalytic agent to reduce our confused thinking about politics and literature to rational elements. It is based upon painstaking and accurate research. The statements of fact are reliable. There is little romancing. The hypothetical "Creole mistress in New Orleans" is the "mumbo-jumbo" with which would-be Whitman biographers have tried to hoodoo their audiences. Henry Canby disposes of this chimera with admirable dispatch and common sense. "There is no evidence whatsoever that anything of the kind happened. . . . Whitman's difficult sexual make-up and his own words suggest a caresser of the voluptuous female in the imagination rather than in actuality."



H. S. CANBY

Canby excels in the portrayal of mass movements. He paints the historical background of his subject like a master. But when he treats the inner life and significance of Whitman, perhaps America's most profound mystic, the result is comparable to what might have happened if Meissonier had set himself the task of executing a commissioned portrait of St. Francis of Assisi or George Fox.

Canby does have an intellectual conception of Whitman's essentially Quaker philosophy, but he seems constitutionally incapable of grasping its core of *spiritual* reality as applied either to the life of the individual or to world affairs. Instead, he is preoccupied with what may happen to Whitman and to us in 1944. In his efforts to sell Whitman to a large public which is at present oblivious to the "bard of Democracy," he expostulates too much about Whitman's contemporaneity. This limits his interpretation in scope and in depth. One misses that sense of the "amplitude of time" which is the very essence of Whitman, who said of himself: —

And whether I come to my own today or in
ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with
equal cheerfulness I can wait!

Unequaled in all Whitman literature is Canby's analytical emphasis upon this poet's unique position as "the American man-of-letters with the most extensive, firsthand knowledge of the machinery of practical politics." The effect of Whitman's experience in journalism as a shaping influence upon all his work is clearly brought out. But the author's stirring exposition of Whitman's clear thinking about "Democracy" is probably the most valuable element in this distinguished clinical study of America's most discussed and least understood poet. Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75.

CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS



"Brilliant and terrifying" — CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The LOST WEEKEND

By CHARLES JACKSON

"It's certainly an extraordinary book, powerful, and terrifying, and unforgettable; as full of macabre suspense as a mystery . . . As a study in the perverse depths of the alcoholic mind, it is superb; and wonderfully sustained." — ROBERT NATHAN

"The tale is as bizarre as any unfolded by Scheherazade . . . and as universal as sounds of drunkenness by night."

— PHILIP WYLIE, *New York Times Book Review*

3rd. Printing, \$2.50

An artist reports the battle

THIS is the exciting story of the United States Navy's first decisive victory in this war. Lt. Comdr. Coale is a unique combination of artist and writer. He made his sketches by day and at night filled his log with the first hand reports at Pearl Harbor and Midway. Upon his return he completed the text and pictures—a brilliant chronicle of the Navy in action. 14 beautiful full page illustrations in full color and several in black and white.

\$3.00

VICTORY AT MIDWAY

By Lt. Comdr. Griffith Baily Coale, U.S.N.R.

artist-author of NORTH ATLANTIC PATROL



PRIZE WINNING NOVEL



SECOND LATIN-AMERICAN CONTEST

Authentic black magic...the real Haïti

A STRANGE, beautiful and weird story of Haiti—the Haiti of Vodun rites and zombies, of cockfights and wild dancing under the stars. The authors, Haitian born, have captured the true subtlety of the native mentality with all its strange, naive reasoning and deep-rooted superstition.

\$2.50

CANAPE'-VERT

By PIERRE MARCELIN and PHILIPPE THOBY-MARCELIN

Translated by Edward Larocque Tinker



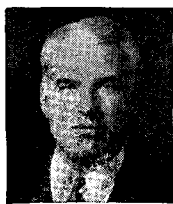
FARRAR & RINEHART, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lend-Lease *Weapon for Victory*

By EDWARD R. STETTINIUS, JR.

+ + +



E. R. STETTINIUS

IN January, 1943, when Congress began hearings on extending the Lend-Lease Act, Mr. Stettinius, then Administrator of Lend-Lease, "had to do something for which there is little opportunity in war-time Washington — sit down and look back over the road we have travelled." It was an excellent preparation for the writing of this well-organized book, *Lend-Lease: Weapon for Victory*, which carries the story down to June, 1943.

There is nothing stuffy about this accounting of stewardship to the American people. It has, as it should have for its audience, the virtues of the best newspaper writing: good narrative flow, lots of unpublicized information, concrete illustrations, vivid glimpses behind the scenes, meaningful anecdotes, and candor. Mr. Stettinius tells about his trip to England as graphically as would a first-rate war correspondent. It is very fortunate that this book is so highly readable, for a popular understanding of Lend-Lease will affect our post-war views as well as strengthen United Nations sentiment among us while the war goes on.

Lend-Lease was a triumph of common sense and human values over financial abstractions. It broke clean away from the old system of war loans, for it recognized, as Mr. Stettinius says, that "the crux of the matter was not dollars; it was planes, guns and ships." It also recognized that there are benefits not measurable by the dollar sign — "whatever debts are due . . . they are due first of all for the men who are valiantly risking their lives in battle, rather than for the equipment they are using."

The whole meaning of Lend-Lease is compressed into the little parable about helping your neighbor fight fire by lending your garden hose which President Roosevelt told at his famous "cut out the financial nonsense" press conference of December 17, 1940, and Mr. Stettinius's organizing instinct is unerring in putting this parable at the opening of his book. In the simplest terms it makes clear the principle of aiding those whose defense is vital to our own, and the further principle of pooling United Nations resources. The parable also makes clear why "the lease would have to be open-ended, with a gentlemen's agreement for a fair and workable settlement in the best interests of all of us after the Axis had been defeated."

Mr. Stettinius tells many things the public has not known about Lend-Lease, among them being the origin of the idea in that most conservative department, the Treasury. Credit goes to a Treasury lawyer, Oscar S. Cox, who dug up a statute of 1892 having to do with leasing Army property and then began to think about aid to the democracies in terms of a lease. *Macmillan, \$3.00.*

GORHAM MUNSON

Liana

By MARTHA GELLHORN

+ + +



M. GELLHORN

THOUGH it develops in the comparative vacuum of a French colony in the Caribbean, this story is one for this moment, for it deals with the awful contradictions of our society even as it unites to level them.

On the lovely island of St. Boniface, remote from the geography of this war, a wealthy Frenchman appropriates a young mulatto girl, named Liana, first as mistress, later, out of a kind of spite, as wife. A youthful schoolmaster, refugee from France, enters this household, and for Liana, in this fortress of fear and humiliation, there arises an idyl of trust and of love. For his own pleasure and to dispel his own loneliness, each man irrevocably closes the door for Liana upon any but the life they choose to give her. One through money, the other through love, accustoms her to the life of a white woman. They engage her loveliness and her life. And then they destroy her absolutely and altogether.

For these white men finally accept the world as it is, a society by and for their own class, their own color. Such are the social barriers that even the schoolmaster, rendering his services to the cause of Free France, cannot integrate his love for Liana with his patriotism. Even if he could carry both in his heart and in his life, in the end he does not really want to. The best he can do is to turn away sorrowfully from the happiness he has shared and the tragedy he has helped to build. How cunningly the mind, even a sensitive mind, rationalizes its own and society's contradiction; when it does so in the act of patriotism, the measure of irony overflows. To have meaning now, patriotism among democracies compels men to fight for their country not only for what it has been and is, but for a future in which such a story as this will not have to be told. *Scribner, \$2.50.*

LUCY TOMPKINS

A Bell for Adano

By JOHN HERSEY

+ + +



JOHN HERSEY

OCCUPIED TERRITORY is a term which for a long time had only one meaning in this war — land which had passed from a state of independence to the control of the Germans or Japanese. In this bright new novel by John Hersey, the author of *Men on Bataan* and *Into the Valley* shows us the reverse side of the medal. Occupation of Sicily was the first test of Allied intentions towards Europe, and *A Bell for Adano* is a reporter's account of how we met that test.



JAMES ALDRIDGE

author of **SIGNED WITH THEIR HONOUR**

now writes his second major novel of men against great odds

THE SEA EAGLE

The story of an escape, a return and a raid by sea; a vivid moment of the war, where not only the sheer action, but the things fought for and against, symbolize the living realities of our time.

The story of four unforgettable men ... and an unforgettable adventure. "... passionate and vivid ... a finely told tale of stirring action."—BEN AMES WILLIAMS. The scene is Crete. \$2.50

His Novels are real because he was *there*.

"A wise and witty exploration of the Britisher."
—LOUIS M. LYONS, *Boston Globe*

GOD'S ENGLISHMAN

The Evolution of the Anglo-Saxon Spirit

By Leland Dewitt Baldwin

"A salty book ... ruthless ... but not feline. Indeed, its urbanity, its suavity and its erudition are largely responsible for its effectiveness."—GERALD W. JOHNSON, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*. \$3.00

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF MRS. PETER WILLOUGHBY

By Mary Elizabeth Plummer

If the *New Yorker* had seen her first, *Atlantica*, readers could not have grown so fond of Mrs. Peter Willoughby, for, in her own way, she is a typical New Yorker. Residents of that city and "the old lady from Dubuque" will find this gentle satire strikingly close to the truth. One half of the book appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. \$2.00

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

VILE BODIES

By Evelyn Waugh

A new edition of a minor classic with "the defiant hilarity of a dance on a sinking ship."
—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT. \$2.50

The book that has taken the critics by storm

Shark's Fins and Millet

By Ilona Ralf Sues

The uncompromising truth about the Chinese...the rich who dine on shark's fins and the poor who eat millet.

LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "SHARK'S FINS AND MILLET is the **brash** and often **spicy** story ... of a Polish girl who went out to China and saw rather more than she had bargained for."

ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*. "... as **vivid, racy, informative, personal ... sympathetic, understanding and explosive** an account of China as has ever been written."

3 printings before publication.

Illustrated • \$3.00

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

Coming at last on March 8th—ONE TOUCH OF VENUS by S. J. Perelman and Ogden Nash. And on March 21st—the funniest book ever written and illustrated by Robert Lawson, COUNTRY COLIC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Major Joppolo, the Amgot officer in charge of the seacoast town of Adano, is Hersey's symbol of what is best in American character and perhaps in humankind. His one effort is to make the people entrusted to his care happy, but the obstacles to be overcome are enormous. They are both material and spiritual: problems dealing with food, which even a Congressman can understand, and problems involving imponderables like tradition, which only men like Joppolo can understand.

Skepticism in the shape of Sergeant Borth, snobbery in the form of Lieutenant Livingston, stupidity in a hundred varying forms and shapes — all these things were calculated to make a man less patient than the Major completely crazy or completely indifferent. But the biggest obstacle and the one over which Joppolo finally came a cropper was the positive evil embodied in the American General Marvin. Hersey pulls no punches in saying that the general "showed himself to be . . . something worse than what our troops were trying to throw out."

The whole thing adds up to a study in the crucible of experience of "what America can and cannot do in Europe." As such it is very interesting and very good. It is even good as a novel with dozens of amusing characters, some of them stylized, some of them real. Hersey is concerned with concrete observation rather than with theory, but if a credo does emerge from his book, it is one that is apt to be forgotten in the struggle of abstract slogans — that government, whatever its professions, can only be as good as the men who govern. *Knopf, \$2.50.*

MILTON HINDUS

A Treasury of Science

Edited by HARLOW SHAPLEY,
SAMUEL RAPPORT and HELEN WRIGHT

+ + +



H. SHAPLEY

YEAR by year our dependence on laboratory findings has increased in inverse ratio to our comprehension of the scientific processes which nurture us or destroy us. Few scientists have the time or special talent to explain their work, but now and then notable men of science have established communication with the outside world, and some of their most distinguished efforts are in Dr. Shapley's 700-page compilation. These essays, and those of able interpreters, have made this volume a stout, broad bridge from the layman's mainland to the magic island of discovery.

Is there life on other worlds? What makes the weather? How did chemistry originate? What did Mendel actually find out? What is inside an atom? What is the future of power? These are some of the matters dealt with in a book less concerned with technical achievements than with their background. Among noted contributors are T. H. and Julian Huxley, Charles Darwin, Sir Isaac Newton, Ivan Pavlov, Eve Curie, Sir James Jeans, Benjamin Franklin, and Earnest A. Hooton. Chapters which read

like fiction (compliment intended) are Dallas Lore Sharp's "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz," Fairfax Downey's "Last Days of St. Pierre," and J. B. S. Haldane's "The Last Judgment." Those who smile at the passion of researchers for obscure and minute goals should read Oliver La Farge's "Scientists Are Lonely Men," and perhaps scientists will be a little less lonely.

There should be more good public highways into the land of science, even if some of the excursionists annoy the workers and are careless with eggshells. *Harper, \$3.95.*

HARLAND MANCHESTER

The Stream of Music

By RICHARD ANTHONY LEONARD

+ + +



R. A. LEONARD

RICHARD ANTHONY LEONARD is a musicologist. His most important work to date has been the producing of NBC's top-flight musical program, the Toscanini concerts. Now in a 454-page book he clarifies and personifies, in terms of biographical and simple technical detail, some of the mainsprings of the stream of music which daily pours into the ears of American radio audiences and concertgoers.

In this book, Mr. Leonard is concerned with serious music and its composers. He touches on popular music only by inference. Consequently his all-embracing title is somewhat misleading, for popular music, from folk song to boogie-woogie, is not only part of the stream of music but has variously fortified and derived from the serious stream and is, in effect, a companion stream. Beethoven used folk tunes popular in his day with magnificent symphonic effect, and conversely, as Mr. Leonard notes, Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromptu's* "insides were ripped out" to make the popular "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows."

The Stream of Music does, however, in a broad sense, "trace the development of music during the past three hundred years." It consists of some seventeen profiles, arranged chronologically, of distinguished composers and their important works, ranging from Bach to Sibelius. There are, however, several startling omissions — chiefly Handel and Mendelssohn. Each is mentioned but not extensively. The author explains, "I was sorry to omit Handel, but his music is almost lost today in comparison with Bach's. Gluck, Mendelssohn and Ravel were crowded out by their more important contemporaries — Haydn, Schumann and Debussy." Mr. Leonard does not seek to form taste: he reflects, records, and documents it.

The Stream of Music is filled with graphic biographical detail, intelligent and lucid technical analysis, and climactic political and social snapshots. Although there is nothing factually new in any of this, it is fresh and well-organized *reportage* — excellent and timely propaganda for serious music. *Doubleday, Doran, \$4.50.*

LEO LERMAN

GREAT WINTER NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT FROM VIKING

Lusty, robust humor in
the great Texas tradition

George Sessions Perry

Author of the booksellers' award
novel *Hold Autumn in Your Hand*

Advance readers call this one of the most completely entertaining books in years. Attempting to describe its charm and wit they hark back to Mark Twain and O. Henry. Whatever comparisons you choose to make, you'll be completely entranced by Perry's heroes and villains, his lovers and Bayou philosophers, his visions of fishing and fighting and sudden wealth. \$2.50



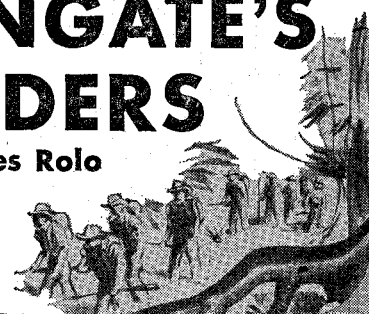
Hackberry Cavalier

One of the greatest heroic
exploits of the war—told
in full for the first time

Brigadier Wingate—the man they call this war's Lawrence of Arabia—led a great commando foray across Burma, throwing Hirohito's crack regiments into panic. His fabulous adventure was first reported in *Life Magazine*; now the whole tale is told, from the arduous training of the men through every hazardous detail of their raids, which paved the way for Mountbatten. *Illustrated.* \$2.50

WINGATE'S RAIDERS

by Charles Rolo

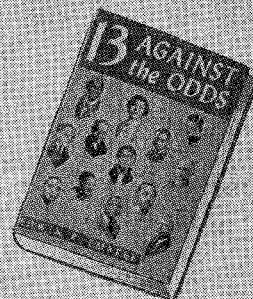


Nothing like this brilliant, violent, and significant story has appeared before in English. Diego Rivera calls it "the best Mexican novel"; others, the Mexican *Grapes of Wrath*. \$2.50

MAURICIO MAGDALENO

SUNBURST

EDWIN R. EMBREE writes the "profile" biographies of thirteen of America's greatest contemporary Negroes. Each is a fascinating, inspiring story of deepest human interest. *Illustrated.* \$2.75



13 AGAINST THE ODDS

"The most exciting reading since Shirer's *Berlin Diary*."—HARRY HANSEN, *World-Telegram*.

A crack Swedish correspondent, who left Berlin last summer, gives us the first facts from inside Germany since American reporters left. \$3.00

Behind THE STEEL WALL

By ARVID FREDBORG

"Joyously readable, infinitely revealing story told by an articulate man of a beloved comrade."—CASSIDY, *Chicago-Tribune*.

The rich, tumultuous record of the life and times of John Barrymore by his great friend. *Illustrated.* \$3.50

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET PRINCE

By GENE FOWLER

THE VIKING PRESS • 18 East 48th Street • New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND!

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

SOME ancient houses have storied in them the character, the beauty, and the trophies of experience which a vigorous family hands down the centuries. Such is Renishaw Hall, which, since 1625, has been enlarged and reanimated by the Sitwells. Hot-tempered and reckless, scholarly and passionate and adventuresome, this family is in miniature a portrait gallery of England.

At Renishaw today lives and writes Sir Osbert Sitwell, a former officer of the Guards, now in his early fifties, who combines the duties of a squire with the art of a biographer. In his "frank, beautifully written, and excessively amusing autobiography" he traces that blending of character and temperament which has produced three writers in a single generation — Edith, Sacheverell, and Sir Osbert himself.

13

TO ME, my home always meant Renishaw, and the summer took me there, so that it meant the summer, too; summers that from this distance all merge into one. I remember, every year, directly I arrived, running through the cool, pillared hall to the low, painted door a little taller than myself, opposite, and standing on tiptoe, so that the smell of the garden should come at me over it through the open window; the overwhelming and, as it seemed, living scent of stocks and clove carnations and tobacco plant on a foundation of sun-warmed box hedges, the odor of any component of which to this day carries me back to infancy, though never now do I obtain the full force it drew from that precise combination.

I remember, too, the pleasure with which I always arrived at the house, and my sorrow at leaving it, for though we spent much time in Scarborough, and paid long visits to London and to grandparents, Renishaw was my home. I felt this with peculiar intensity, experiencing a curious attachment to the soil, a sympathy with the form of the country, with its trees and flowers, the frail blue spires of the bluebells in May, or the harebells and toadflax of August, which has never left me and has made me wonder at times whether my ancestors, in the building-up of an estate through so many hundreds of years, and by the hunger and passion for this land which must have inspired them, — for it was an estate gradually accumulated, not obtained by huge grants or the purchase of church property, — had not bequeathed to me something still very real and active in my nature; this love seemed to me so much older than myself and so much part of me.

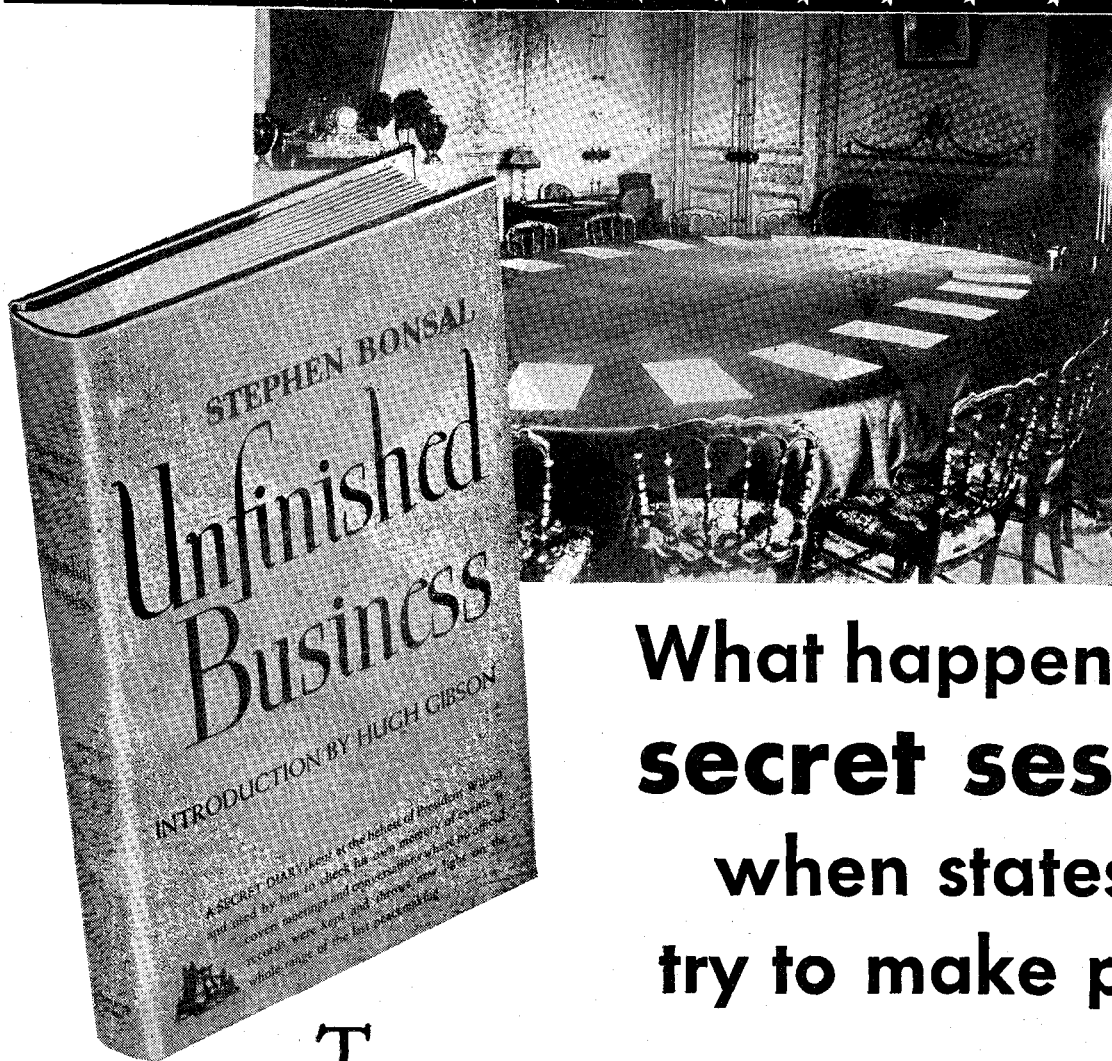
Here things endure. The old tides of rural existence survive beneath the indications of industry, new and old. Even though the furnaces blaze and belch, and the smoke sullies the very sky, men still measure the seasons by the facts of rural life. Summer comes with the ripening corn,

autumn with mists and the picking of mushrooms in meadows and blackberries in hedges, winter with the falling snow, which lies long, often for two months, upon this high, cold country, but the advent of spring is heralded, not by the choirs of birds or the opening flowers, but by the passing of a black horse. Along the roads, along the lanes to the farms, a man will see a fine stallion pass, glossy and strong, led by an attendant, its mane plaited, its tail tied with blue and buff ribbons, — the colors of the Duke of Devonshire, — and will remark to his friend, "Why, spring must be here. There's the Dook's stallion going by!"

The dialect of this potent and contrasting landscape is characteristic as its stone hedges and cliffs and crags, its great stone-built churches, Norman or gothic, with their stone spires, its stone-built farms, wind-swept on their little hills, and bearing such names as Spitewinter, Toadpool, Shady Hall, Hagg Hall and Clod Hall, Johnnygate and Highlightly. It possesses words unknown elsewhere. There are names from France, but most of the language hails from the North, from Denmark and Norway.

In the local idiom, "T'll pize thee one" is what the angry mother says to her child; if you are born left-handed, you are a "keggie-hander"; if you must wait your turn, you "mus waitr thee kale"; and, if you hurry, a farmer calls out, "Are t' thronged?" "Gate" is still the word for "road," that very late invader, unheard-of until Elizabethan times, whereas "gate" survives from the uses of medieval agriculture, when the paths between the fields were known as "gates," a meaning still to be detected in the common names of places in the district, Southgate and Moorgate and Norgate, or in the angry tones of a wagoner who bids you to get your motor "out o' t' gate."

Moreover, at the time of which I write, when the light first sculptured for me the outlines of ridge after ridge, misty and tree-tufted, stretching away toward the



● A hitherto unpublished photograph of the conference table in Paris — Colonel House's private suite at the Hotel Crillon, 1919.

What happens in the secret sessions when statesmen try to make peace?

THE RESULTS ARE HISTORY, but for 25 years what *really* happened when statesmen great and small sat in secret session with our own President Wilson and Colonel House has been locked in the diary of Stephen Bonsal. Bonsal was confidential interpreter for Wilson and House, and kept his diary for the President's own information and use.

They came . . . they sat . . . they compromised

Reading UNFINISHED BUSINESS is like taking a seat at the great table itself. Bonsal heard and recorded arguments, bickering, and indiscretions of which no official records were ever made. He chronicled the downward path from exaltation and high purpose to petty dispute and crafty bargaining. He also saw—and tells about such extraordinary scenes as fist fights between Clemenceau and Lloyd George prevented only by Wilson's bodily intervention . . . The irksome delays caused by a Prime Minister's defective ear trumpet . . . The breaking off of crucial debates because one French diplomat always wanted to catch a train. He witnessed and describes how statesmen behave just like people, only more so.

New light on the last peacemaking

From its opening, startling chapter on the Armistice, UNFINISHED BUSINESS carries on through the hectic days in Washington, when Wilson was kept a prisoner in his sick-room in the White House, isolated even from his opponents, like Senator Lodge, who were willing at the last moment to yield. A sensational book for any year,

At your bookseller's

for 1944, with plans for another peace conference already under way, **UNFINISHED BUSINESS**, by **Stephen Bonsal**, is desperately needed—for the hitherto unknown facts it reveals, and for its intimate portrait of diplomats, presidents, and premiers as men whose fallibility led General Smuts to say, "Not Wilson, but humanity failed at Versailles." (Just published, \$3.00)

★ ★ ★

People are talking about these books on the war and on the peace that lies ahead:

TOTAL PEACE, by **Ely Culbertson** (\$2.50), is "tremendous. Henceforth no one can talk intelligently of peace without reference to it." — **CHARLES LEE**, *Phila. Record*. **MOTHER RUSSIA**, by **Maurice Hindus** (\$3.50), which "no intelligent reader can neglect in order to understand the Russia that will have its powerful place in Europe." — **WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE**. **JEAN MALAQUAIS' WAR DIARY** (\$2.75), is "an aching, poignant, frightening book, an extraordinary document on the collapse of France . . . The most profound book on the War." — **ANDRE GIDE**. **John T. Flynn's AS WE GO MARCHING** (\$2.00), is a book about Fascism, American style. **THE ROAD BACK TO PARIS**, by *The New Yorker* correspondent **A. J. Liebling** (\$3.00), is a profile of life today on three continents that is "for this reviewer's money the most readable of all the war books." — **HOWARD TAYLOR**, *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

heights, distant and unattainable, the landscape and its inhabitants possessed even more character than they do today. Then, as now, in the distance beyond the park, the great plumes of smoke would wave triumphantly over the pyramids of slag, down which, every now and then, crawled writhing serpents of fire, as the cinders were discharged from the trucks.

After dark, this process at conjecturable intervals lit the whole night with a wild glory, so that, my father told me, standing on the lawn, he could read his watch by the light of Staveley flares three miles away, and in the woods this sudden illumination gave an added poignance to the sylvan glades that it revealed, causing the rabbits to be frozen for an instant into immobility, their eyes reflecting the glare and the terror within them, showing a shape, which might be that of an otter from the lake below, scudding through the long wet grass, and making the great owl hiccup uneasily in the trees where formerly he had hooted with assurance. As the golden surge diminished, so did the uneasy stirring of the minute but multitudinous life beneath the tall bracken.

All this is the same today — except that the immigrant small owl has made his way here and adds his clamor to the summer night; indeed, the flares are brighter. But in those times, during the hours of daylight, the very starkness of the little houses and the blackness of them from the smoke — at which there had been no attempt at amelioration — added their own quality of outrageous contrast, even, as it were, of color. In this chiaroscuro world, the gangs of miners returning from their work would tramp along the roads, wearing stuttering clogs, cord trousers, and scarlet tunics, the cast-off tunics of a happy army, then still dressed in musical-comedy uniforms, which the colliers bought regularly; a costume which set off the blackness of their faces and their scarlet lips. Where else could you see such color in the clothes of the working people at this period?

Even the roads were different, bordered with tall trees, now cut down by councils eager in their triple quest of tidiness, uniformity, and standardization; and the lanes of the countryside, and the drives through the park, were more vivid, I believe, than others anywhere — for their surface was laid with clinker, a vitreous substance, turquoise-blue, marine-blue, and sea-green, which, if it had been a natural product instead of having been cleaned out of the vast furnaces of the neighborhood, would rank, such is its beauty, as a semi-precious stone. (What exquisite mountains, temples, trees, and fantastic animals, in miniature, Chinese craftsmen would have carved from it!) Fragments of clinker can still be found best after a very rainy day when the downpour has lifted the surface, along the drives; but no new substance of the same kind can be obtained, for improved processes of industry now leave only an ugly gray stone behind them.

In the hot summer the house, standing above the world on its wide tableland, threw its battlemented and spired shadow, uncompromising and stark for all its fantasy, as far as the tall beech trees at the hills' edge, while down below, in the north park, the golden mist still lay melting. On this side, the house makes no gesture to the graces,

but is a stout-built, machicolated screen with but a few shallow breaks in the hundred yards of its façade. Here is no garden, only the grass and the old trees, of great girth; in spite of its austerity, it is rustic and pastoral, cows and horses come out of the Palladian stables into the park, and in their seasons buttercups and mushrooms grow among the green tufts of the turf.

But on the south side, the atmosphere changes dramatically; is no longer pastoral, but romantic. The house with its deep recesses, the fountains and pools and hedges set so fast among their surrounding woods that in the distance, from the south, the building appears to rise from a forest, the vistas to which lead every alley and every green court, are all part of the great romantic movement; and water provides the link which binds them together — water dripping from fountains and flashing from pools and culminating in the expanse of lake below, which swoons in a summer ecstasy of sun-born mist and still green leaves to the nostalgic rhythms of Mendelssohn, Weber, Chopin, and Tchaikovsky.

14

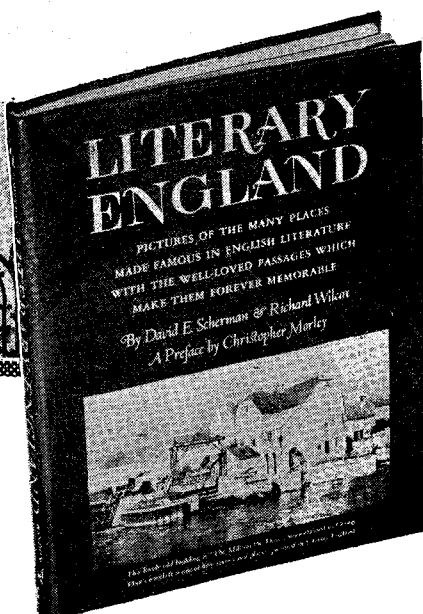
PEOPLE, except those very near me, were still strange and stiff from first sight as those figures, full of latent movement, seen in a pointillist picture — female figures in wide skirts and angular sleeves and straw hats, resembling those portrayed by Toulouse-Lautrec or Beardsley, figures just learning to ride bicycles, men in round caps and cricket blazers and white trousers. Sometimes I would look up from the garden, hearing my name called, and see my father, talking to an architect or a landscape specialist upon the roof, far above. And I could never make out by what magic they achieved those heights. Then there were the rustics, bearded or bonneted. But, more easily, I remember *occasions*; those aquatic afternoons, for example.

How delicious were those long picnics on the lake, in the wide, flat-bottomed boat, blue-painted, that yet rots somewhere in the disused stables; those long, hot, calm, drowsy, sun-spangled afternoons of childhood spent on that mirror-flat, cool surface, the slow movement and the sound of the rowlocks as the nursery maid, Davis, listlessly plied the oar; the hours in which we drifted, yet never wasted our time, for if Edith and I leaned over the thick blue wall of the boat, we could watch the fish flickering in their checkered mail through trailing avenues of weeds. And sometimes my father would appear and carry me off for a swift darting journey in a canoe, while his spaniel flopped and splashed after us in the water or, after shaking himself in the sun on the bank, until his dangling ears flapped wildly and a smell of hot wool ascended from his steaming body, then tried, if we were near enough, to jump upon our prow, and, missing it, fell into his other element again.

Edith and Davis would be watching us from the boat, now moored by the island under the light shadow of a grove of young trees. At four-thirty a footman would come down with a hamper, and we would begin collecting

Places beloved in English Literature

IN PICTURES, PROSE AND POETRY



FIFTY large and beautiful photographs of famous English scenes... with the treasured passages which make them forever memorable. Canterbury Cathedral... Fleet Street... Daffodils at Ullswater... The Thirty-Nine Steps... and many more... as seen by two staff members of LIFE magazine. A handsome volume, beautifully printed and bound. A *Book-of-the-Month* dividend.

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW: "A book to serve as reminder of travel or as war-time substitute... assurance that English literature is rooted firmly in English ground."

\$3.95, A RANDOM
HOUSE BOOK



LITERARY ENGLAND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY *David E. Scherman*
DESCRIPTIVE TEXT BY *Richard Wilcox*
WITH A PREFACE BY *Christopher Morley*



dry wood to make a fire upon which to boil the kettle. The twigs crackled and burst, and the kettle began soon to hiss. Presently my mother and her friends would join us, and their grown-up laughter — laughter at things hidden and beyond our sight — would sound among the teacups.

But my mother, with her own children and with others', but especially with her sons, was like a child herself, absorbed in their interests. Her friends, however, were thinking of themselves and how they looked; their air was patronizing in its unnecessary and false kindness (this stricture, of course, in no way applies to the several we loved). Soon my mother would light a cigarette to keep the midges away. (In those times, women who smoked usually did so to be daring, but she smoked for pleasure.) But time was passing, and soon we would climb the steep sun-baked hill to the house, entering the garden, sweeter than ever in these hours of dwindling light.

In the lamp room, under the heavy fumes of paraffin, the sightless Stephen Pare — with his vast and hollow eyes that now I understand resembled the gaping eyes of an antique mask of tragedy — was already lighting the wicks, which, by an unhappy irony, were to make clear for everyone else the exterior world, to him so dim, and indicate the shape and corners of chair and table, blurred to him and fading. Indeed he was the only person to gain no benefit from the process; he could not read at all, even, and he felt his way by instinct through the lofty, darkening rooms. But never, during the many years I knew him, did he make a mistake; he placed things down more softly than would any man who could see. Many of the rooms were now beginning to glow with a light forgotten today, for we belong to the last generation of children brought up by candlelight, and the smell of snuffed wax lay heavy on our nostrils as we went to sleep.

There was, however, though it was already time for bed, still a grateful hour or two before we must go to sleep, for I hated darkness here, was frightened in this large, rambling old house, haunted and haunting, and counted every moment until my mother came upstairs after dinner to bid me a second good-night, — a custom strictly forbidden by my father, — bringing with her the comfort of her warm and, to me, loving presence, and the scent of the gardenias and tuberose she was wearing, and usually — which was also prohibited — a peach, strawberry water-ice, or some delicacy of that sort. She would bend above me, standing close to me, talking to me as to one of her own age, telling me how her cousins, who were staying with us, had behaved at dinner, of how Henry, still a footman, had suddenly laughed at something that was said, and of how difficult my father was being, with all his new ideas — probably he would alter them all again, tomorrow.

But though I was so frightened of the night, there was never a moment when I would not rather have been here than elsewhere. I loved the impalpable essence — what later one learns to call the "atmosphere" — of the house, a strange prevalence, laden with the dying memories of three centuries, pervading the mind like a scent faintly

detected, the smell of wood-smoke, for example, that seems to color a whole room with its fragrance though a year has passed.

My mother, who looked so beautiful in her light-colored evening dresses, pale pink or yellow, would say good-night, and unless already I was in an almost trance-like condition of fatigue, I would struggle to prevent her going. With her, as she walked out of the door, she took the last remainder of all the light that the day had held. The lingering breath of strong scent she affected, and of the warmth of a physical presence that, as with other members of her family, was Italian in its radiance and, at first sight, apparent simplicity, only made the night still darker than it had been before she arrived. There was nothing now except darkness, out of which substance ghosts are spun and torn.

Through the door, however, left open on purpose, I could, if I removed the sheet from over my ears, hear the monotonous, grating tone of Davis's voice in the day nursery. It was a dull sound, but I loved it, because it supported me on its safe wings; even the smell of cheese and beer which accompanied it, — for they were having their supper, — though at other moments it made me feel sick, now seemed pleasant to me, exhaling a human warmth and animal coarseness. A piece of garlic hung outside the window, says the folklore of Southeast Europe, secures a sleeper against vampires, and equally I can testify that the scent of bread and cheese can dispose of ghosts for children. I would listen to the voices, and then, the next thing I knew, it was morning and the blinds were being drawn up in our room level with the highest treetops.

15

At Renishaw, then, the background was less complex than at Scarborough. The atmosphere of political excitement for one thing — and in those days it was marked — was lacking; there were no gifts of chocolates from enthusiastic supporters of my father and the Primrose League, no circuses, and neither bands nor Negrominstrels. The climaxes were more artless and traditional; a donkey ride with Edith in the morning to where the toadflax grew on the banks of the now deserted canal (part of which had been constructed two centuries before at the expense of my ancestors, so as to help to improve trade), or to one of its pretty stone bridges, elegant in span as are those shown in paintings of Canaletto's, or a drive in the pony cart, shining with paint and with brass and patent leather, drawn by the buxom piebald pony who pulled us along the roads for so many years and had enjoyed a romantic past, having been, it was alleged, the former star equine performer in a circus (indeed, at Scarborough, it was noticeable that certain tunes played by a barrel organ or a band would strike some chords of memory, for first he would stand still, then prance and try to take us in a fast and sweeping circle).

Usually we drove through the Eckington Woods, under the banks of dog's-hair, — flowing Alpine grass like the hair of Nereids, and a speciality of the Derbyshire hills, —

Classic literature is always modern

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

THE great literature of the Greeks and Romans has remained alive throughout the centuries because of the deeply satisfying pleasure it has given to each new generation of readers. The *Odyssey* of Homer, the poems of Ovid, the philosophy of Plato, the adventures of Aeneas — these are old friends of the classroom. But many other books, by both familiar and less well-known authors, provide reading as stimulating today as it was two thousand years ago. The witty dialogues of Lucian, the brilliant comedies of Aristophanes, the travels of Strabo, and the botanical discoveries of Theophrastus, founder of modern botany, are only samples of the wide range of subjects included in the LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY of over 360 titles.

In the LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY the original Greek or Latin text is printed on left-hand pages with a line-for-line translation on facing pages. Write for a descriptive catalogue. The price is uniformly \$2.50 a volume.



HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE 38 / / / MASSACHUSETTS

and would hunt among it for wild rasps and strawberries, here where my great-great-grandfather had hunted the tiger. (These glades had no doubt often sheltered Robin Hood, — and indeed the tallest man could stand unseen in the bracken which flowed up and down the hills, — and, at the time of which I write, his bow still hung, as it had hung for three centuries, on the staircase at Barlborough, three miles away.) Sometimes, again, we would only walk, in the wood called the Settings, as far as the icehouse, a strange, forbidding cave, seemingly ancient as the beehive tombs of Mycenae, to peer down its shaft full of a century's drifting of dead leaves, a place still set apart for winter even in the midst of summer.

Then we would spend the rest of the afternoon in the company of my mother, making butter under the guidance of Mrs. Hunt, who presided in the dairy. In the center of the floor was an Italian vase of marble from which water spouted, and to its octagonal sides were fitted slabs of Derbyshire marble, gray and showing sections of fossils, things such as the razor shells that I knew in the life of this age from the sands at Scarborough. It was deliciously cool even in the hottest hours of August, and I can still hear the wooden clatter of the "Scotch hands," as they are called, see the liquid running out of the butter as the print is pressed onto it, and smell the sour odor of the buttermilk.

Sometimes, again, I would be taught to fish in the lake, the hook being baited with a maggot, chosen by an attendant, with the eye of a connoisseur, from a loathsome tin box that contained all writhing hell within its putrid compass, or I would watch my mother fishing for pike in Foxton Dam (Foxton, the Wood of the Little Folk, is near-by, through meadows full of dark-blue scabious a-flutter with small blue butterflies). After fishing in the Dam, there was always tea with old Mrs. Betts, wife of the keeper, who lived by the edge of the wood in a large stone cottage hidden behind a huge espalier apricot; and when we had eaten homemade scones and cakes and jams, she would, on being pressed, favor us with — in, if the truth is to be told, a rather cracked and hollow voice — part of the Hallelujah Chorus. She loved to display her gift, but it was a treat that always reduced my mother, partly, perhaps, because of our obvious enjoyment of it, to helpless though carefully hidden laughter.

And finally, towards the end of August, came the climax of the summer, a flower show, held in the park on the highest ground, where there is a flat stretch bearing the biggest and oldest trees. Here was every possible attraction. Besides the tents, — filled with a crowd that surged round mounds of fruit and vegetables, in an atmosphere laden with the heated scent of prize flowers and of prize onions mingled together, — besides purple potatoes in their Assyrian armor, besides giant cauliflowers like rustic faces, and mammoth dahlias, and huge gooseberries, over-ripe, sticky, and melting like cheap sweets, there was a military band playing Waldteufel waltzes, simple tunes pursued by fat, mustached bandsmen down serpentine instruments into an eternity, an infinity, in which nevertheless every vista was clearly defined and obvious. There were marionette shows and displays by midgets, while in

the hot seclusion of small, red-lined tents rustic professors foretold the future from the lines of sweaty hands. I was held to be too young to consult them, though several times I ran in a determined manner towards the entrance.

16

ALAS! from this moment the progress of the year downhill was within sight; we were near the autumn, which, to my chagrin, always took us back to Scarborough, electric light, and to children's parties, those fearful ordeals imposed upon the young by their elders. Before us stretched long autumn, and then winter, months, blustering winds, and wreck-strewn seas.

At this season the town reverted from a gay, holiday-makers' paradise to a borough with a life and tradition of its own, and the tradesmen would stand gossiping in their doorways or come out to talk to us as we passed. The market was full of the smell of apples and the sunlight hung in tattered autumn streamers from rooftop and tree. This condition went on throughout the golden autumn till Martinmas (a local festival, but one which — for it fell on November 11 — I was to celebrate in the future with great fervor and more cause).

On the day in question the ox-eyed plowmen and the maidservants from the neighboring farms would walk round the market to be hired, a custom that has now everywhere died out; though, before the days of general advertising, it was common. (In Eckington we hired our plowmen on Guy Fawkes Day, known as Eckington Statts, — a corruption of statutes, — when there was a small fair, gypsies and coconuts and roundabouts — but here no diversion was allowed except that, to countrymen, of walking round a town.) It was also a favorite day upon which plowmen chose to marry their round-faced rustic brides, and many was the procession we watched climb up the hill to the old inn in Newborough, where the wedding breakfast would be held; flushed countenances, seemingly carved out of turnip or swede, stolid, listless, and good; large red hands crammed into cramping gloves for the occasion; white favors and white flowers.

The town, however, was in no way dependent on such arbitrary connection with the land as these customs would indicate; it derived its scaly, glittering harvest from the waves that could be seen rolling their long lines in exemplary formation. By the fruit of the sea it lived all the autumn, vying proudly with Aberdeen. The quays would be lined nearly every morning with ships, their brown sails furled, and often fleets would be seen under full sail, approaching. Nets, bursting with fish, and empty barrels stood upon the stone platform, and the air was strong with the smell of salt and rope and fish, and tar and wood-smoke. The fishwives roared to each other across their tables, slimy and running in the morning sunlight, and the paving itself was slippery from the catch, soon to be smoked and dried.

When the great storms of December began to break, and the rolling, gigantic waves bellowed and roared far out to sea and shook the whole town as they battered and

pounded, and the houses seemed caught, themselves, in a net of finely spun spray from the breakers, snowy and mountainous or creamy with sand, I have seen the impassive faces and stoic endurance of these women, waiting for their husbands and fathers, and themselves so well able to value the dangers run, since not one woman in the fishers' quarter but had lost some relative.

But, for all the terror it carried in its tremendous power, I loved the sea passionately then as now, this immense and tragic blind force which seemed somehow, as you stood near it, to change and renew the feeling in every cell of the body; I loved all its moods, but especially the storms and the fine, blown-out mornings that followed them, when the sands at the waters' edge were tumbled, laden with inexplicable treasure, sea fruit and weed and strange shapes in wood and bone and in a substance black as jet and weighing as light.

When the days grew shorter and darker, though, they became for me more miserable. At the age of eighteen months I had a very serious illness, from which I was not expected at the time to recover. Though I contrived to hang on to life, it had left me a rather delicate and nervous child, and I suffered from attacks of that very terrifying — but now fortunately extinct — disease, croup. Damp, and in my case especially sea fogs, mainly induced it, and being, albeit rather backward for my age, by no means stupid, I could detect, some fifteen to twelve hours beforehand, its approach, though still too young to be able to explain the nature of the symptoms and that I recognized them. Thus, since I could only indicate that I expected an onslaught, when it came, those in authority over me, instead of being grateful for the warning they had received, would denounce me for "bringing it on"; a sin visited upon me, when the attack occurred, by extra-strong mustard baths that flayed the victim alive as though he were an early Christian martyr, and by doses of the indescribable *ipecacuanha*, that searing drug which even its name, with, implicit in its mournful but fascinating rhythm, all the lilting tangos of South America, can never redeem.

But Davis belonged to a generation which believed in old-fashioned remedies, as did our doctor, with his frock coat, top hat, and coral-pink stethoscope that seemed, when he used it, to be an exteriorization of the breathing apparatus within the body. Both the doctor and Davis immediately quelled any instinctive tendency on the part of an invalid to eat things — such as oranges, for example — which would have cured the malady. The patient must be choked with fortifying delicacies, sago pudding and blancmange, and calf's-foot jelly, made of melted hoofs and horseshoes, it seemed. Yet on the whole I must have obtained a good deal of my own way in the nursery, for I can still hear Davis's favorite cry, where I was concerned: "Anything for peace, Master Osbert!"

The light all this time is growing stronger. Nevertheless from my infancy in Scarborough I can remember incidents more easily than people; incidents better forgotten. Thus I recall only too well how I stole an apple at the age of three from the market — not so much "stole" perhaps as "took," for the laws concerning private property had

not penetrated my consciousness, and all children are born communists. It was a lovely autumn morning; within, the cool and shadowy lanes of the great stone temple were lined with mounds of rosy apples, which scented the air, impregnated it with a sweetness almost like decay.

The whole world was my apple — rather than my oyster — and, in the tradition of my ancestress Eve, I was tempted. I managed, as the saying goes, to "get away with it," though how my furtive munching escaped Davis's attention, I cannot imagine; presumably she was talking about life and death — her favorite subjects — to one of her friends. The applewoman waited until we had left, and then stumped up the hill to see my father, acquaint him of his son and heir's disgrace, and to demand five pounds as the price of her silence; otherwise, she hinted, he might find himself at the bottom of the poll at the next election.

During the long winter evenings there were fairy stories — of which my father strongly disapproved, holding that they developed the imagination in the wrong channels — to be followed by the usual childish terrors of cupboards and dark places. On the other hand, when tardy spring at last arrived, when the bands played and the barrel organs, I would dance to them with abandon. On other occasions I would dance to a very different tune, for I used to dance from temper, and one or two of my cousins used to make a point of annoying me on purpose, in order to be treated to this spectacle.

In a moment I will tell you of my cousins and of the life of which they were part; but I am only just beginning to see them, or to range beyond members of our own household. Indeed I can remember, with the utmost distinctness, an animal, almost before I can remember human beings. Bill Moat, the brother of our butler, Henry, was a fisherman, and used to bring over to see us from Whitby a tame seal. He had caught it during a whaling cruise, and it now lived in the back yard of his ancestral house at Whitby. It can be imagined with what mingled pride, pleasure, and interest my sister and I made the acquaintance of this new friend, who flopped about the sands after us in the most flattering way, used suddenly to come up and poke his nose at the back of his master's knee so that he would nearly fall down, and would then bellow loudly for fish.

The reader may wonder how such a slippery customer was conveyed to us. Unlikely as it sounds, by train, and then by cab. Bill was a well-known character in Whitby, and was allowed to take his seal with him in a third-class carriage. He would have charge of its head, a porter would help him by pushing from below, and the sleek creature would ride beside him, giving a delicious breath of the ocean — and of fish — to the whole third-class compartment. Once arrived at Scarborough, they would take a cab, sent by my mother, the seal again sitting beside him, and looking round with interest at place and people. It seemed fitting, and in no way strange to us — or to any that knew either of them — that the brother of Henry, who belonged, like all his family, in his very essence to the sea, coming of a whole dynasty of sailors and fishermen, should possess such a pet.

17

WHEN I paid my first visit I was three years of age. Davis's father was a cobbler in a small village near Newbury in Berkshire, and she was going home to spend a few days with her parents, who were both very old. Since I refused to be parted from her for an instant, she — though it must have spoiled her holiday — nevertheless, in accordance with the principle of appeasement which she had adopted where I was concerned ("Anything for peace, Master Osbert!"), arranged to take me with her. How clearly it comes back to me! Perhaps I remember it so well because that the visit took place at all constituted, I even then realized, a personal triumph; my mother was jealous, my father disapproved, my sister would like to have gone too, and the governess was frankly furious; by the sheer power of my plaguing I had obtained, almost for the first time, my own way.

Certainly every detail of my stay lives in my memory: our arrival, very tired, at the cottage on an evening of timeless June, the long shadows of the trees on our way there, and how I woke up the next morning, very early, because of the excitement of the change, and how at that hour the light of the sun still lay flat as feathers along the ledges of the windows. Presently the rays slanted downwards, and there were signs of activity. Life seemed very intimate and enclosed here, after the larger houses to which I was accustomed; warm and compact and lacking in any sense of fear. There were no creaking boards, no inexplicable rustlings, no feeling of interruption if one ran into an empty room.

Every noise here made explicit its meaning. I heard now, as I lay there beside Davis, who was still fast asleep, the sounds that accompanied her father's getting-up, the washings and splashings and crinkling tug of clothes being put on, then his going downstairs, moving about, lighting the fire and washing the dishes. Soon after, I heard the sizzling of bacon as he crisped it on a fork before the fire for my breakfast, — for, I do not know why, he, not his wife, did this part of the cooking, — and then there reached me the talking of rustic voices below.

After I had been dressed and had eaten the bacon, so crisp and delicious, I was allowed to sit in the workshop, full of the smell of leather, and watch the old cobbler hammering at his last and listen to him talking through the din to his friends.

But this brief pastoral episode was soon over. My next, my second, visit was of a different kind, accompanied by my entire family and paid to my grandfather and grandmother at Londesborough.

They were whole continents apart, these two houses; this was a different world, given over to those pomps and vanities which, in their own day so overwhelming, notwithstanding, leave no shadow behind them — unless they are fortunate enough to catch for a moment the attention of a Rowlandson or a Constantin Guys, and so remain fixed in the eye of time; a world of horses, carriages, and liveries, an immense machine, producing little, unless it were the love given it for its own sake, scarcely, even,

rewarding with smooth working — still less with any pleasure — those to whom it ministered. Here there were major-domos, grooms of the chamber, powdered footmen, wearing velvet knee-breeches on the right occasions, grooms, gamekeepers, the cool and ordered processes of the dairy, and stables full of haughty and glossy gods, well tended. In their fragile glass cases were caged the steamy fragments of Africa and Asia, orchids and rare, strong-smelling flowers, while, in their seasons, ripe peaches and grapes and nectarines and melons flourished within their crystal orchards.

The park, I remember, contained groves of immense dead trees, as well as living; for my grandmother, though in other directions of by no means so soft a disposition, would not allow them to be cut down, because to see an old tree felled always made her cry. In consequence, these gnarled, gigantic skeletons, standing in groups, seemed to preserve, within the general leafy paradise, their own bony deserts of winter, and in their antique desolation contrasted with the well-drilled, even ranks of trees of the younger plantations which soared up the hillsides, and then swept down again as sharply. Every branch in them seemed to shelter a cock pheasant that, giving its Chinese cries, flew whirring like a rocket out from it as we passed.

A whole army of men looked after the domestic life of these birds until the time came for their slaughter. We used to stand below the plantations, with my grandfather and uncle, while eggs or young chicks were brought up to be shown to us. How tall they seemed, both trees and men; for my uncle — my mother's only brother — was six foot six inches, and my grandfather was but an inch or two shorter.

In the afternoon we walked by the side of our grandmother's Bath chair, accompanied by our mother and her tall sisters, in slow progress round the red-walled kitchen gardens, full of every sort of sweet-scented leaf, myrtle and geranium and verbenas. And at teatime we fell back into the rhythm of the nursery. This life went on for some time, until I let my parents down by developing that mysterious "summer cold," an ailment which so frequently afflicts children, and which, in the houses of relatives as opposed to one's own home, always carried with it a suggestion of disgrace. No doubt in my case this *congestion*, as it would aptly be termed in France, had been caused by overindulgence in the most delicious chocolate cake in the world, a speciality of the house. The taste of it, as I write, I can still recall vividly as the varying flavors of the old-fashioned remedies made in the still-room, such as black-currant tea, to which my consequent indisposition and confinement to bed rendered me for some days subject.

18

THE world of my relatives recurrently expanded, in the late or, less usually, in the early summer, when the members of my mother's family would arrive in Scarborough for a sojourn, in large numbers and with quantities of children. Usually we would go to Renishaw before they returned to their homes; but even in the few weeks or days

of our being there together, there would be all kinds of new amusements for us.

My grandfather Londesborough was devoted to children and had a fascinating manner with them. He liked to take Edith or me — or sometimes both of us, though there was scarcely room — for a drive in his buckboard, a then fast and dashing equipage (there were of course no motors in those days), balanced precariously on two enormous wheels and drawn by, one would have said, a permanently bolting horse. My grandfather chose this vehicle because it could be driven over the countryside, without following a road, and could actually cross ditches without its occupants' incurring any mishap worse than a severe shaking.

As a rule we first went through Raincliffe Woods, to the beautiful and celebrated Forge Valley, where a groom would be waiting to take the reins. My grandfather would give him orders to meet us in some other valley, while we walked up one of the steep hills, thickly covered with trees, and down the other side. (Here, in their season, you could discover the beautiful burnet-colored wild columbine, tangles of the sweetest honeysuckle, and many rarer flowers.) The woods were large, however, and the meeting-places difficult to find as in the Forest of Arden, and if the arrangements he had made went wrong, as most frequently they did, my grandfather's language — famous, like his son's after him, for a wealth and warmth of imagery that, perhaps, suffering a metamorphosis, is to be traced, identically, in the poetry and writings of three of his grandchildren — for a moment echoed far and wide. Suddenly he would remember our presence, and hush his voice for the sake of the young, so that only very occasionally we caught a fragment of the real works of art at the end of these fascinating and unfamiliar vistas.

Sometimes, again, he would carry us off to the cliffs, to show us where the Grass of Parnassus flourished, a delicately veined, pale flower, uncommon in England, half sorrel, half snowdrop, swaying on a wire-thin stalk, to near-by dells, nigh hidden in their rocky clefts, where grew the yet rarer Herb Paris, a green flower with a green monk's cowl and hanging head, or to Cayton Bay, where we would walk from the high cliffs down to the deserted shore, on which the waves, always the fiercest in the neighborhood, washed up quantities of shells, nacreous or rusty or rose-pink, shaped like the spires of Wren's churches, or like ears, or like the very shells from which Venus arose on the Paphian shore.

In appearance he was, as I have said, very tall and rather dark, with a longish, pointed beard. In repose there was a certain air of Spanish dignity about him, and he possessed a combined distinction and ease of manner which enabled him to get on well with everyone. In his clothes, too, he displayed a very personal style. When he took us out driving, he always wore an ulster with, at the back, a hood which, after the fashion of a monk's cowl, he could put over his head if it rained. Many years previously he had lost an eye, as a result of a shooting party (though no one had yet dared to tell my grandmother the name of the friend responsible for the accident). Thus, in addition to the particular charm he undoubtedly exercised, his glass eye, with its fixed and lucent stare, proved a great source

of attraction to his grandchildren and promoted him in their regard to the legendary and heroic status of a Nelson.

Londesborough Lodge, his house in Scarborough, which had been bought and "improved" by Lord Albert, had no large rooms in it, but was an enchanting place for seaside *villeggiatura* — if such a phrase is not a contradiction in terms. The rooms, small but numerous, were set in their own world of strange trees. Cut flat at the top, these were grotesquely bent by the winter winds, so that they resembled a whole grove of Daphnes frozen in permanent flight from the cool waves below. The state, the organization of household and garden and stable, that prevailed, even in this comparatively small house, would seem remarkable today — would, even, have seemed remarkable yesterday.

When the family descended to the Spa, by way of the private bridge which crossed the main thoroughfare that led to the sands, red carpets, literal as well as metaphorical, had to be put down for them; almost a mile of red carpet. It was, indeed, an atmosphere of the hilltops — though not mentally, I am afraid; but it was pleasant, welcoming, luxurious, and the thought never occurred to any of those living in it that it might not be deserved. Moreover, the genuine good feeling which lay under what some people might have thought the sycophancy evinced in various directions had, in truth, been earned by the kindly qualities of the principals.

No, my grandfather's houses — and in particular, perhaps, The Lodge — depended for their quality not upon beauty, but upon *fun*. He was still dissipating his fortune in a thousand different directions. It seemed as though the special money sense which had enabled earlier generations to build up their prodigious fortune had, in their descendants, become hypertrophied, so that they could exercise no restraint in spending it. And this extravagance, which all who come of our blood share, produced results which were sometimes as unexpected in their fantasy as, at others, they were tragic.

Of the lighter consequences, I recall, for example, a remark of one of my grandfather's younger sisters, who, when I grew up, often entertained me in her large and hospitable house. Tall and thin, and like all her sisters, with a beautifully cut profile and turn of head, she looked astonishingly young for her age, and had kept her vivacity. She loved seeing people, and at luncheon there were always a great many guests. The food was good and plentiful, but one day, when I arrived early, she said to me, "Dear boy, I fear you'll find these luncheons rather monotonous, but they're ordered by the trustees"; for the lavishness of the household bills in the past obliged them now, in order to prevent expenditure in this direction, to supply her with salmon and chicken and garden produce from her country estate.

19

Nobody, however, dared to interfere with my grandfather. Occasionally, I am told, he would suffer from hours of exaggerated depression over his money affairs and from exaggerated abnegation — hours in which he believed himself to be utterly ruined, and would refuse to spend a

farthing; but they were quickly followed by a reversion to his normal lavish moods of spending money, and of his intense pleasure in doing so. A great deal had, of course, already gone. Yachts, races, coaches, carriages, sport of every kind, especially shooting, speculation, and the stage were the chief channels he had found for ridding himself of his earthly burden.

His houses, as I have said, teemed with servants, and his first act in 1861, on inheriting the fortune, had been to provide all his chief servants with checkbooks so that they could draw on his funds at the bank without worrying him for his authority; after a year or two, however, the remonstrances of his angry bankers induced him to cancel this comfortable and original arrangement. Stables and gardens were decorative hives of idleness. His carriages had long been famous for their smartness, the horses for their gloss, speed, and style.

All channels for waste, then, were welcome, but the most rewarding in sheer expense, and certainly his favorite, was the theater. In this connection, again, W. B. Maxwell describes the sort of company my grandfather enjoyed, and various of his activities: —

“It was in this year that I went to the first of two or three quite entertaining Henley parties. These were given by Lord Londesborough, the local potentate of the New Forest. Their scene was a houseboat, named *The Ark*, from which, however, we could issue if we wished and take a little tour in punts or canoes or skiffs on the crowded river. But the company it was that so greatly delighted me . . . theatrical stars of both sexes, with the very prettiest of the actresses, together with a selected band of our host's innumerable friends, for the most part, like himself, of noble rank. . . . Lord Londesborough was a patron of the stage, and was reputed to have lost thirty thousand pounds in one production — *Babil and Bijou*, a musical spectacle. For some years he ran the Olympic Theatre, with Henry Neville, in legitimate drama. It was on *The Ark* that I consolidated my acquaintance with dear Mrs. John Wood, the comedy actress, and Lionel Brough, the comedian.”

W. B. Maxwell, it will be noted, mentions thirty thousand pounds as the sum my grandfather was currently supposed to have lost over a single theatrical venture, but I have always understood from others that it was a hundred thousand. And it can be well imagined how eager I had been, ever since I first heard of it, to find out more concerning this fascinating financial escapade of my grandfather's. Nor, now that I have come to know more of it, do I consider it as by any means merely financial.

It was, in the true sense, an escapade; for, though by no means a clever man, he was no doubt more than usually susceptible to atmosphere and emotion, and his backing of *Babil and Bijou* constituted an attempt on his part to escape, to deliver himself from the settled, foggy, humdrum air of mid-Victorian London, and regain for the evening the less conventional, flaring ambience of a Paris that had only just died so violent a death in the siege and commune, a Paris that had only three or four years before been the pleasure center of the world, numbering not least among the joys it offered the always skillful and often inspired

comic operas of Offenbach, with Hortense Schneider as their chief ornament. The very essence of that gilded, contaminated city, where life had been pleasant, free of every duty except dissipation, had been distilled by such entertainments as these that he hoped to introduce. The reader, therefore, will allow me again to step out of my childhood for a moment, so that I may take him to look for a few minutes at a forgotten episode in English theatrical history; an episode that, it is true, led to none of the ends anticipated for it, but, notwithstanding, attracted at the time enormous attention.

20

WHEN I first possessed the leisure wherein to make these inquiries — which was directly after the last war — the early seventies of the past century already seemed so distant that it appeared almost impossible to find out anything concerning *Babil and Bijou*. Certainly I never expected to be given an account of the entertainment by an eyewitness, far less by a member of the first-night audience.

It must have been one night in 1925 — for, alas, he died the following year — that A. B. Walkley, for many years the dramatic critic of the *Times*, came to dine with my brother and me. I had met him first at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Somerset Maugham in Wyndham Place, in the large, beige-painted, barrel-vaulted drawing room of which delightful eighteenth-century mansion their friends were privileged to meet all the most interesting figures connected with the worlds of art, literature, and the theater, both here and in America.

A remarkable character, he belonged to a traditional type which inevitably has something in it of the dandy's attributes: the Englishman with a passion for French culture. Short, rather stout, with a little black imperial and very black and shiny hair, and with an eyeglass attached to a broad black ribbon, he could easily have been mistaken for a French literary man of the eighties or nineties. It would have been with pleasure, no doubt, that he would have welcomed such an instance of mistaken identity. And yet, the fact that he was an Englishman came through the French polish, to give him, in addition, just something of the air of a stage Frenchman. He sprinkled his conversation, always interesting and often witty, with French phrases and allusions, and he also modeled the style in which he wrote upon that of the French critics of his youth.

Though we knew that he had been connected with the theater for very many years, it seemed improbable that he had seen *Babil and Bijou*. Idly I asked him if he had ever heard anything about it, and the delight of my brother and myself can be imagined when he replied that he had been in the audience on the first night. Perhaps the French tinge of its name may have been responsible for his presence there, but he stated that he had enjoyed the performance. Further, he declared that, if it had been produced half a century later, its success would have been tremendous, so much was it in the taste of the revue-ridden

times in which we were at that moment talking. The curtain, for example, he told us, had been made of drops of water (if it had been made of champagne it could scarcely have proved more costly) and, to persuade the audience of the stark reality of the scene before them, which represented the ocean bottom, live lobsters — not pantomime lobsters, but genuine, black crustaceans — had gamboled and waved friendly claws from among the rocks at the back of the stage.

As a theatrical convention, I thought, at the time he told me, that it had been a mistake to allow the lobsters to face the limelight in their own black shells — because these remain to the conditioned mind of the consumer peculiarly unconvincing. It was, in fact, a technical error, comparable to allowing the chorus of a musical comedy to come on without make-up. Perhaps I mistook what he said, or perhaps Walkley's memory misled him in this instance, for he can only have been seventeen or eighteen years of age when he saw *Babil and Bijou*. Certainly the program, now in the possession of my brother, of "This New Fantastic Musical Drama," as it is described, makes no mention of *real* lobsters, though, in the third act, on the other hand, it specifies a chorus of "Oysters, Crabs, Cockles, Seals, Sea Lions, Sea Horses, Sea Anemones, Sharks, Alligators, Swordfish, Devilfish, Starfish and Lobsters."

Babil and Bijou was first produced at Covent Garden on the night of August 29, 1872, and ran for one hundred and sixty performances. The program tells us that Mr. Dion Boucicault was the lessee — and had written "The Drama," as opposed to the "Lyrical Part" by Planché — and Lionel Brough, who also appeared on the boards, the stage manager. The feast provided for the theatergoing public must have been extensive as well as expensive, for it began at seven, and was not over, one paper states, until the audience, having pelted Mr. Boucicault and the principal artists "with the last bouquet in Covent Garden," dispersed finally "on the stroke of midnight." The piece possessed an enormous cast, which I will not detail here because the names of the chief performers will occur, as though casually, in a moment.

The scenes were varied, being extremely numerous and fantastic in their invention, and I may mention that a large ballet company also took part. Its chief star was the captivating Mademoiselle Henriette D'Or in the part of Iris, while Madame Espinosa danced the role of Maxaia, Chief of the Tartars, and her husband, Monsieur Espinosa, acted as Ballet Master throughout, and made his second appearance on the English stage, this time in the capacity of A Dancing Dervish.

To return to our lobsters, and allow them to act as *compère* and *commère* to the evening's show, let us read what Clement Scott has to say in this connection, for he offers us his testimony concerning both them and their producer, Dion Boucicault. "I saw very little of him," he writes, "after that strange and unaccountable disappearance to America on the night of the outrageously costly spectacle *Babil and Bijou* at Covent Garden, when, having been asked by that devoted and loyal patron of

the drama — Lord Londesborough — to write a play or comedy, he of course did neither, but literally made ducks and drakes of his friend's money, and produced a quite unnecessary spectacle, with reckless extravagance.

"He engaged Helen Barry for a stately Amazon, which, indeed, she was, and of the most remarkable beauty; introduced Henriette D'Or, one of the most graceful dancers of the old ballet school ever seen in this country; gave commissions to the veteran Planché to write verses for the music of Hervé and Fred Clay; asked Rivière to compose songs and choruses, amongst which was the celebrated 'Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring' for boys' voices, one of the unexpected successes of the play, gave us Mrs. Howard Paul, Mrs. Billington, Lal Brough, J. B. Howe, Turtle Jones — called so on account of the creature of calipash and calipee he represented; served up scarlet boiled lobsters at the bottom of the ocean, committed himself to innumerable anachronisms; and then made tracks for America. . . ."

It can, then, be deduced, that whether real lobsters, boiled or unboiled, appeared in this production, a number of genuine — and, if one may be permitted such a phrase, — hard-boiled sharks were connected with it. Yet in spite — or perhaps because — of this, the opening of *Babil and Bijou* seems to have been awaited with positive expectancy and impatience, and when, at last, the first performance took place, to have caused a prodigious stir. Indeed for many reasons it was a notable evening, full of attempts at novelty, great and small, though all alike in their failure, while these efforts were not confined to the stage, but were forced upon the audience as well. For example, a journal remarks: "It will be extremely interesting to watch the results of Mr. Boucicault's daring innovation in allowing ladies to wear their bonnets wherever they are seated."

Though *Babil and Bijou* did not, as I had formerly thought, run only for a single night, though it endured for one hundred and sixty performances and even enjoyed occasional revivals, notwithstanding, Clement Scott was able to brand it as "the most scandalous waste of money on record." But whether the figure of thirty thousand pounds or one hundred thousand pounds, given variously as the cost to the backer, is correct, the reader may wonder how so long a run could end in so grave a loss. No doubt the answer is that the theater did not shut its doors until the money put up had been exhausted. Even longer runs have ended in disaster to the "angels" of the piece. (*Florodora*, for example, enjoyed a run of four hundred and fifty-five performances.)

Most of the papers were in agreement concerning the strict propriety of the performance. The *Daily Telegraph* declared it to be "unexceptionable," and said that "from one end to the other, there is not a trace of indecency, fastness, vulgarity or bad taste."

Others there were, however, who held contrary opinions. An echo of another sort, this time by way of a book, reaches us faintly from the distance. Augustus Hare, writing in February, 1877, four years after *Babil and Bijou* had been withdrawn, tells us that he had recently met Mr. Knowles, former editor of the *Contemporary Re-*

view, at luncheon. Knowles, in describing how he had once taken Tennyson to see a ballet, and how "when the ballet girls trooped in, wearing '*une robe qui ne commence qu'à peine, et qui finit tout de suite*,' Tennyson had rushed at once out of the box, in an agony over the degradation of the nineteenth century," had added that "a general improvement in the stage had dated from a climax of impropriety in *Babil and Bijou*." (Special half-price terms, I note from the program, were reserved on Saturdays for "children and schools"!)

21

THAT all-time low record in morality was, however, at the time of which I am writing, some twenty-five years in the past. They very name *Babil and Bijou* had died out of memory. Now, though still no form of enjoyment came amiss to him, he was growing old, and the cup of life was nearly empty. It is true that we sometimes accompanied him and my grandmother to the theater called after them in Scarborough, but it was the Cricket Festival, which he had founded, that now claimed his chief interest here. Certainly, he had grown more domestic. He took increasing pleasure in the society of his daughters and of his numerous grandchildren, upon whom he liked to play the most ingenious and elaborate tricks.

Thus I recall that during one of the first church services I attended — a Children's Service — a photograph of a peculiarly hideous and ill-disposed little girl, a year or two older than I, and whom, though I met her at every children's party to which I went, I much detested, fell out of my prayer book, as I opened it, with a clatter that focused all eyes upon me. The whole incident produced an effect of childish pining which was most embarrassing, and my grandfather had, of course, arranged it, taking infinite pains to secure the photograph and secrete it in the best place, whence it was sure to drop out at the most stupefactive moment.

His daughters adored him, and my grandmother was in her own way, a protective way, devoted to him; while he — I think there can be no doubt about it — was terrified, even though fond, of her. Hitherto I have mentioned her little in the course of this account, but that is, as I hope to show, in no manner because she lacked character. The whole world trembled when she spoke, for her words, which she could inspire with an infinite and indefinable charm, partly from the sound of her voice, warm and luxurious, could also perform the most expert incisions upon conceit and self-importance grown dropsical.

Even my father, I think, was frightened of her, though he would never admit it. But each of them, being worthy of the other's most ingenious schemes and best retorts, perhaps enjoyed rather the battle, and it may be as a result of this that, in the end, towards the final years of the old lady's life, — she died in 1915, — a real and most unexpected friendship had come to exist between them.

It was not always thus, however, and I recall one occasion — two or three years after the time of which I write — when she came to stay at Renishaw. My father had

recently bought in Italy some painted hangings of which he was very proud. These he caused to be spread on the ground, to an inaudible flourish of trumpets, for his mother-in-law to inspect. Standing back, with a self-congratulatory air and indulging in a gesture that implied his assured expectation of receiving a compliment from her upon his powers of bargaining, he remarked: —

"I paid the owner forty pounds for these."

"How pleased he must have been!" she answered, in tones that implied a tribute, sure enough, but rather to his charitable disposition than aesthetic discernment.

To her young grandchildren she was invariably charming. Well shepherded by — in the background — a circle of nurses with restraining hands and cautioning voices, we would raid the breakfast table at about ten-thirty every morning, to be rewarded or bought off with a peach or nectarine (and fruit seemed particularly delicious in those days). Our tall uncles and aunts would be sitting round the table, trying to eat a little — and breakfast then meant cutlets and cold grouse, as well as such things as fish and eggs — in order to fortify themselves against the fatigues of the hours before luncheon; but this, owing to the bullying and cajolery of their young relatives, who, now entirely out-of-hand, worried them after the manner of so many gypsies or the whining beggars of Spain and South Italy, was a difficult process.

The pack of children was numerous, composed of Raincliffes, Codringtons, Westmorlands, Ogles, and Sitwells. Behind us the nurses looked pale, showed in their features clear evidence of strain: for my grandmother with her compact, feminine adaptation of the Wellington profile, her features powdered very white, almost floury, and revealing through this make-up a small blue vein above the bridge of the nose, and one on each temple, with her deep-set, tragic eyes of brown velvet peering from this mask, and with her velvet voice, so slow and emphatic, with her beautifully shaped, decisive hands — which carried on their fingers, besides the wedding ring, only one other, bearing an enormous square-cut emerald — was, most clearly, not a person to be trifled with.

That much, at least, was plainly to be read in everything about her. They all knew it, but none so well as Davis, formerly a nursery maid in the house. To her, down to the day of her dying, the mystic syllables "Her Ladyship" meant, and could mean, one person alone, a figure in black, with a white eagle's face, and a white fringe above it, who appeared always as an apocalyptic figure in a storm, her quiet voice sounding through the thunder for which she was responsible.

But what else did we know of her? She expressed little of her feelings. Her remote and impersonal air seemed in contradiction to the strong temperament it plainly covered. To me, it always seemed as though a whole age had passed since she was young, though, on the other hand, my grandfather's youth appeared to have been obscured but yesterday. I admired her as an object, but to this day how little I know of the mainspring of her inner life, how little of her intimate history — though her face, with its tragic aspect, seemed to signify so much.

I know, for example, that when she was a girl, the

Emperor Napoleon III had wanted to marry her; and that she loved opera with such passion that she had made my grandfather take her to Egypt, so that she might be present at the first performance of *Aida* in the desert. (This opera had originally been commissioned by the extravagant Khedive for the state opening of the Suez Canal, but the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War held up the delivery of the costumes and scenery, which were being made in Paris.) Such details, circumstantial, but at this distance elusive, lead to no trail; they are negative, particularly for a woman with so impressive an individuality.

Most people, then, were frightened. But fortunately the atmosphere of the round table in the round, red, pillared dining room was calm and pleasant this morning. The sun poured in at the French windows, which revealed an expanse of flat, mown treetops that seemed to form a closely cropped aerial lawn slanting down to the sea, a racing ground for the winds of summer. Beyond, the waters of the North Sea presented the blue and imbecile smile which they hypocritically reserved for summer visitors, who left the town never suspecting the winter rages that occurred when their backs were turned.

In the room itself, my grandmother's two Pomeranians had begun to yap, a sound which always appeared to induce and assure a continuance of good humor in her, and, from their cages hung just outside the open window, the parrots and cockatoos, feathered in pink and gray and in white and yellow, were talking and squawking to each other in fussy French. "Tais-toi, chérie! Comme tu es méchante! Laisse-moi tranquille!" they would cry, and then dissolve into ardent, amorous giggles, varied by snatches of Tosti's most sentimental songs, rendered sometimes in high falsetto, sometimes as though by a warbling Italian tenor. The homely bullfinch and thrush joined in the uproar caused by these versatile and exotic fowl, and by the expert there could be detected, too, in this medley, the incessant chirrupings of small birds, — the name of whose species I never could remember, — very rapid in their movement, with red crests and streaked and striped wings. In the distance, on the town side, a barrel organ was grinding out its tunes, so mechanically debonaire.

Today everything was all right, for she liked her grandchildren, especially the children of her adored only son (he spent the summer here, with his wife and sons and daughters, in a separate house in the grounds). Thus, however much her daughters and — above all — her sons-in-law may have been obliged at times to put up with from her, to us she was invariably the quintessence of sympathy. "Poor boy, poor boy," "Little owls," "Neat little things," she would say, allowing herself to be amused by the chil-

dren, even while she was thinking out new ways of dealing with our recalcitrant parents. Meanwhile her other favorites, my aunts Sibyl and Mildred, would be seated at a piano in the next room playing duets, a Strauss waltz or a selection from musical comedies of the time, *Florodora* or *The Geisha*.

My grandmother seemed pleased at these sounds, though the operas of Verdi were what she really enjoyed. All the famous executants, including Liszt, had performed at the house of her parents, the old Beaufort House, but she liked most of all to hear the great singers. Even while she was listening with this appearance of contentment, she also gave the impression of watching, waiting like an eagle to swoop.

Meanwhile my grandfather would be thinking out some way of amusing himself and us. The treats provided for us — that is to say for his grandchildren — were many and diverse. Chief of them (though, never, alas, for me) was the Cricket Week, when Scarborough broke out into its greatest display, and there was feasting in the hot tents of the rich at the ground's edge. My grandfather, the founder and president, delighted to entertain — I was going to write "the hungry," but though he loved, too, to do this on other occasions (for he was very kind and charitable, and in particular the trusted friend of the fishermen and their wives, who in those days at times found themselves in great distress), here it would be more correct to say that he fed those who possessed a regular and recurrent appetite.

The tents blazed with the ties of the cricketing clubs and the port-wine-colored faces of the *aficionados*, and between the rounds of cold salmon and cold chicken that were dispensed, we would have to sit solemnly and watch the progression — if such it can be called — of this, to me, always unattractive and lengthy game. But my grandfather loved it and, guided by intuition, had formed, from the first moment of my appearing, extravagant expectations of my future prowess at it. In me, out of all the family, he had divined the cricketer, and so had arranged with W. G. Grace to enter my name for the Marylebone Cricket Club on the very day of my birth.

Alas, already, at the age of four, I was disappointing him, and early afforded, indeed, some evidence of the devil within me by falling asleep during what was, for others, one of the most thrilling moments of a County Championship match, and hurtling off my chair with a crash like a falling meteor. I shall never forget the sense of shame when I woke up bruised and on the ground, and realized by the wooden repartee of bat and ball, and by the expressions of shock and displeasure on the faces of my elder relatives and attendants, the execrable taste of the manner in which I had failed them.

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR
